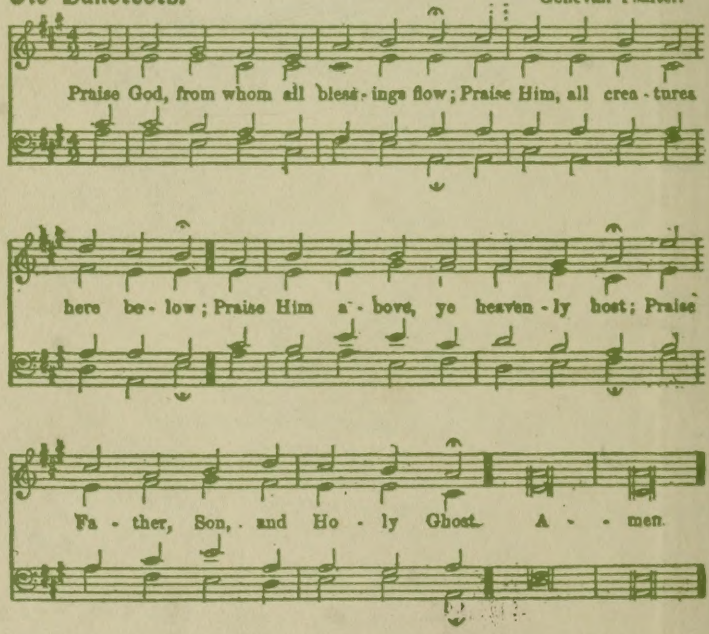
The Modern Hymnal

O come let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.

PSALM XCV. 1.

The Doxology.

Old Hundredth. Genevan Psalter.

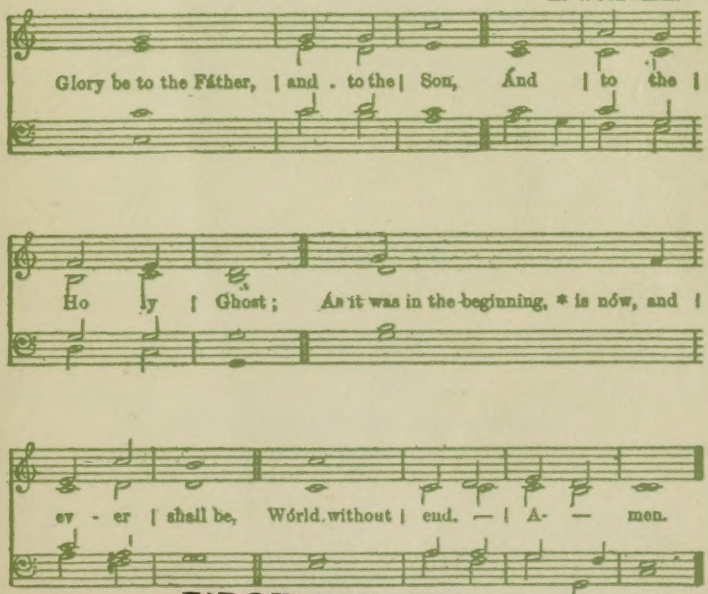


O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

PSALM LI. 15.

Gloria Patri.

R. WOODWARD.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

The Modern Hymnal

Standard Hymns and Gospel Songs
New and Old,
for General Use in All Church Services

Compiled and Edited
by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN

ORCHESTRATION FOR FIFTEEN INSTRUMENTS

Book 1—Cornets, 1st and 2nd, and Saxophone (E-Flat Alto) or E-Flat Alto Horns
Book 2—1st Clarinet and 2nd Clarinet
Book 3—1st Violin and Flute
Book 4—2nd Violin and Viola
Book 5—Trombone Treble and Trombone Bass
Book 6—'Cello and Bass, and Sousaphone

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes

PUBLISHED BY
THE BROADMAN PRESS, NASHVILLE, TENN.
SUCCESSOR TO ROBERT H. COLEMAN
DALLAS, TEXAS

Foreword

THE Grand Old Hymnals "of the other days" have rendered a great service, and we are glad to pay them worthy tribute. The Grand Old Hymns must be preserved, and the use of them should be encouraged. There are also many of the more recent Hymns and Gospel Songs which are very serviceable and attractive, because they have been inspired by present day experiences and have the blending of appealingly strong music with the forcefully simple Gospel Message. This is a MODERN HYMNAL in Price, in Make-up and in Contents. It is modern in Contents in that it meets the present day need and demand both for the Standard Old Church Hymn and the worthy newer Gospel Songs.

That this Hymnal may be used of the Master to the glory of His great name and to the advancement of His matchless cause is the prayer of

THE EDITOR.

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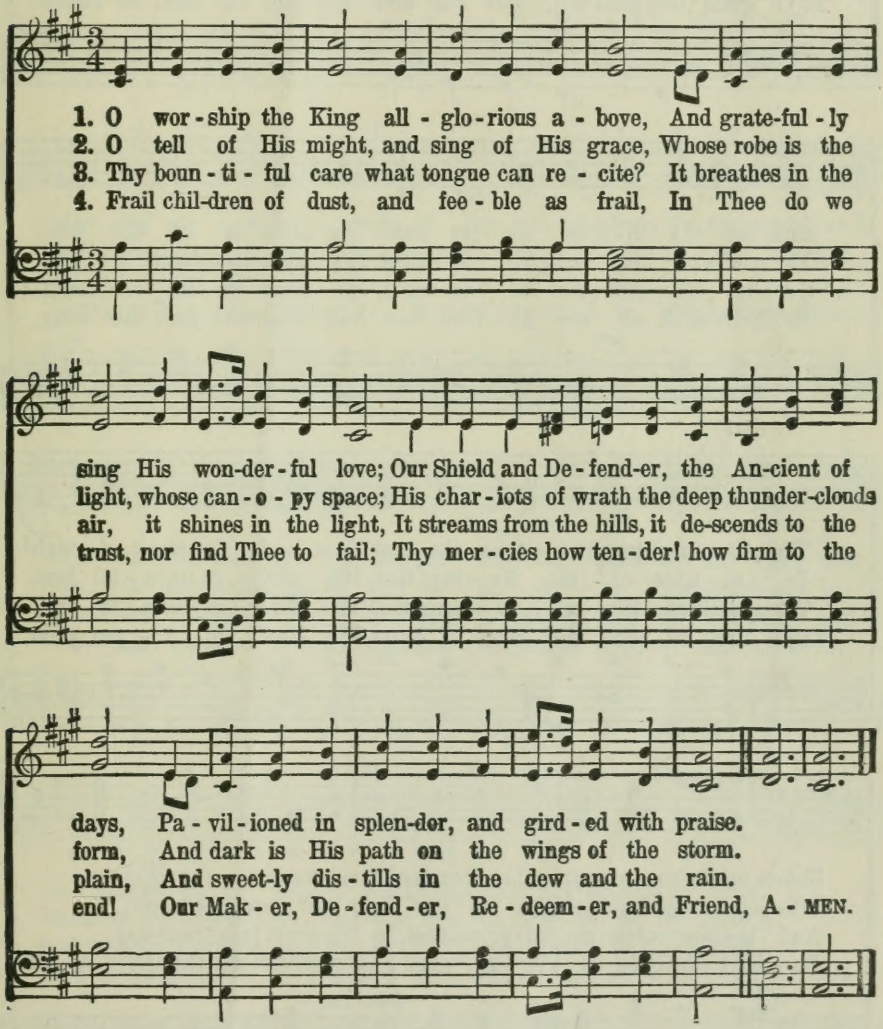
The Modern Hymnal

Turn to page 54

1 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. *Lyons. 10. 11.* Francis Joseph Haydn.



2 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates of Brass.

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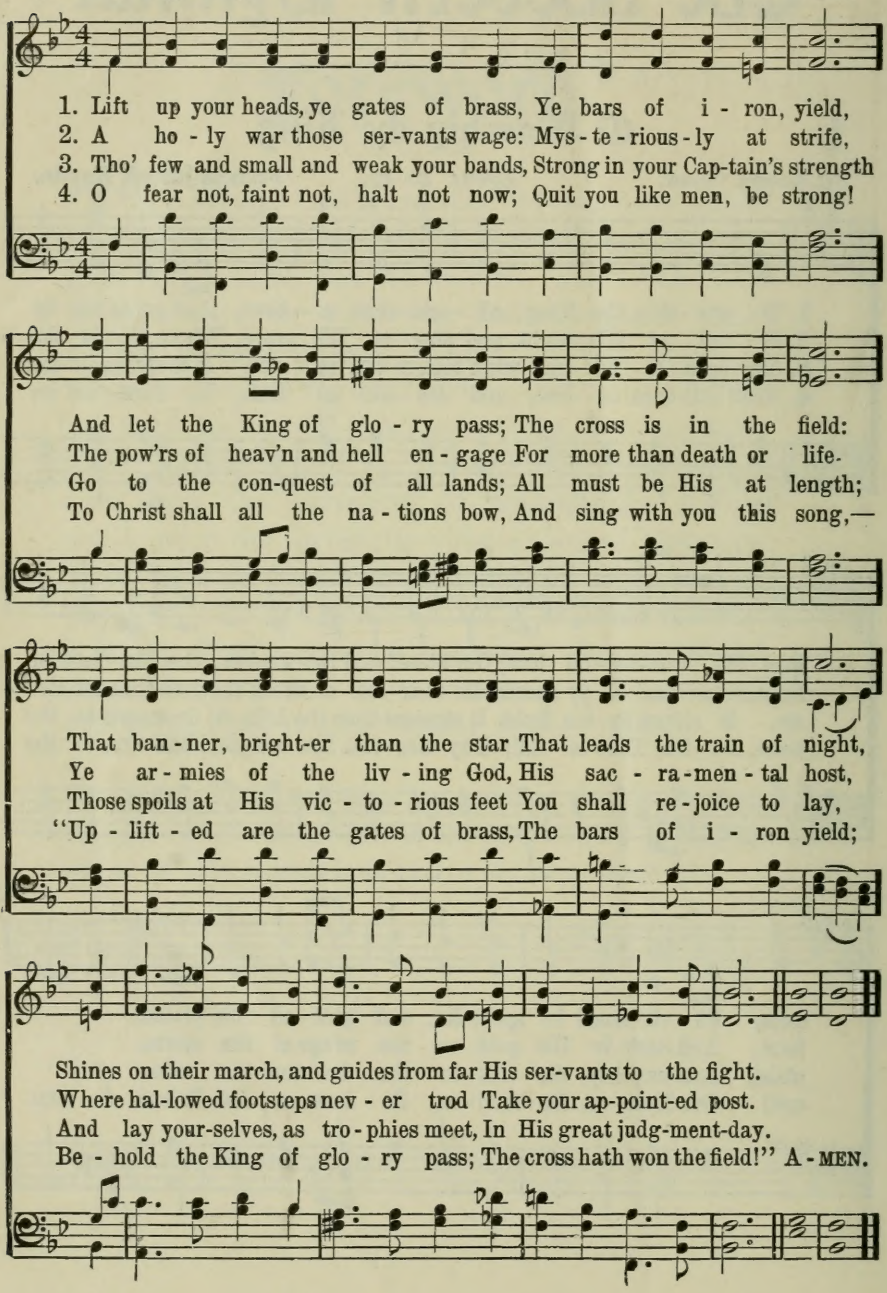
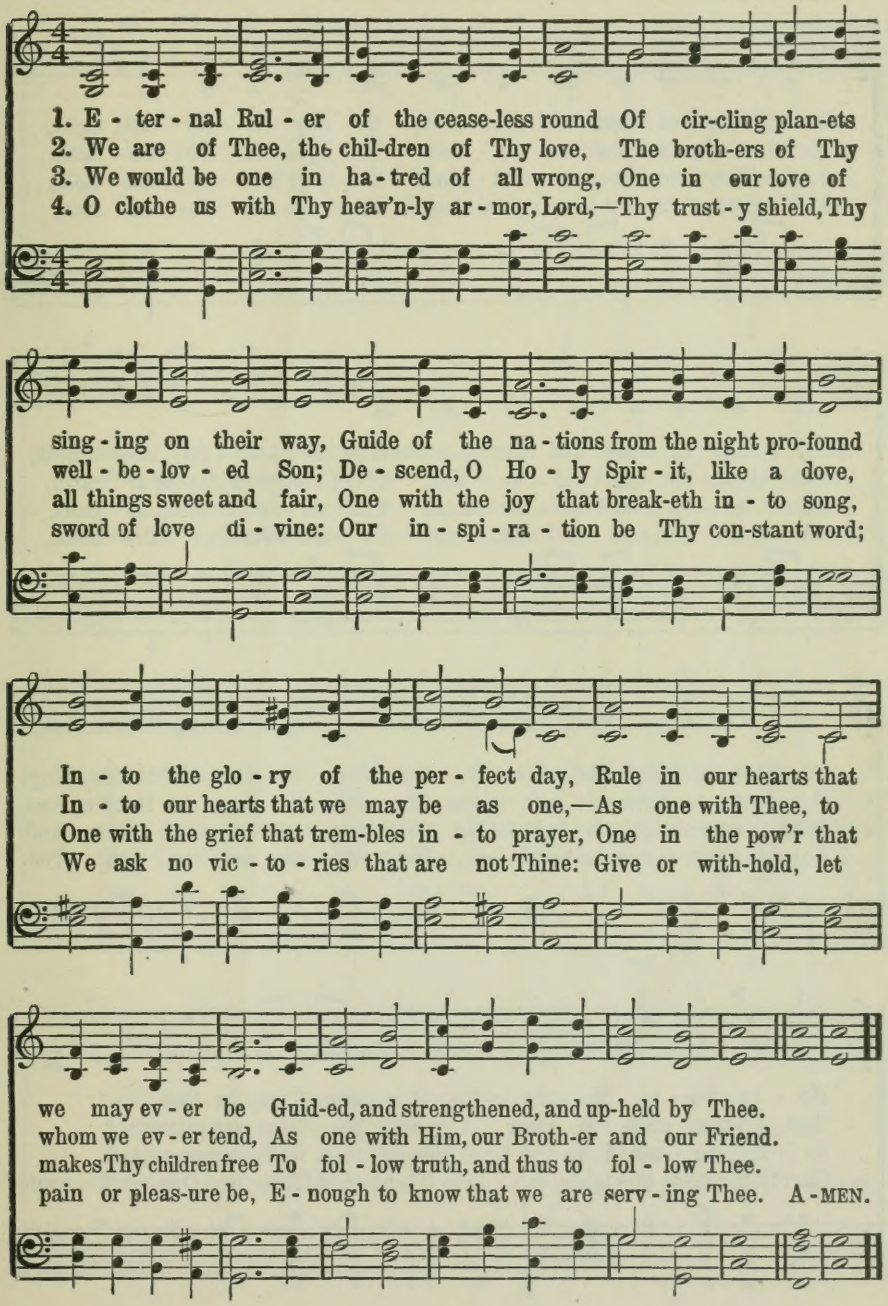
James Montgomery. *Presbyter. C. M. D.* Walter O. Wilkinson.



3 Eternal Ruler of the Ceaseless Round.

John W. Chadwick. *Yorkshire.* John Wainwright.



O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. *Mendebras. 7s. 6s. D.* Arr. by L. Mason.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wear - y na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,

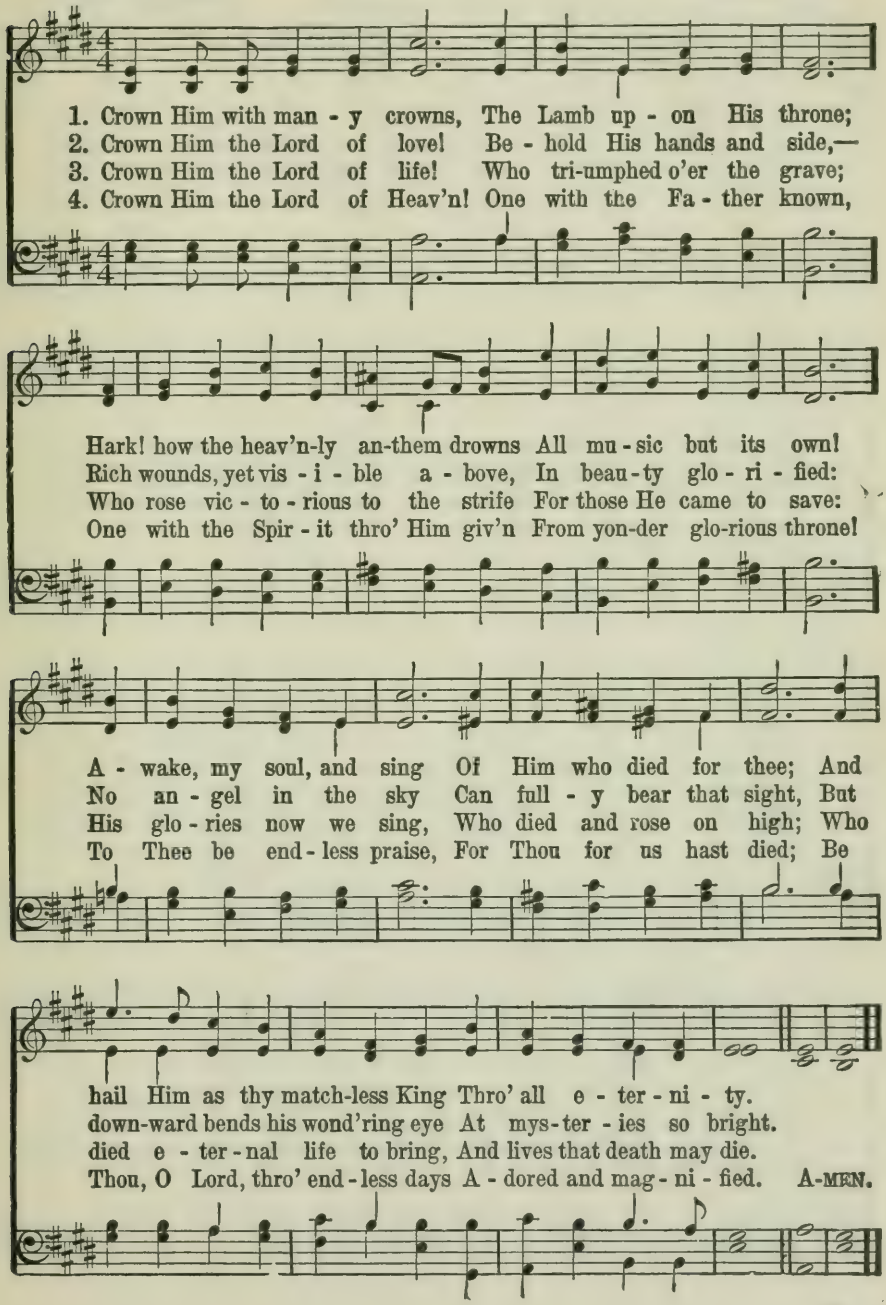
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams, And
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son; The

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

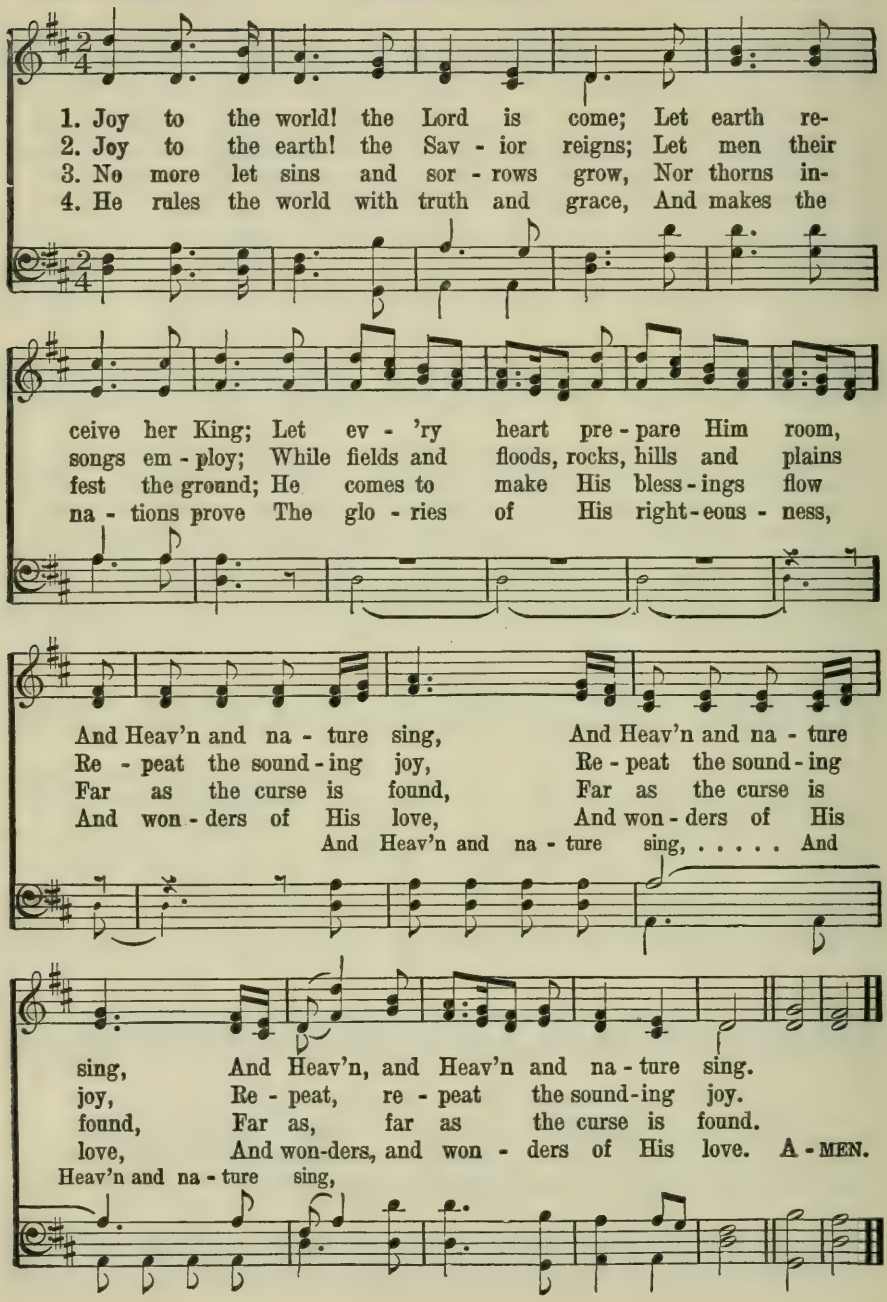
5 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. *Diademata. S. M. D.* George J. Elvey.



Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts. *Antioch. C. M.* George F. Handel.



O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. *Ariel. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.* Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will

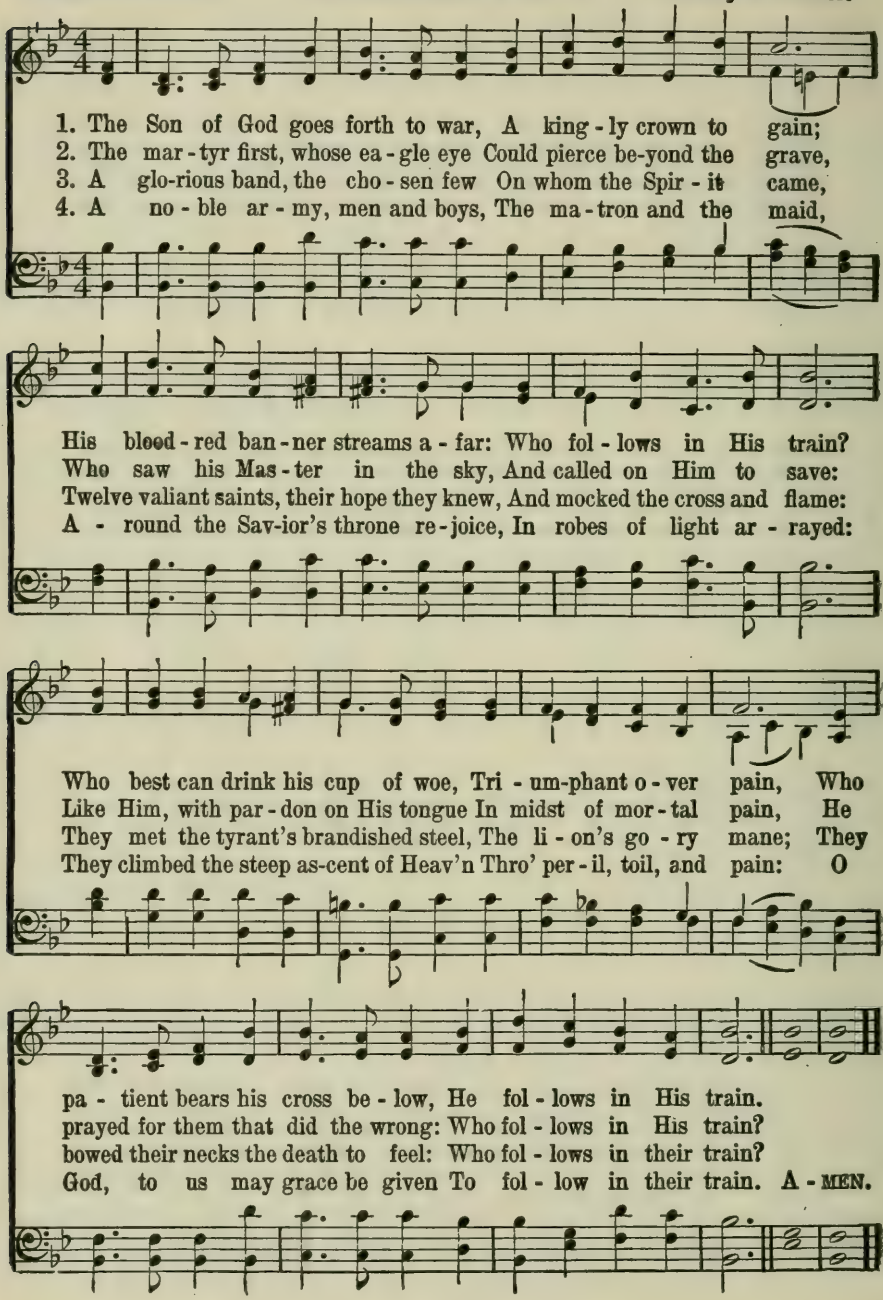
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,

heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-

notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um-phant in His grace. A - MEN.

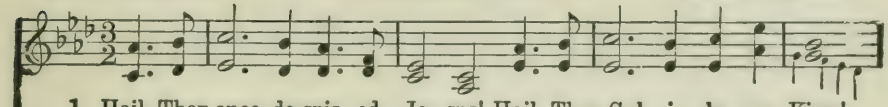
The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.

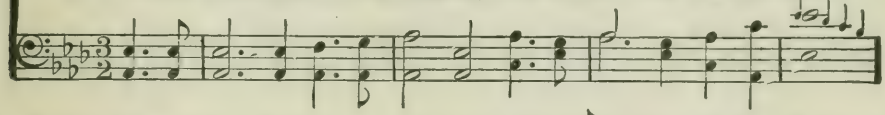


Hail, Thou Once Despised.

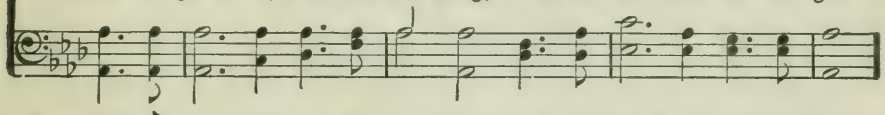
John Bakewell. *Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.* Louis von Escr



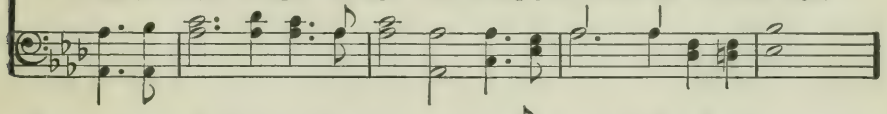
1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;



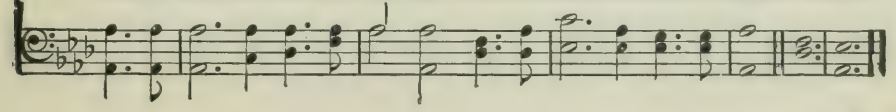
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.



Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;

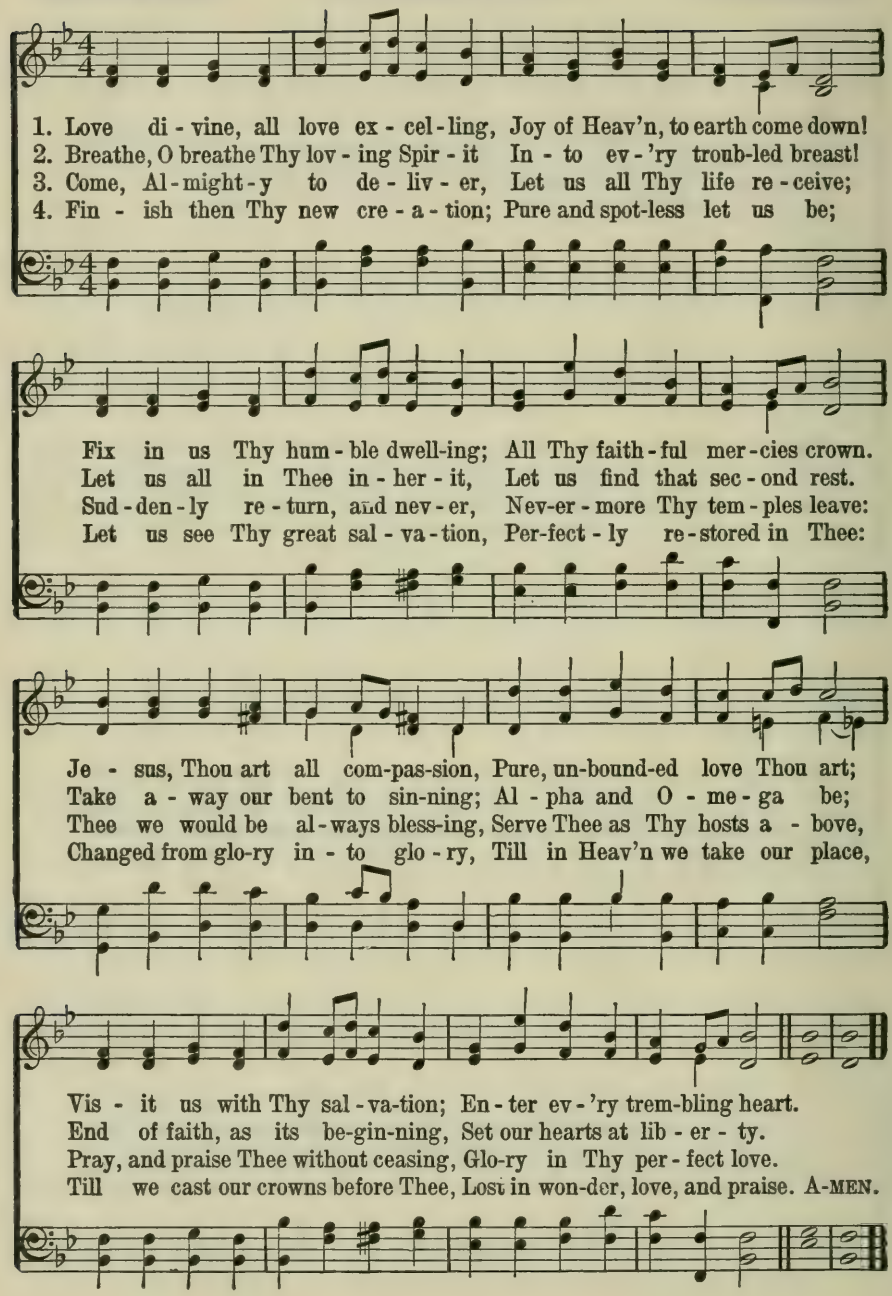


By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.



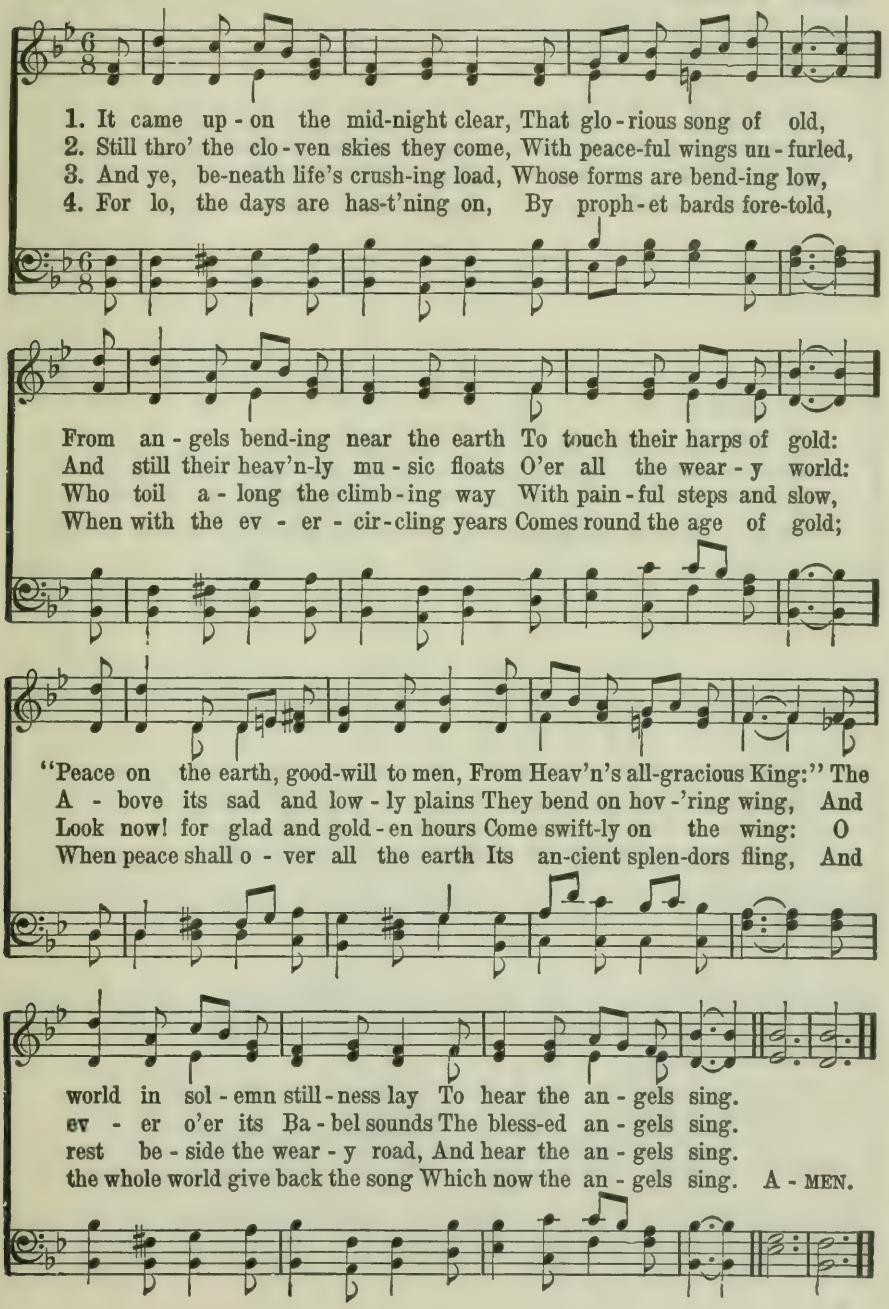
Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.* John Zundel.



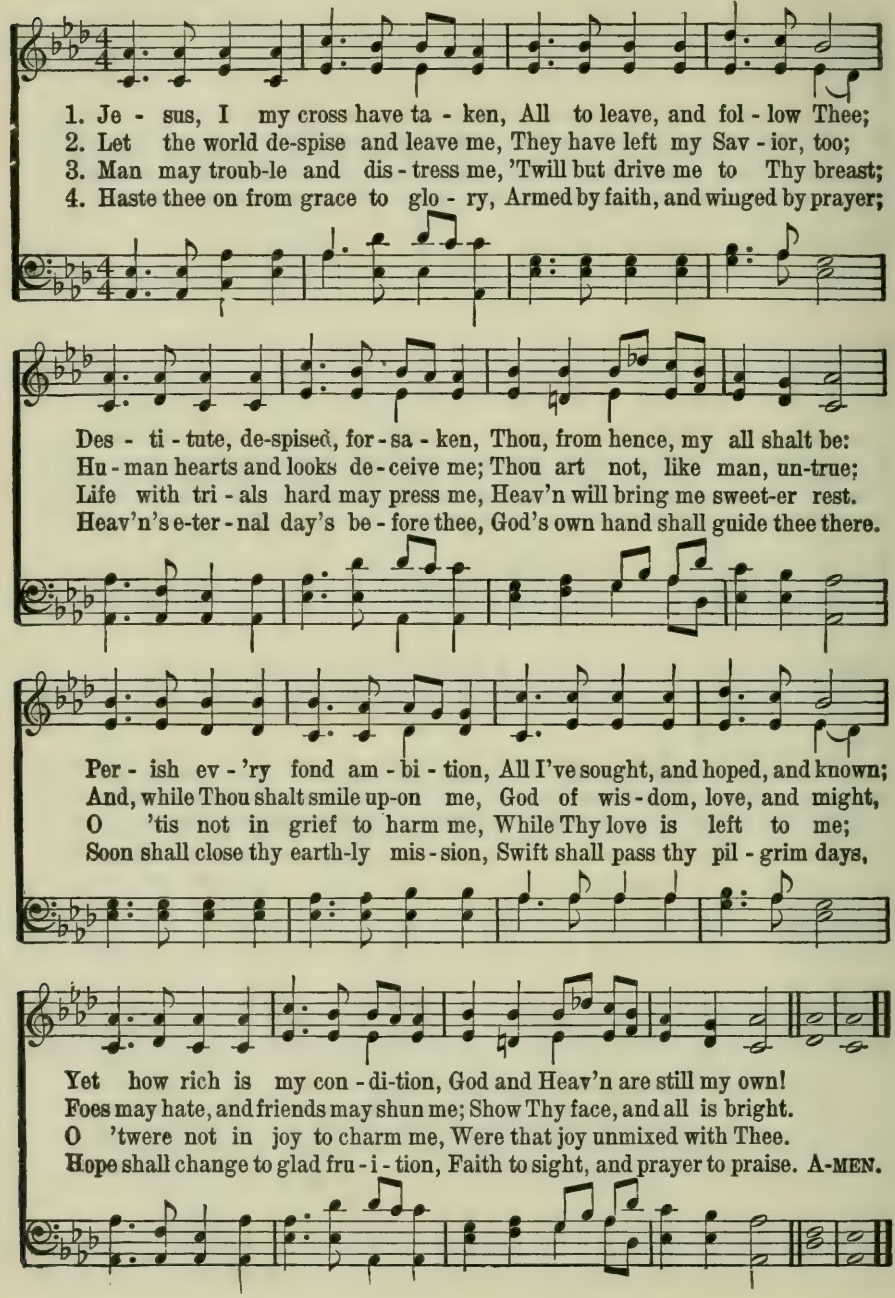
11 It Came Upon the Midnight.

Edmund H. Sears. *Carol. C. M. D.* Richard S. Willis.



Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.* From Mozart.



15 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

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Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

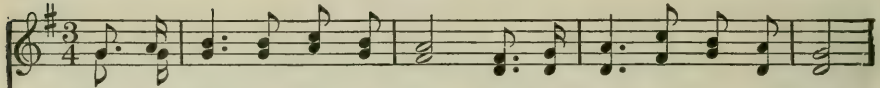
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

ff *pp*

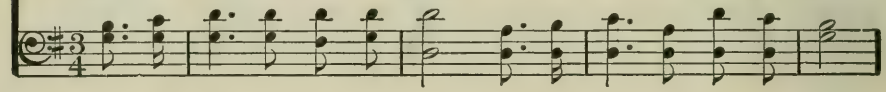
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend. A - MEN.

Safely Through Another Week.

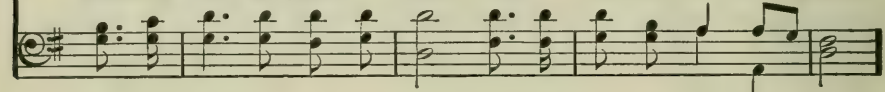
John Newton. *Sabbath. 7s.* Lowell Mason.



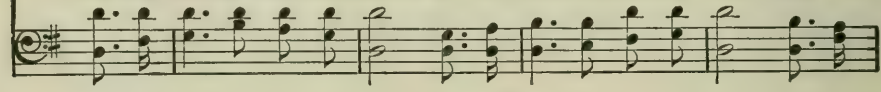
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;



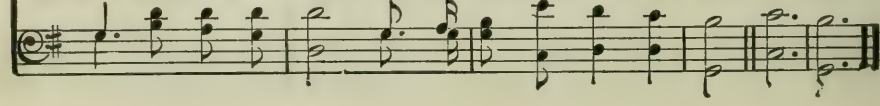
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may



all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.



17 Rescue the Perishing.

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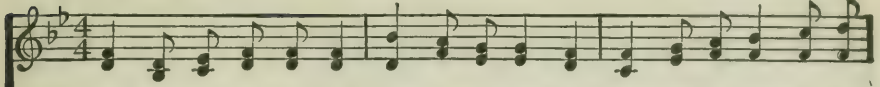
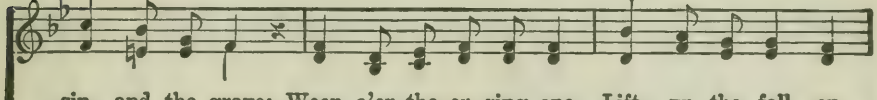
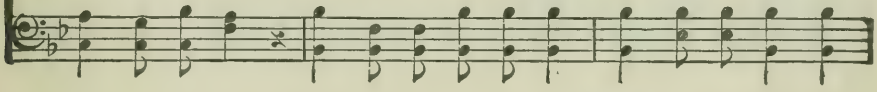
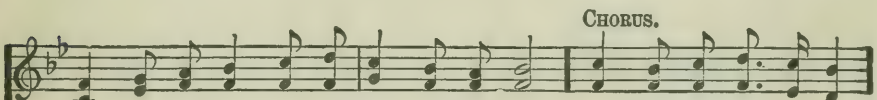


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



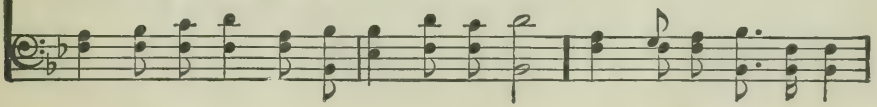
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

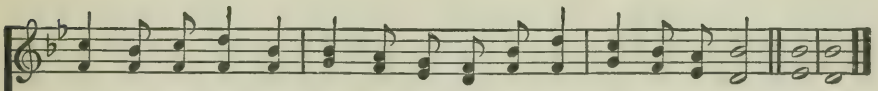




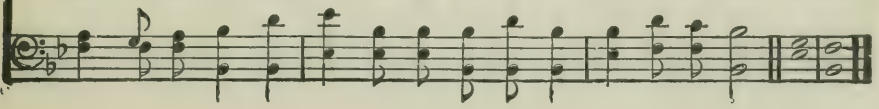
CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.





Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.



18 It Is Well With My Soul.

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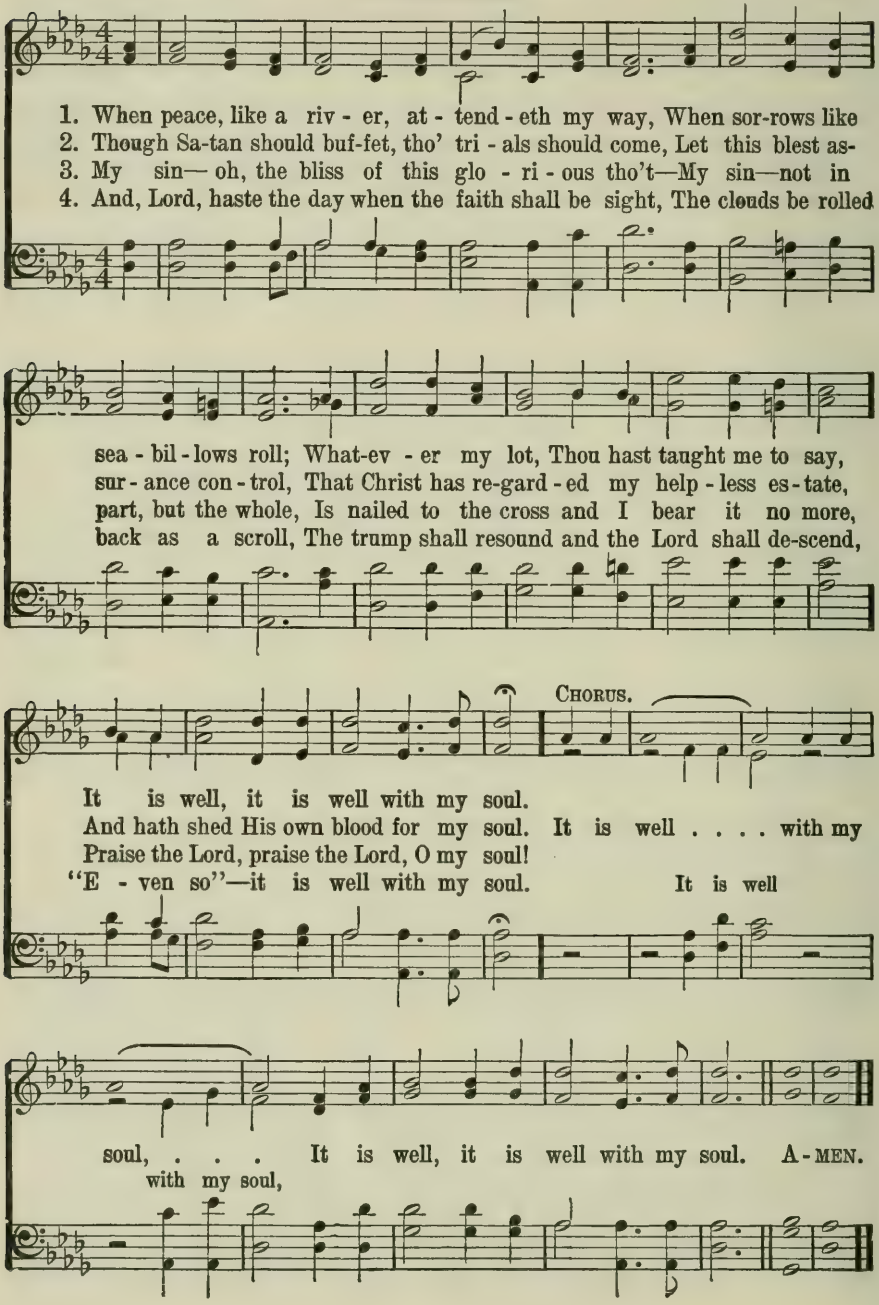
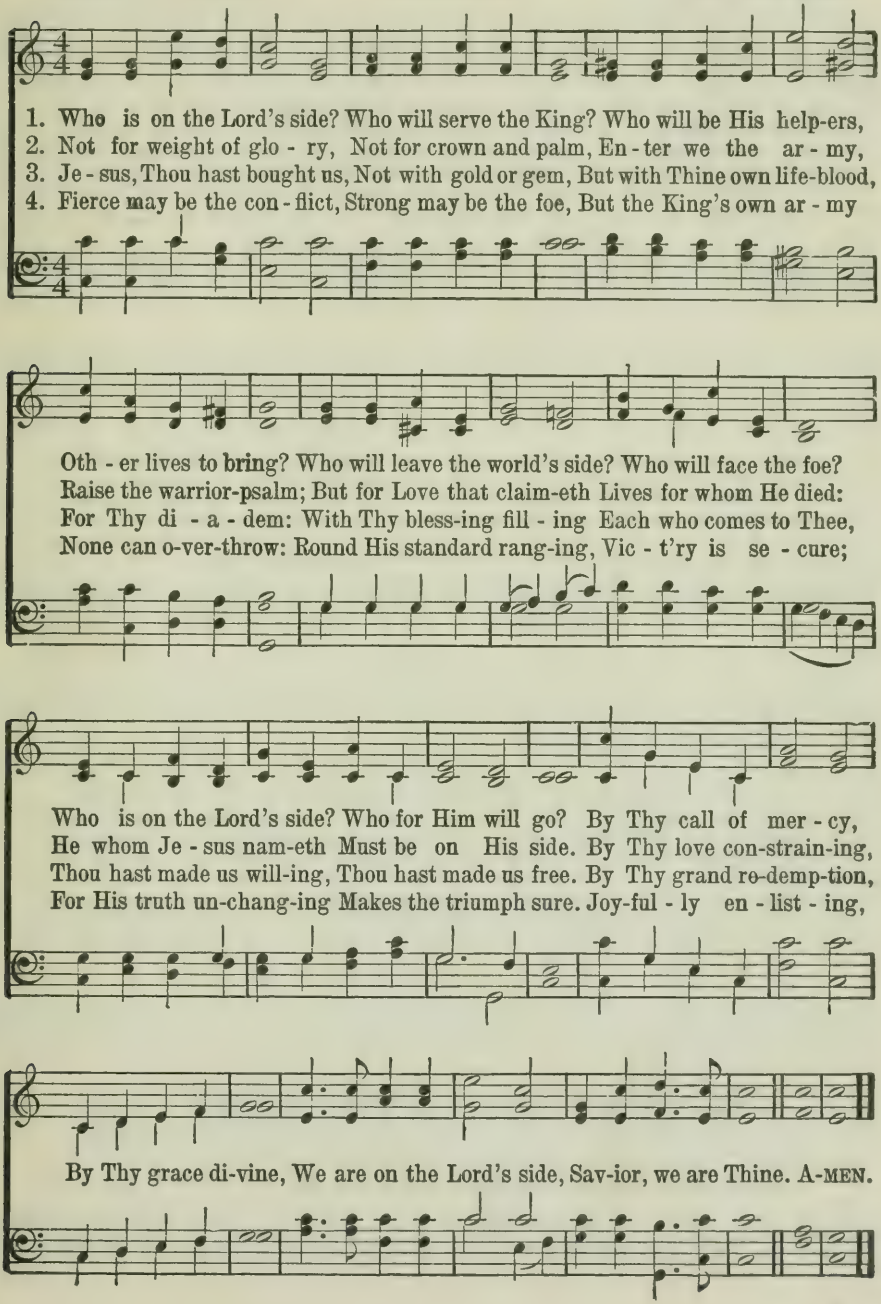


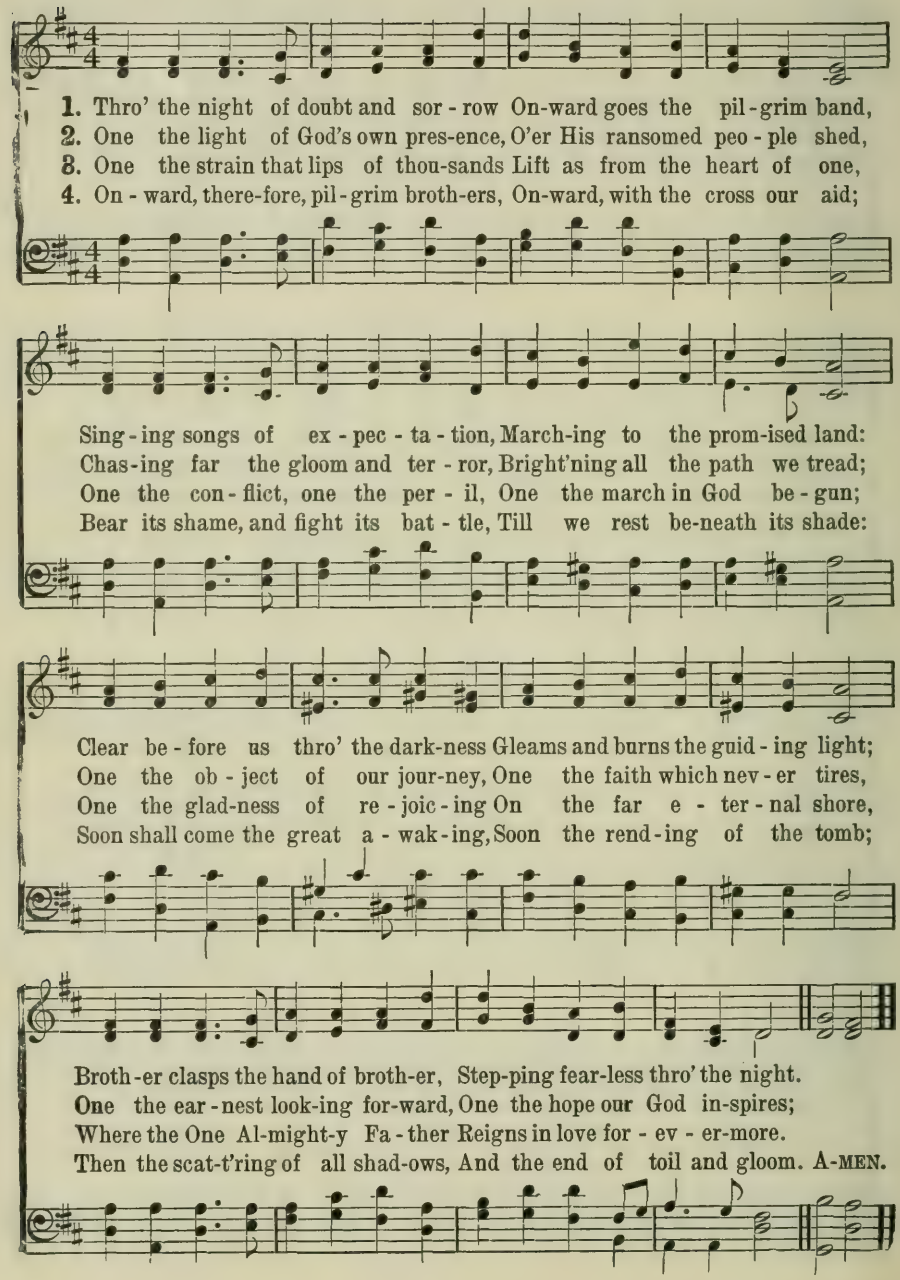
19 Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. *Armageddon.* Sir John Goss.



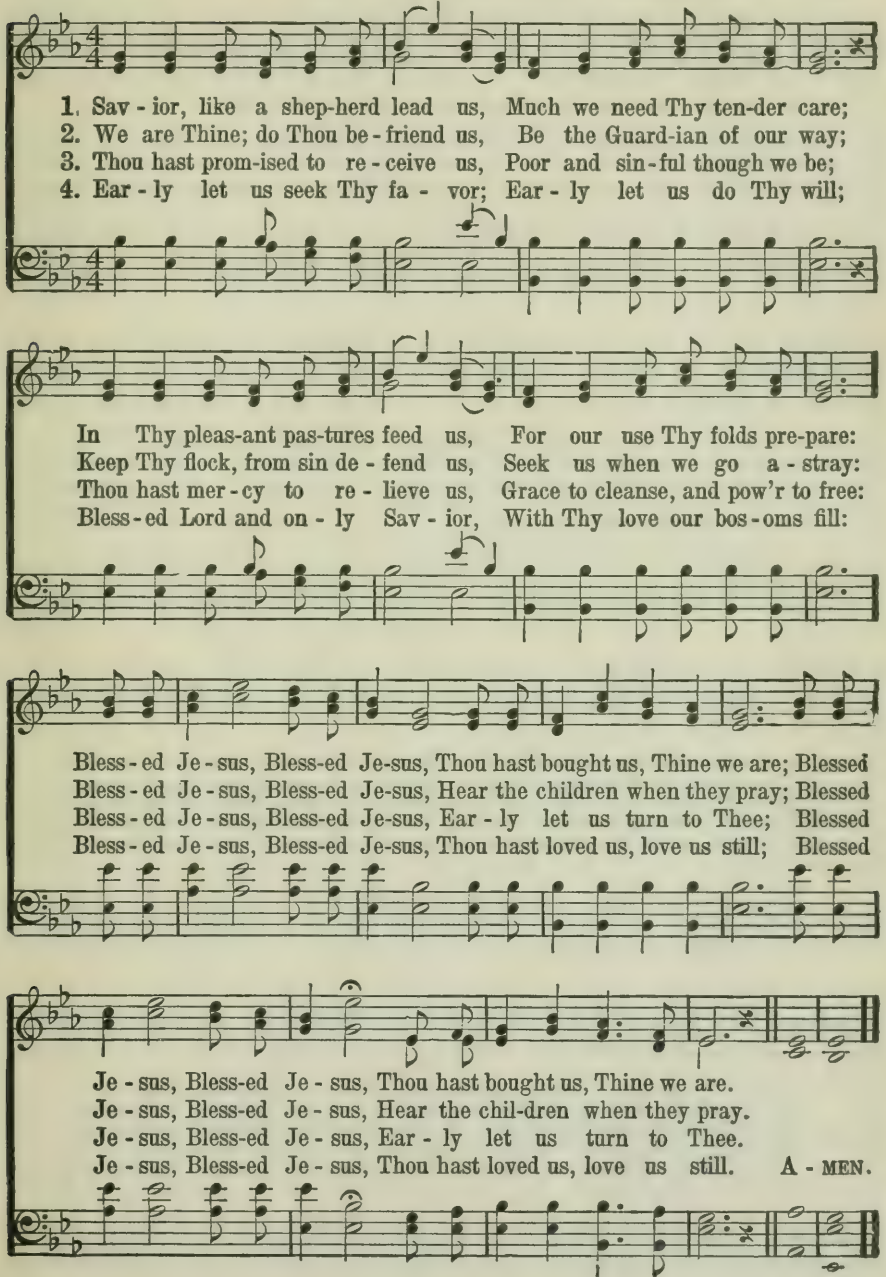
20 Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.

Bernhardt S. Ingemann. *St. Asaph.*
Tr. Rev. S. Baring-Gould. William S. Bambridge.



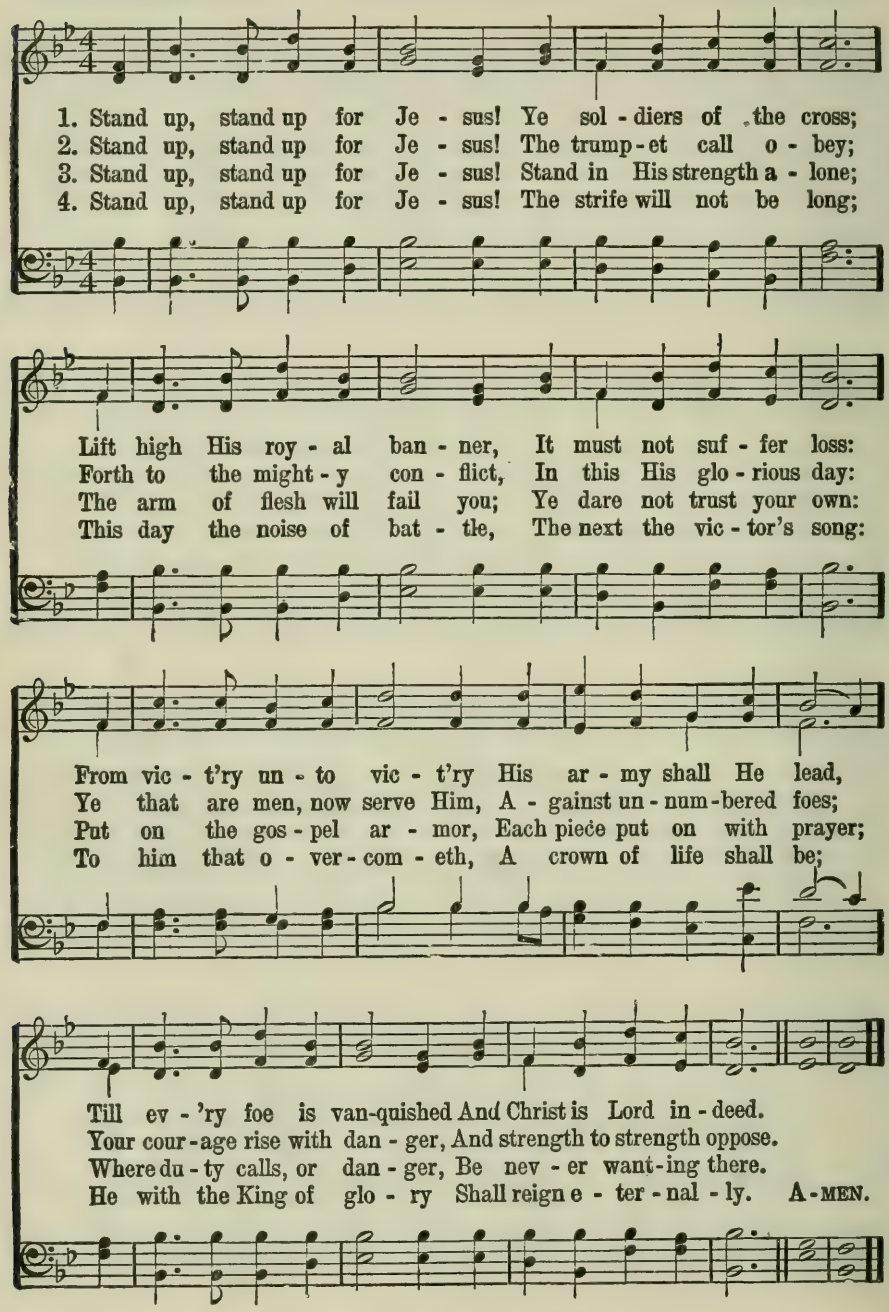
21 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Anonymous. *Shepherd.* 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. William B. Bradbury.



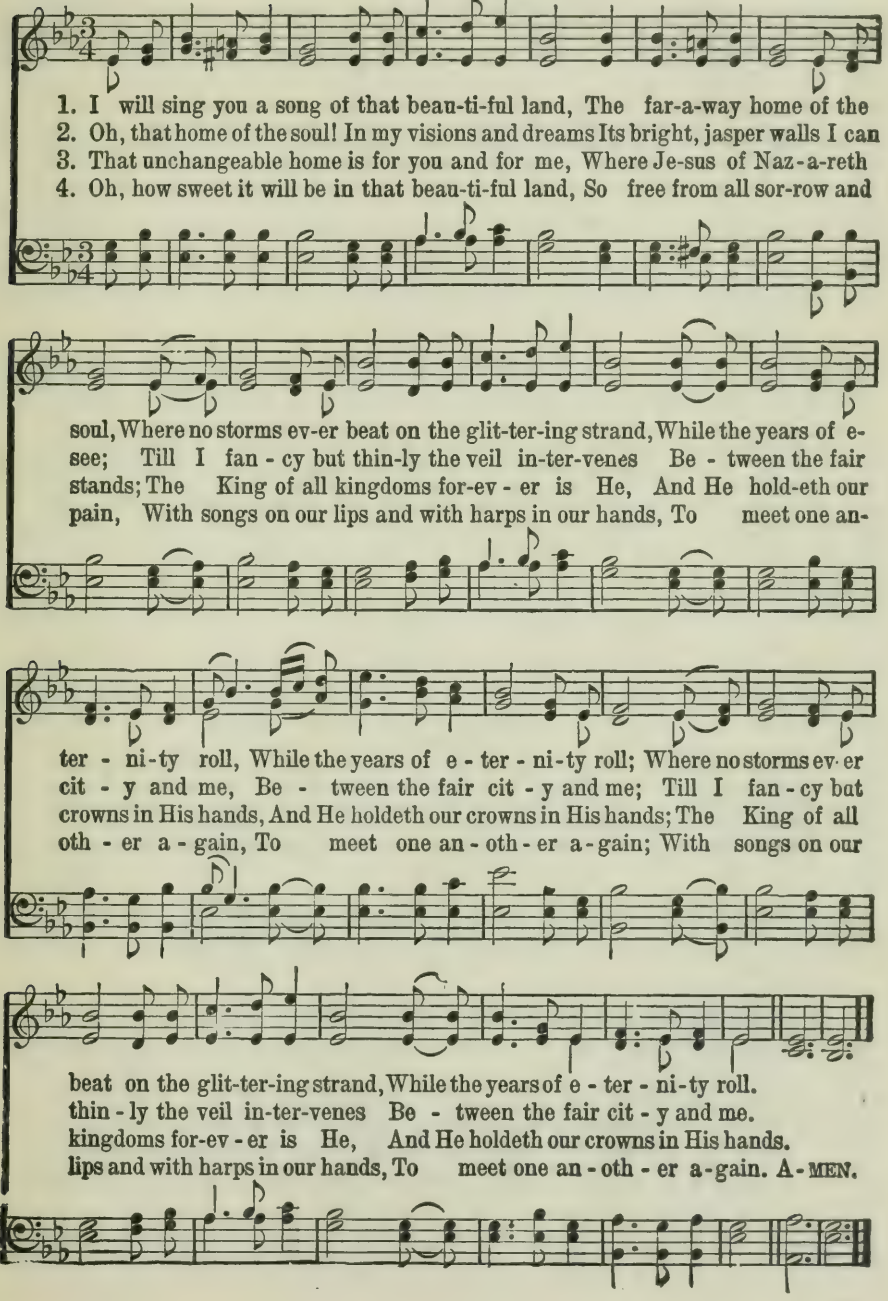
22 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

George Duffield, Jr. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* George J. Webb.



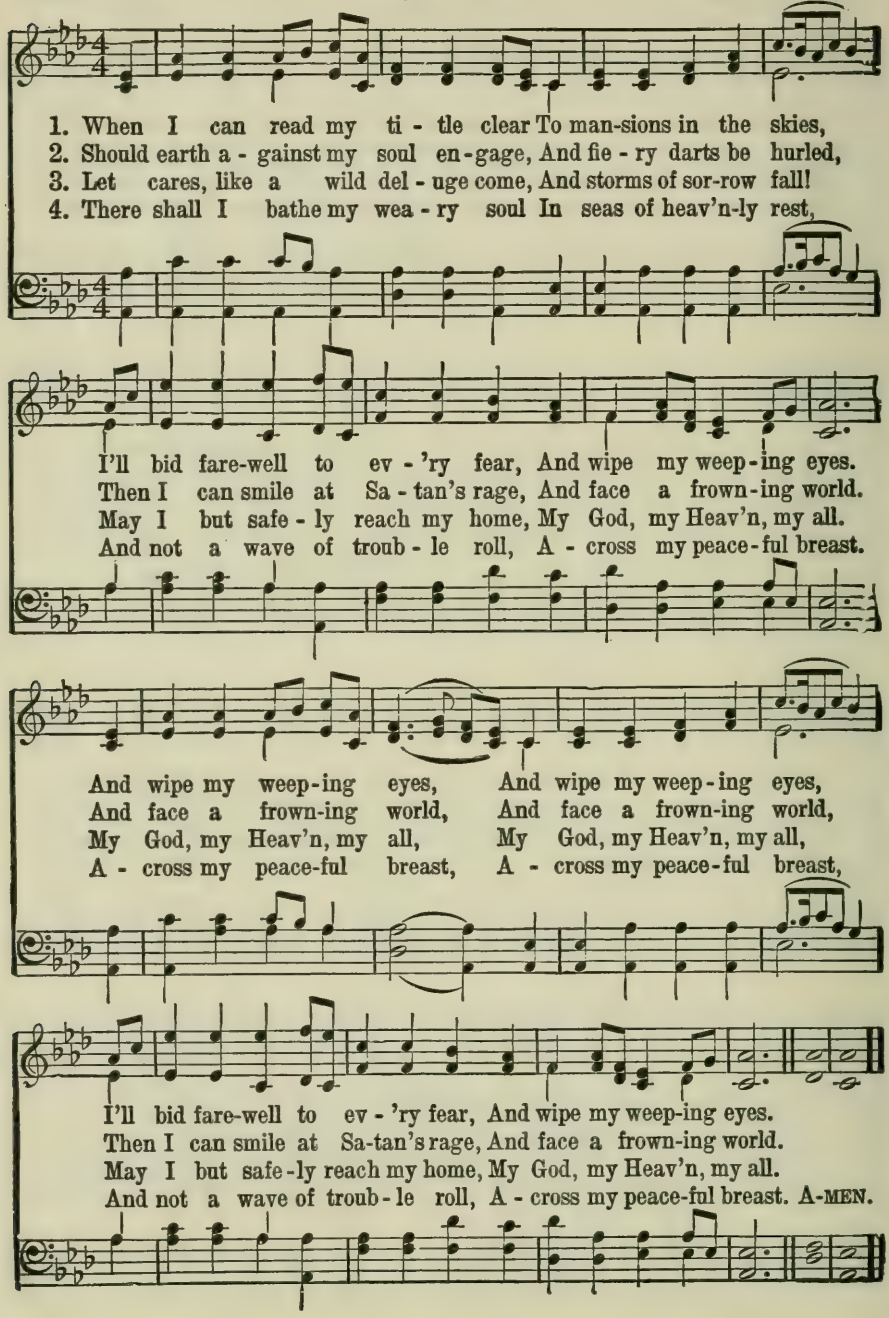
I Will Sing You a Song.

Ellen H. Gates. *Home of the Soul.* Philip Phillips.



24 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

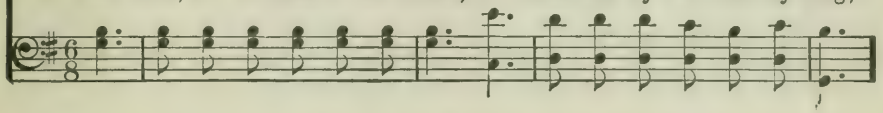
Isaac Watts. *Pisgah. C. M.* J. C. Lowry.



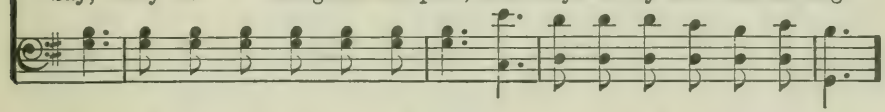
25 How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. *De Fleury. 8s.* Lewis Edson.

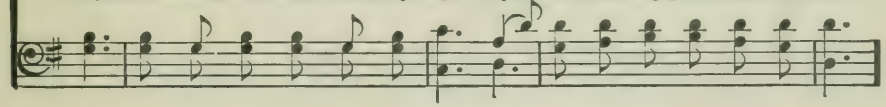
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



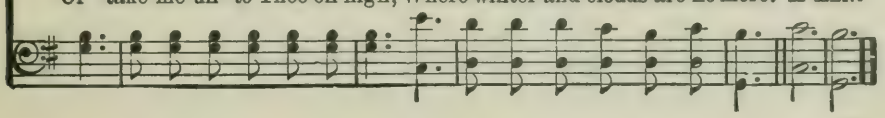
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:
No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?



The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;

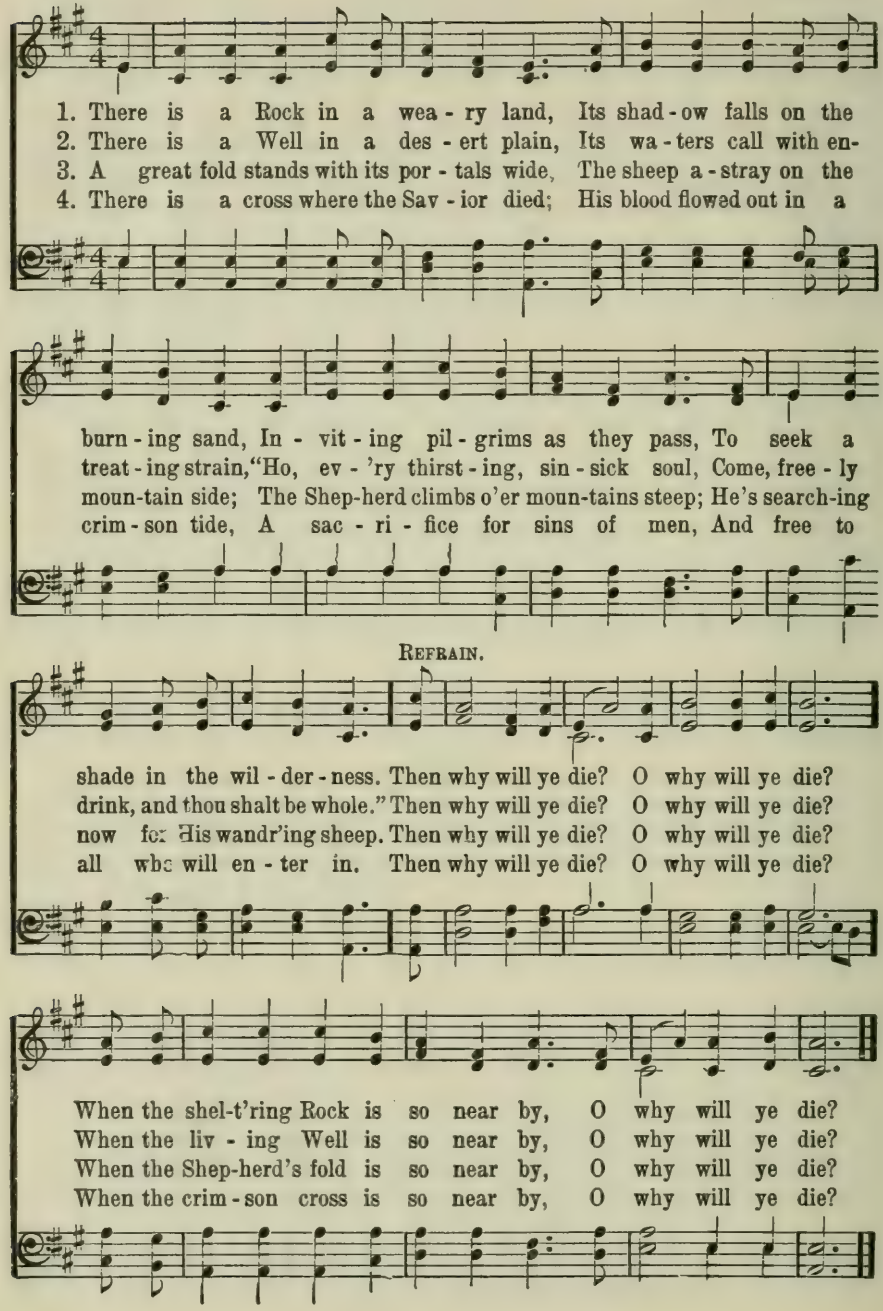


But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.



The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. Penn.



Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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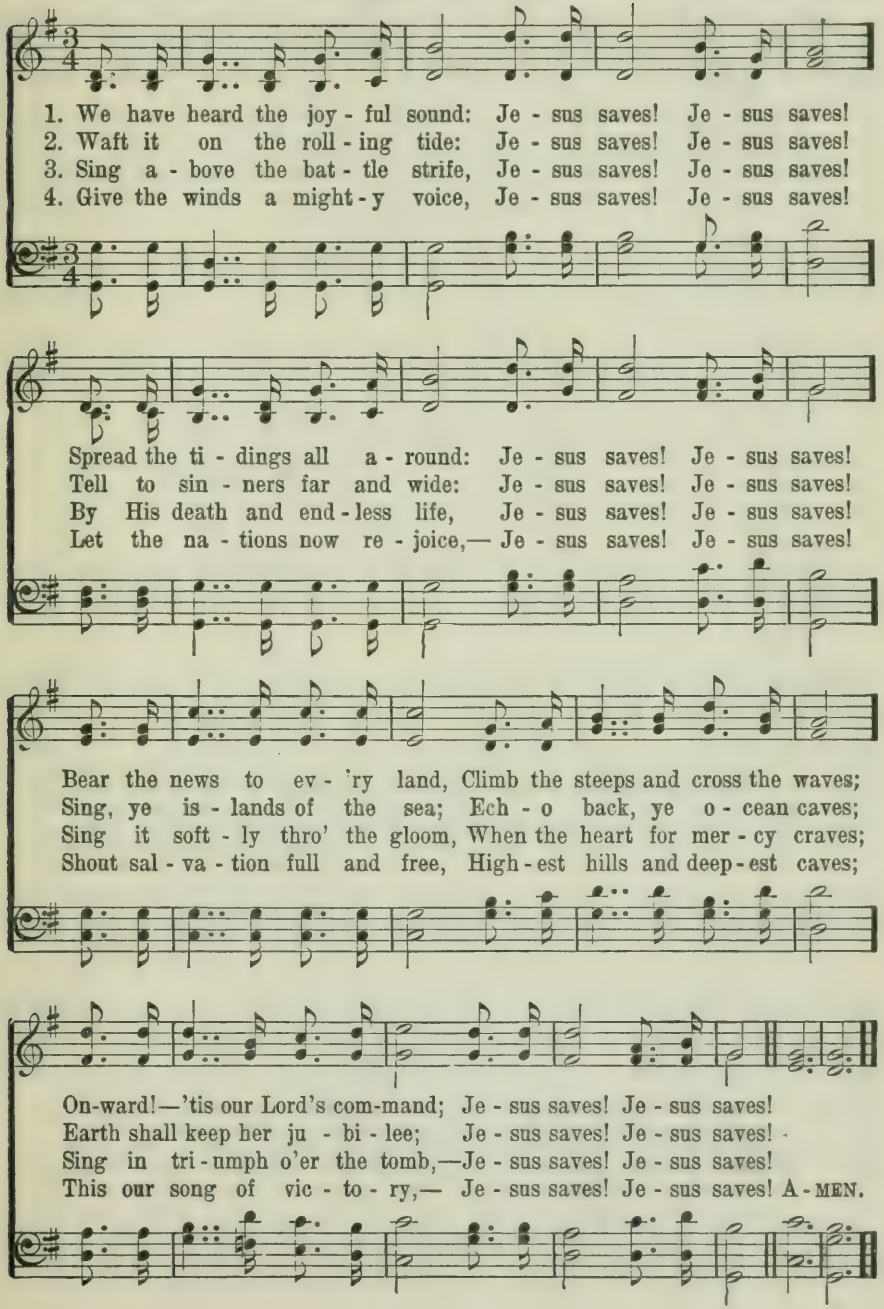
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper.

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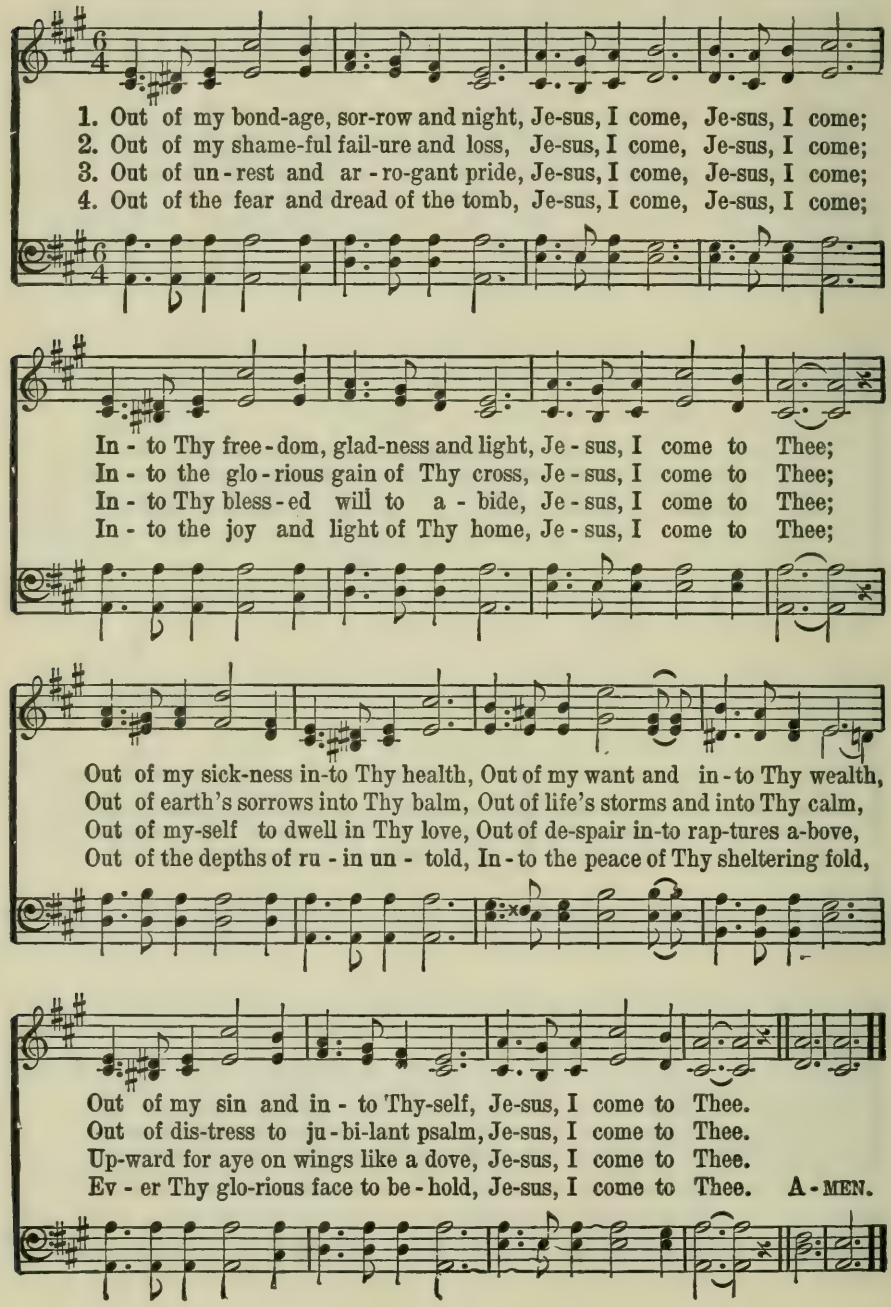
Geo. C. Stebbins.



A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. *Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.* Martin Luther.

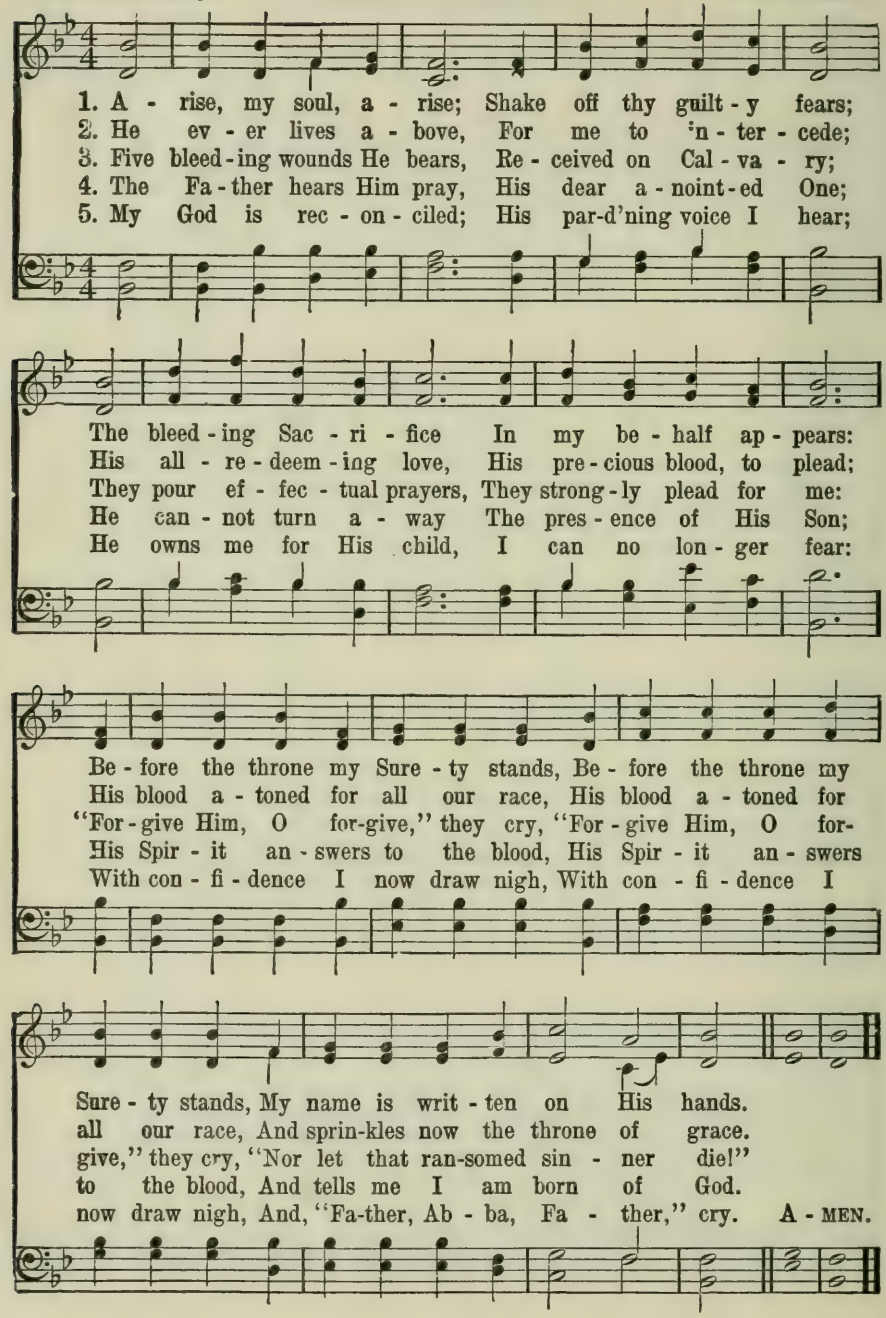
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;

Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en- dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

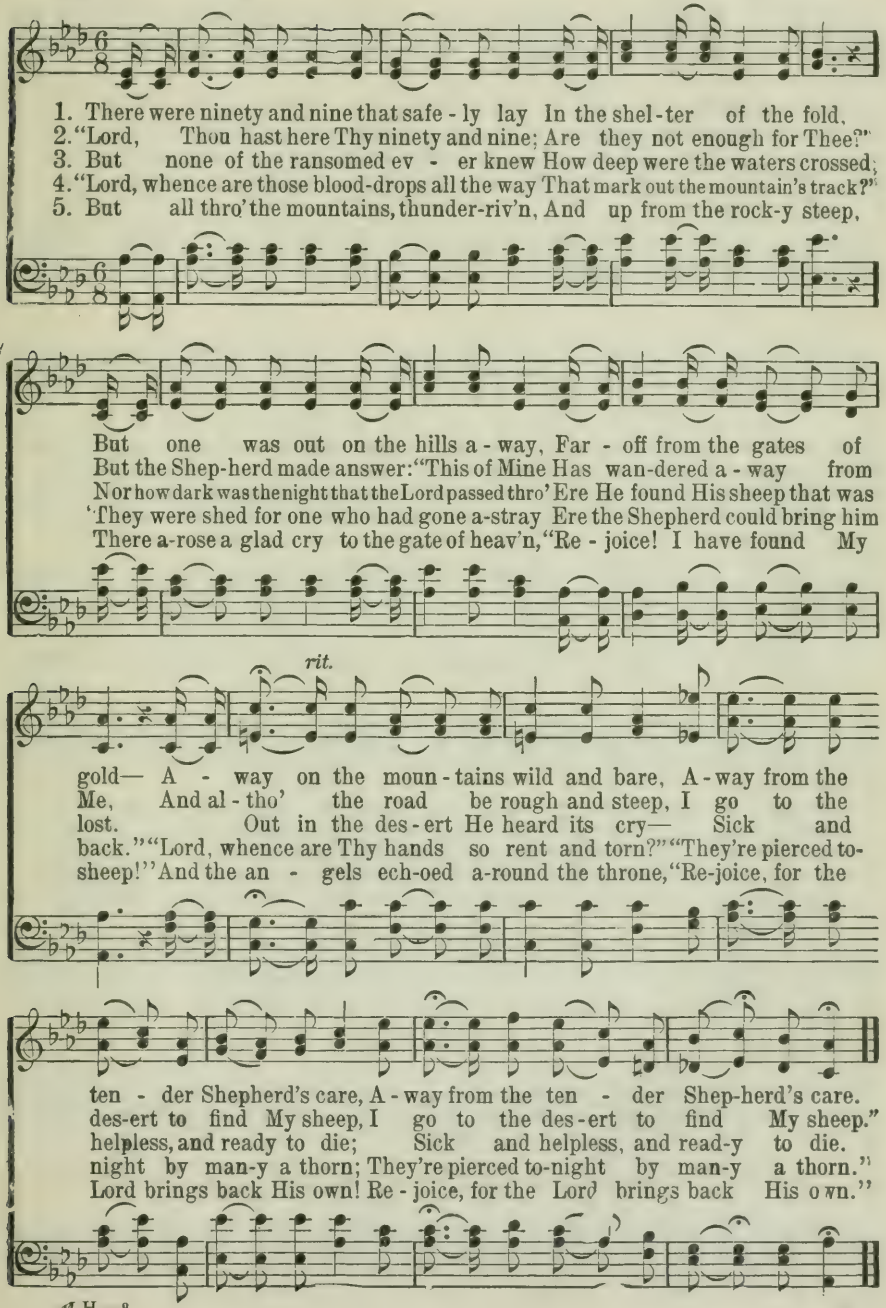
Arise, My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Lenox. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Lewis Edson.



31 The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. Ira D. Sankey.



The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome.

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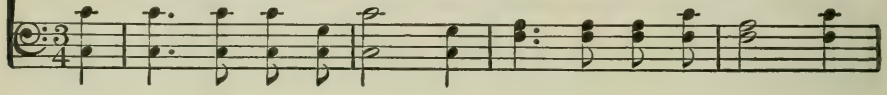
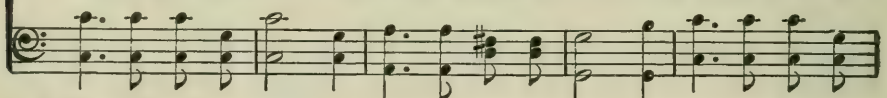
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

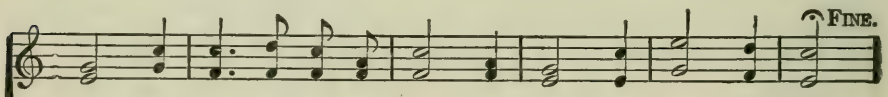
1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To



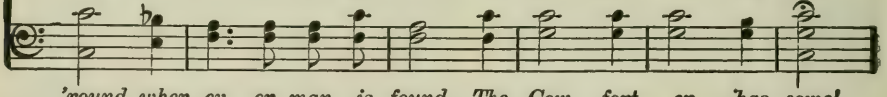
ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine—That I, a child of



D.S.–*Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti - dings*

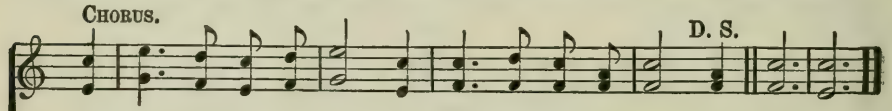


tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!

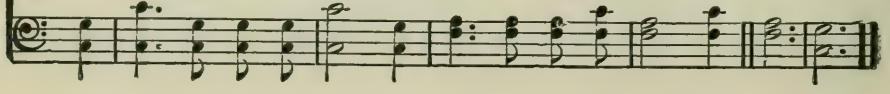


'round, wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The A - MEN.



The Unclouded Day.

J. K. A. Rev. J. K. Alwood.

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way, Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fra-grance thro' the un - cloud-ed day.
that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.

CHORUS. D. S.

O the land of cloud-less day. O the land of an un - cloud-ed day;

Let Him In.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, A His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will

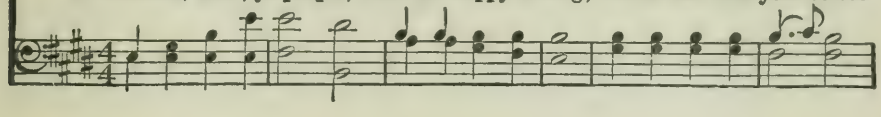
Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

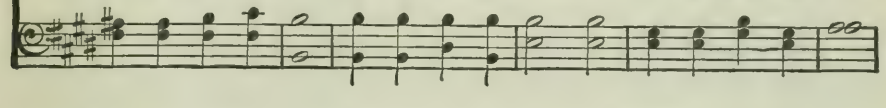
35 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.* Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



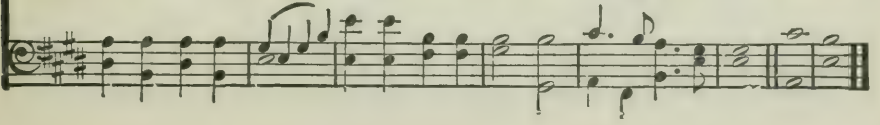
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;



REFRAIN.

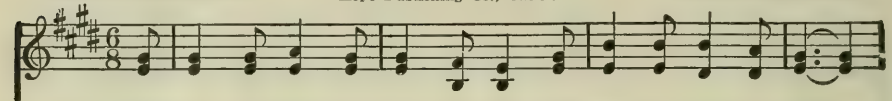
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-MEN.

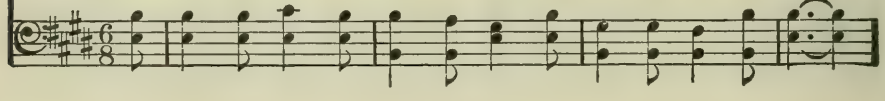


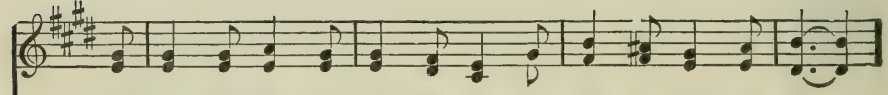
36 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Cecil F. Alexander. Copyright, 1919. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner. Geo. C. Stebbins.

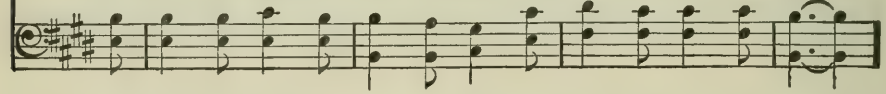


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

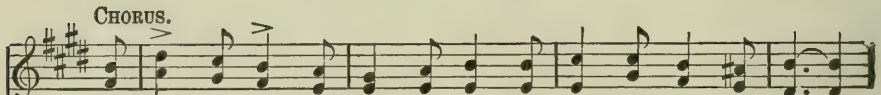




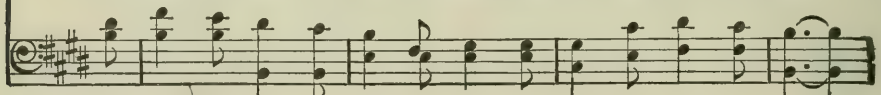
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.



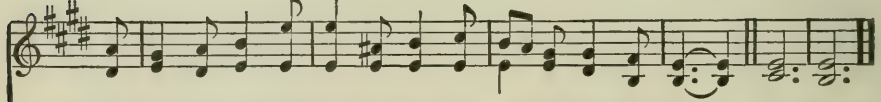
CHORUS.



Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,

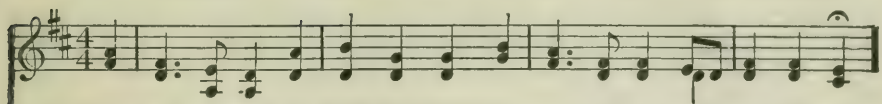


And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A - MEN.

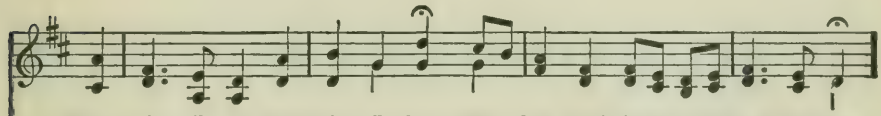


He Leadeth Me.

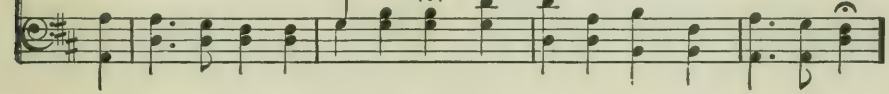
Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.



1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.



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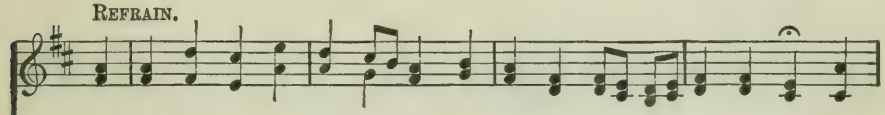
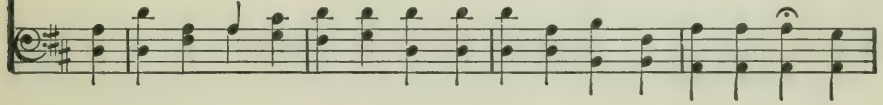
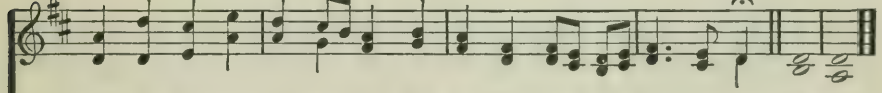


He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His

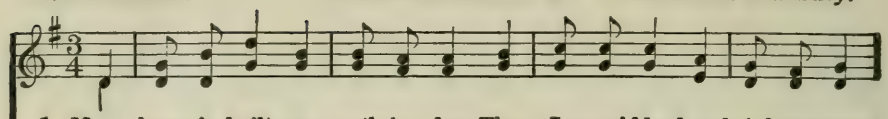




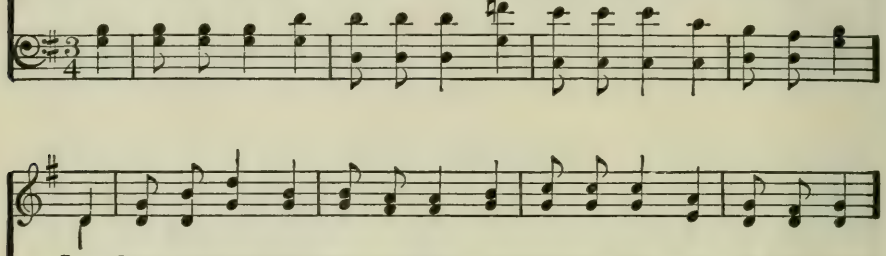
faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-MEN.

My Hope is Built.

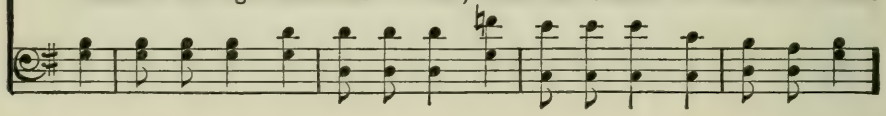
Edward Mote. *The Solid Rock. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.



1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.



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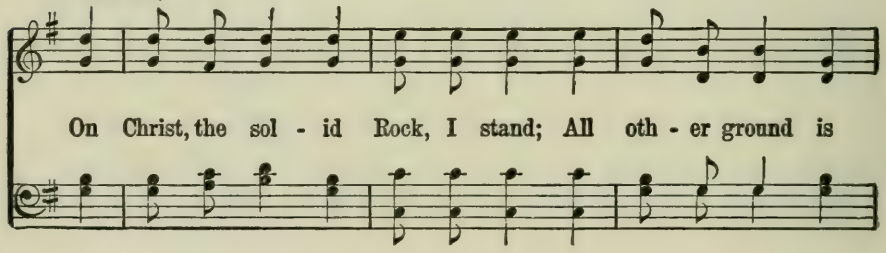
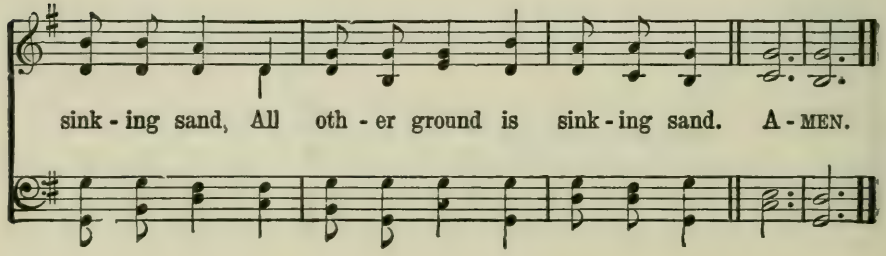


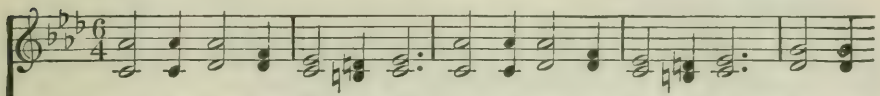
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is



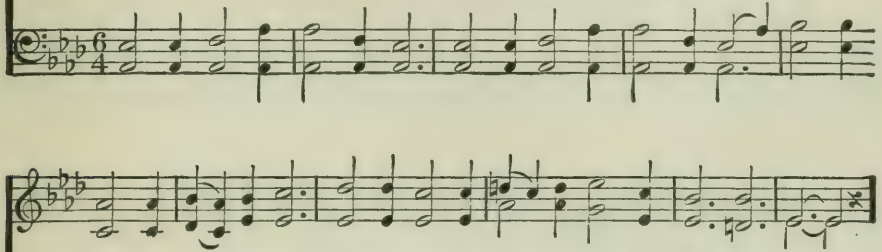
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

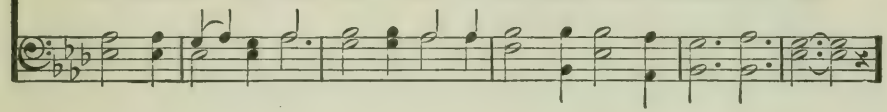
39 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury *Evening Praise.* 7s. 4. William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!





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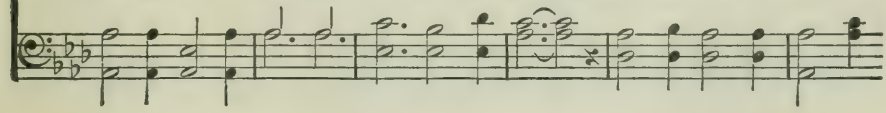
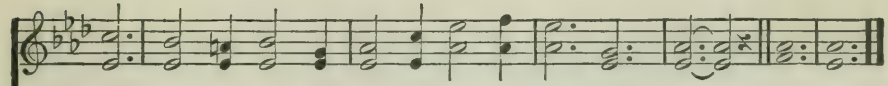
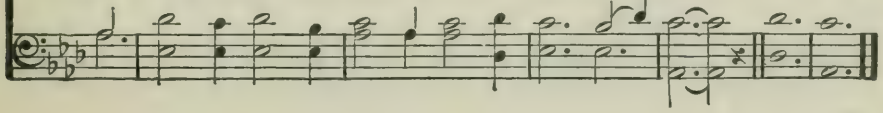
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of





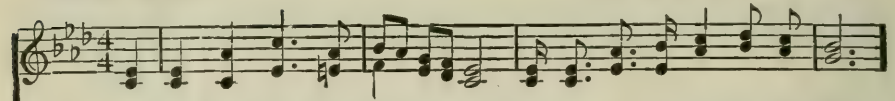
Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.



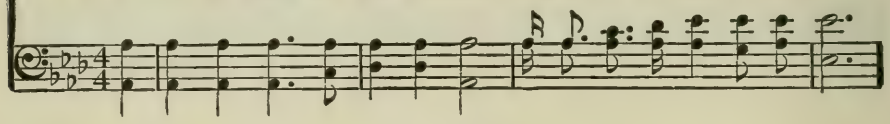
Blessed be the Name.

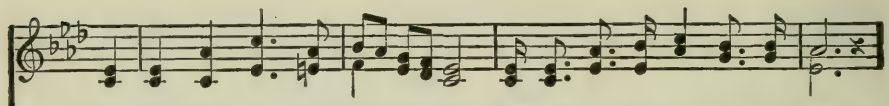
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Charles Wesley. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

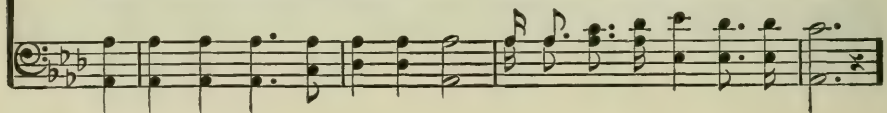


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing; Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin; Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev-er shall for-get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!





The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul-est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!



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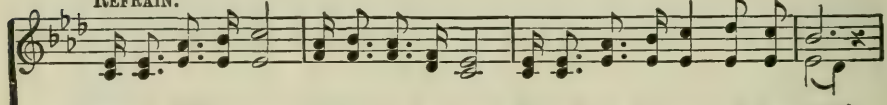
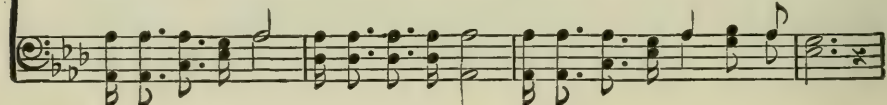
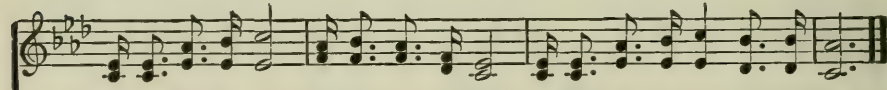
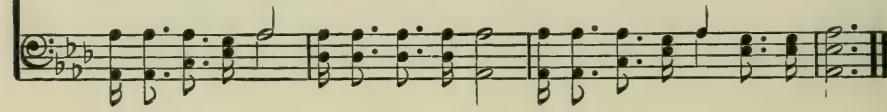


Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!





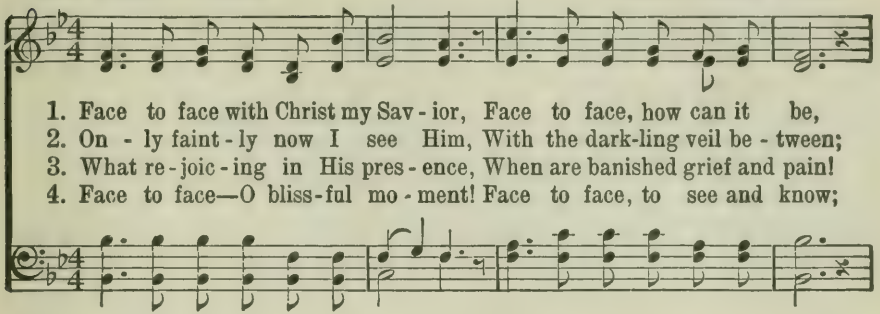
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



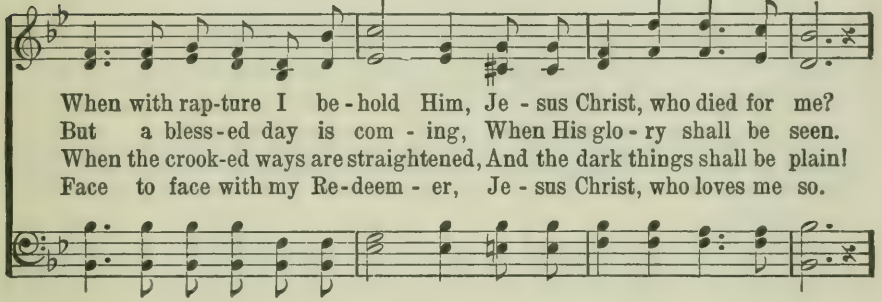
Face to Face.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

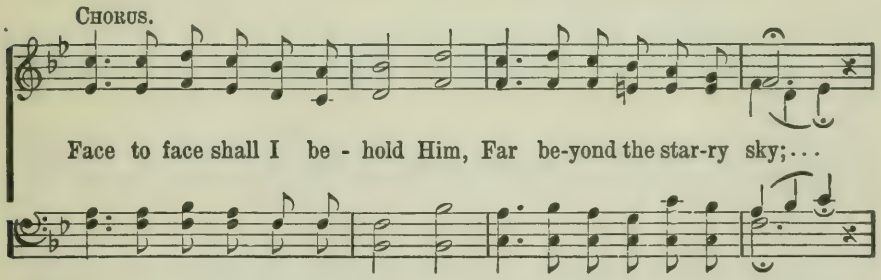


1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be - tween;
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;

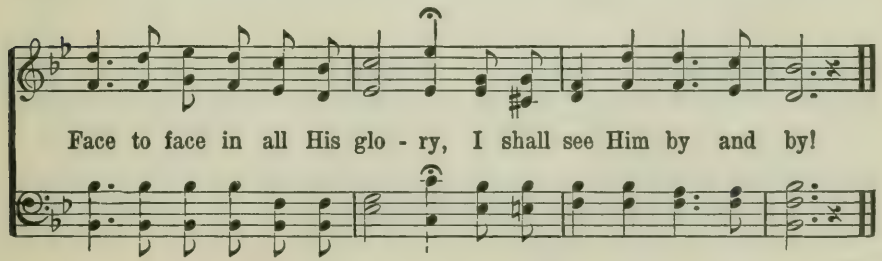


When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me?
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.

CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky; . . .



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast.

J. Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;

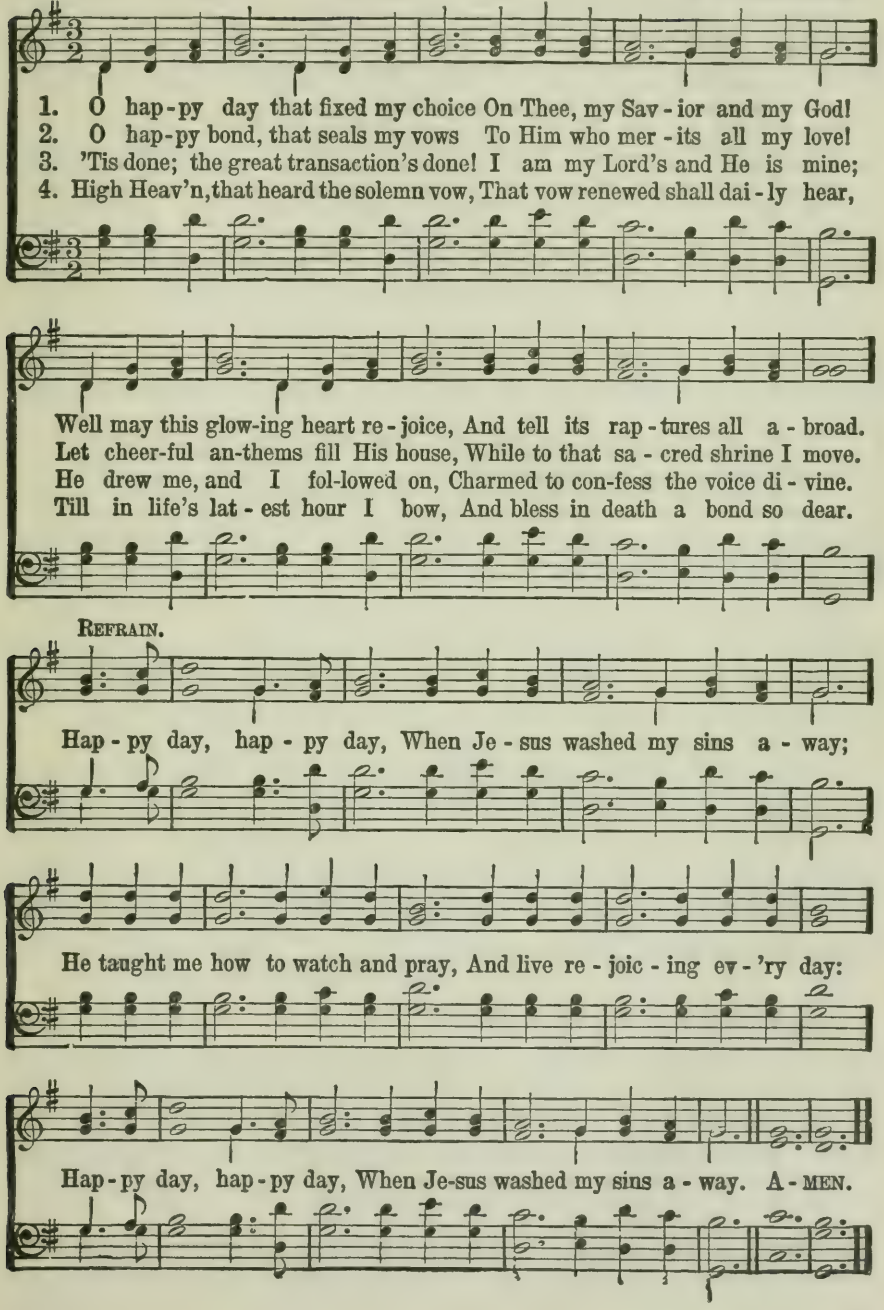
My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleans-es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

f CHORUS.

O come, an-gel band, come and a-round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a- way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.

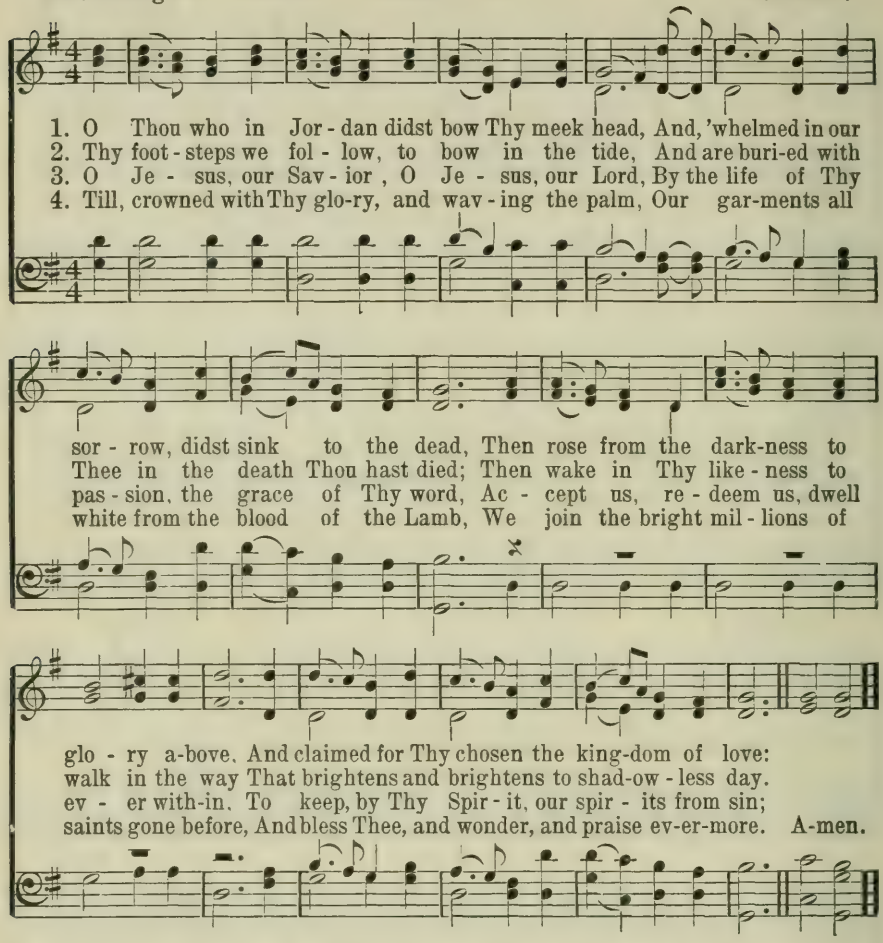
O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. *Happy Day. L. M.* E. F. Rimbault.



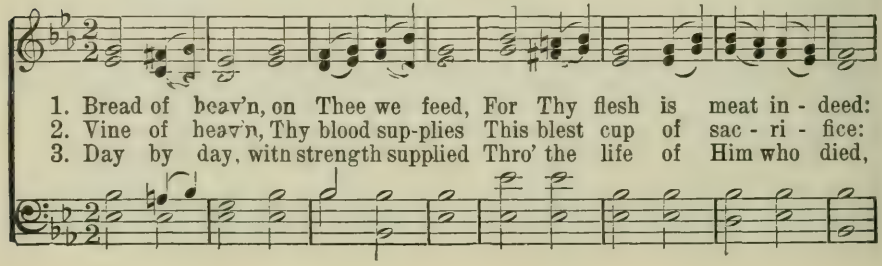
44 O Thou Who In Jordan.

Rev. George W. Bethune. *Goshen.* 11s. German.

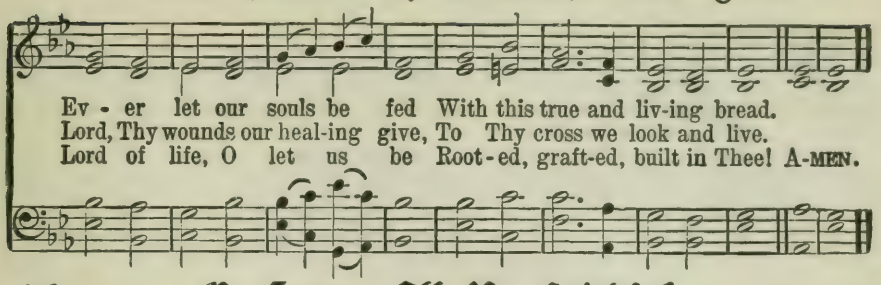


45 Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We Feed.

Josiah Conder. *Holley.* 7s. G. Hews.



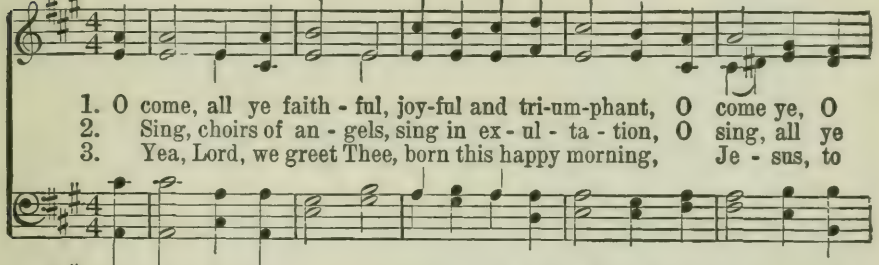
Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We Feed.

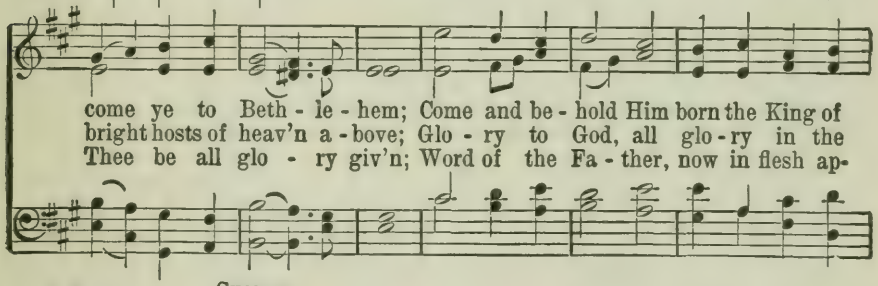


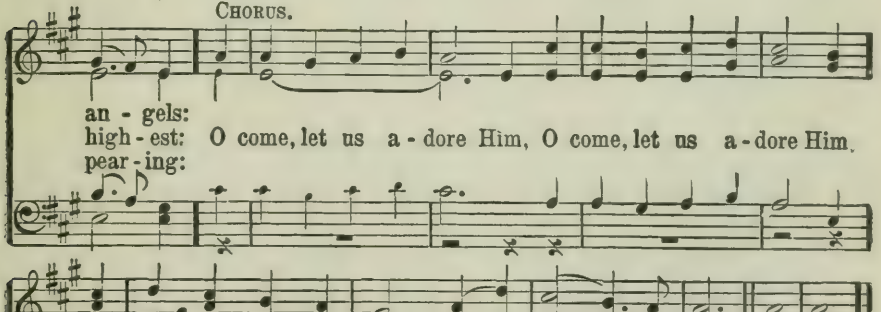
46 O Come, All Ye Faithful.

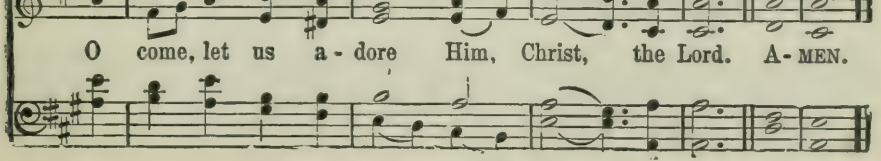
Adeste Fideles. Portuguese Hymn. Irregular.

Tr. by Frederick Oakeley. Anon.









47 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

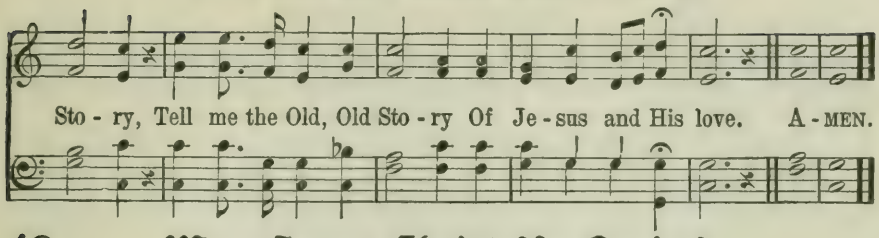
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

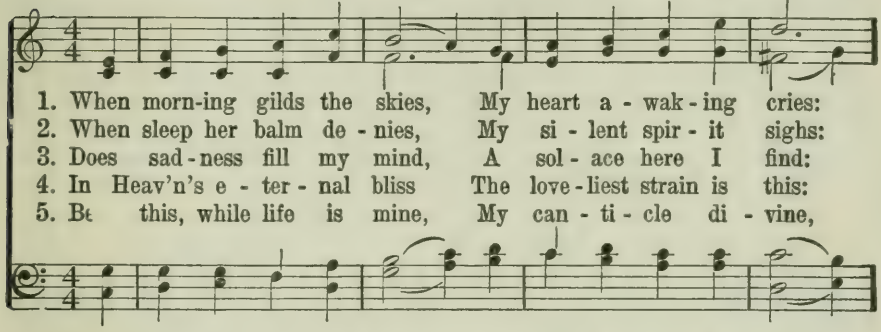
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

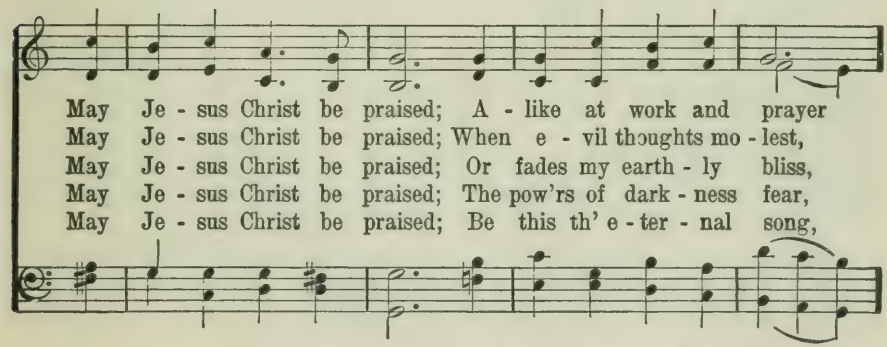
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

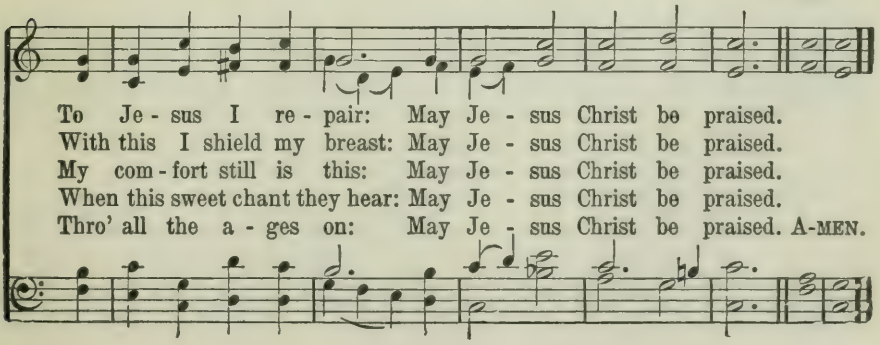


48 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German. Sir Joseph Barnby.







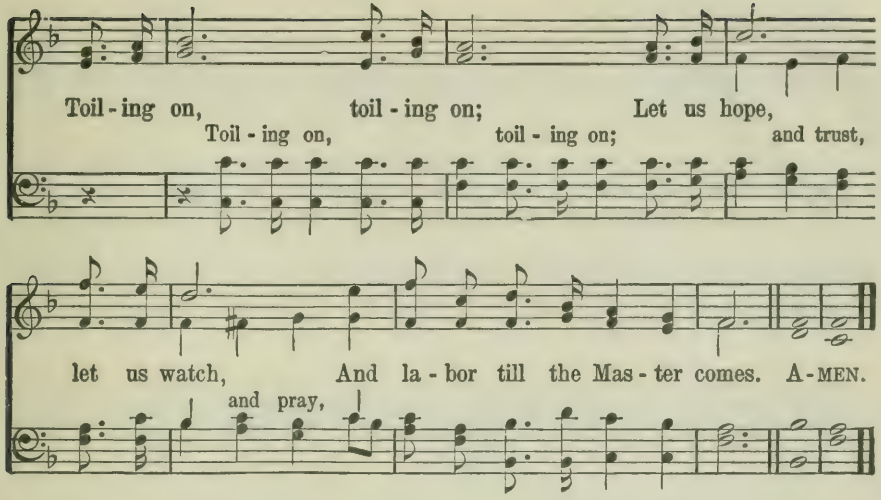
To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal- va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je- ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal- va - tion is free!"
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - somed, "Sal- va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

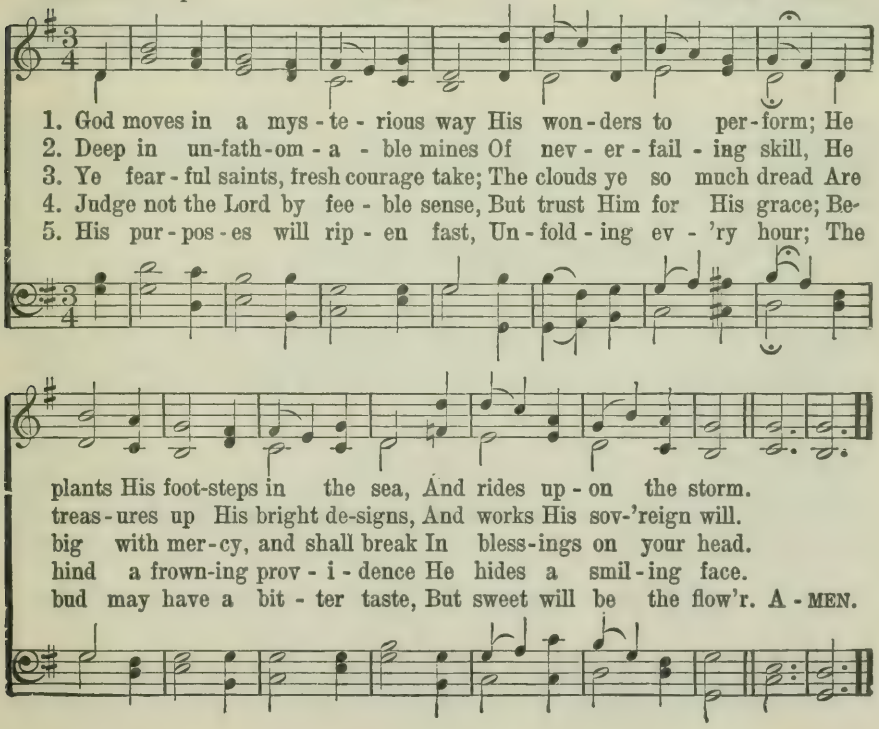
CHORUS.

To the Work.



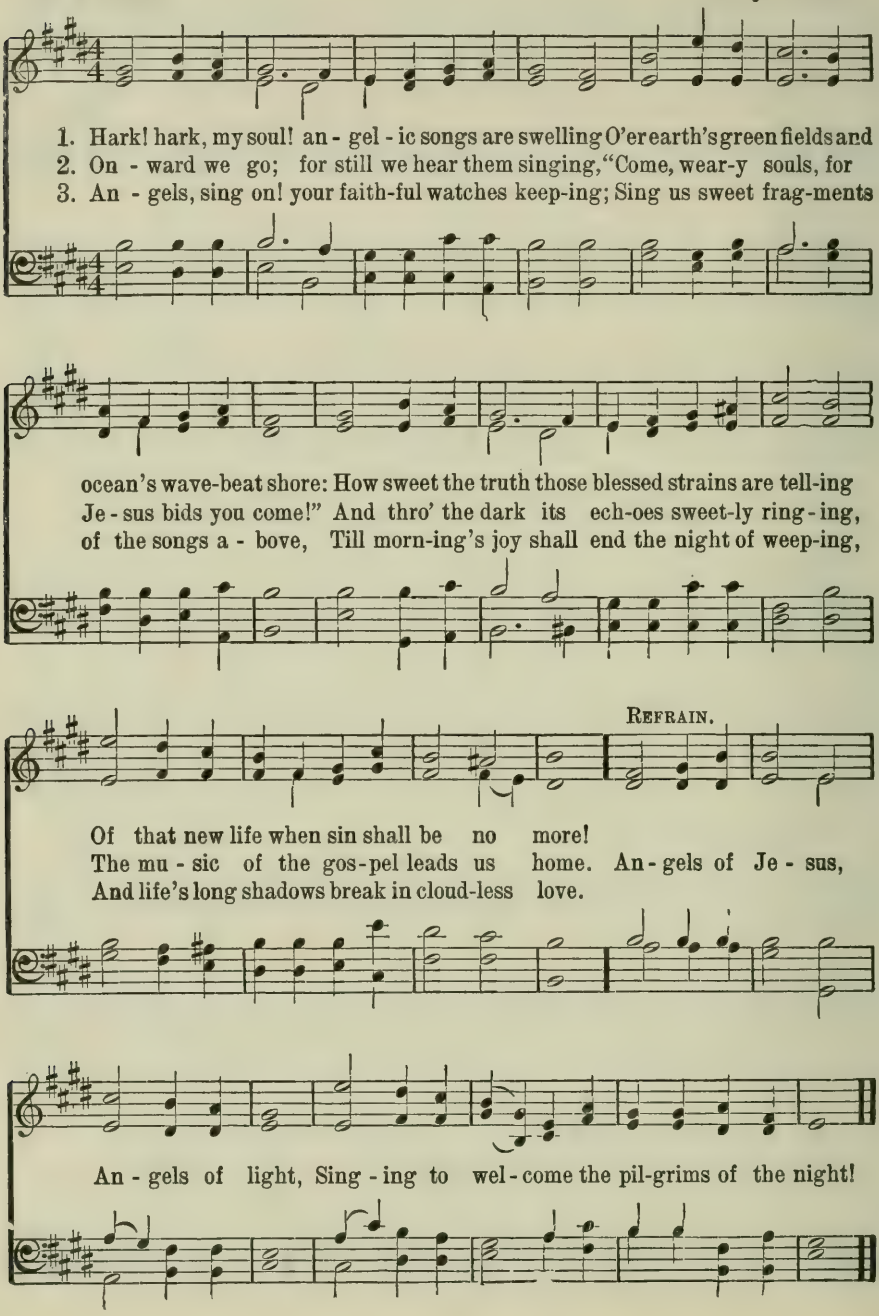
50 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* Samuel Webbe.



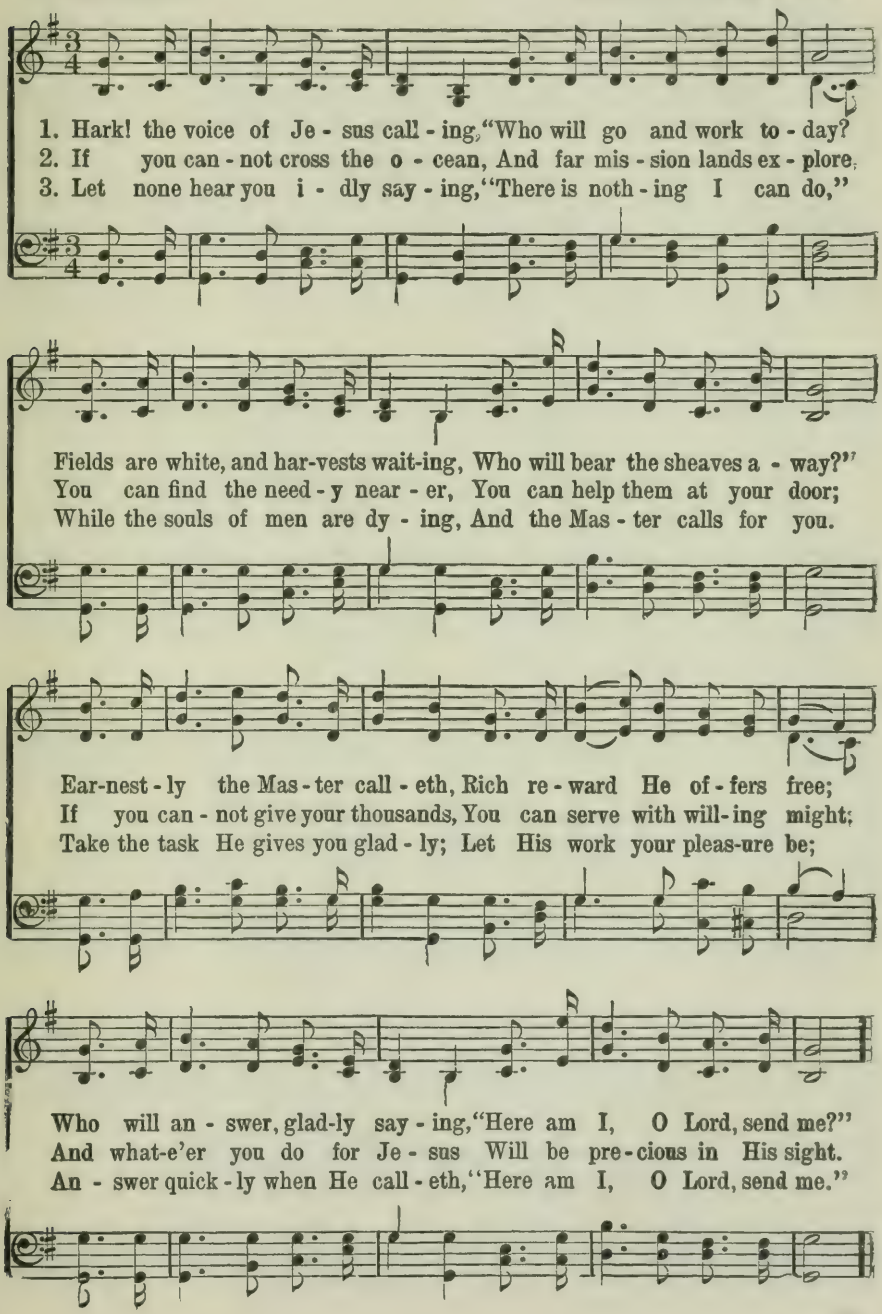
51 Hark! Hark! My Soul!

F. W. Faber. Henry Smart.



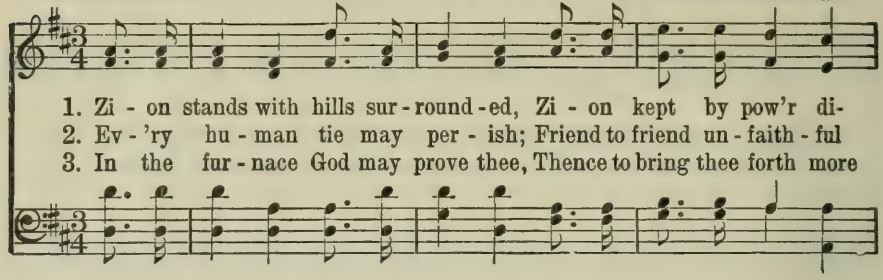
52 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

Daniel March. Francois H. Barthelemon.

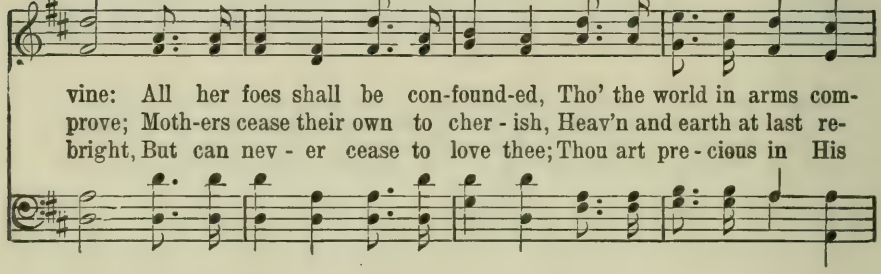


Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

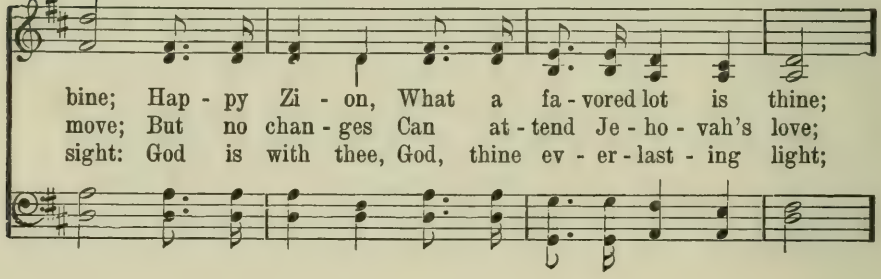
Thomas Kelly. *Zion.* *8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.



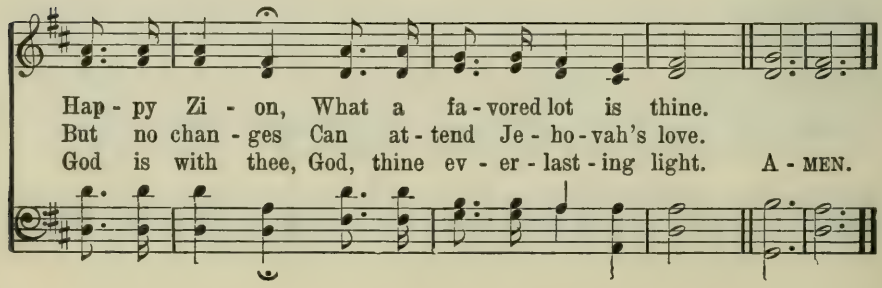
1. Zi - on stands with hills sur - round - ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di-
2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un - faith - ful
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more



vine: All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-
prove; Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish, Heav'n and earth at last re-
bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre - cious in His



bine; Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine;
move; But no chan - ges Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
sight: God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light;



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine.
But no chan - ges Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light. A - MEN.

54 This is My Father's World.

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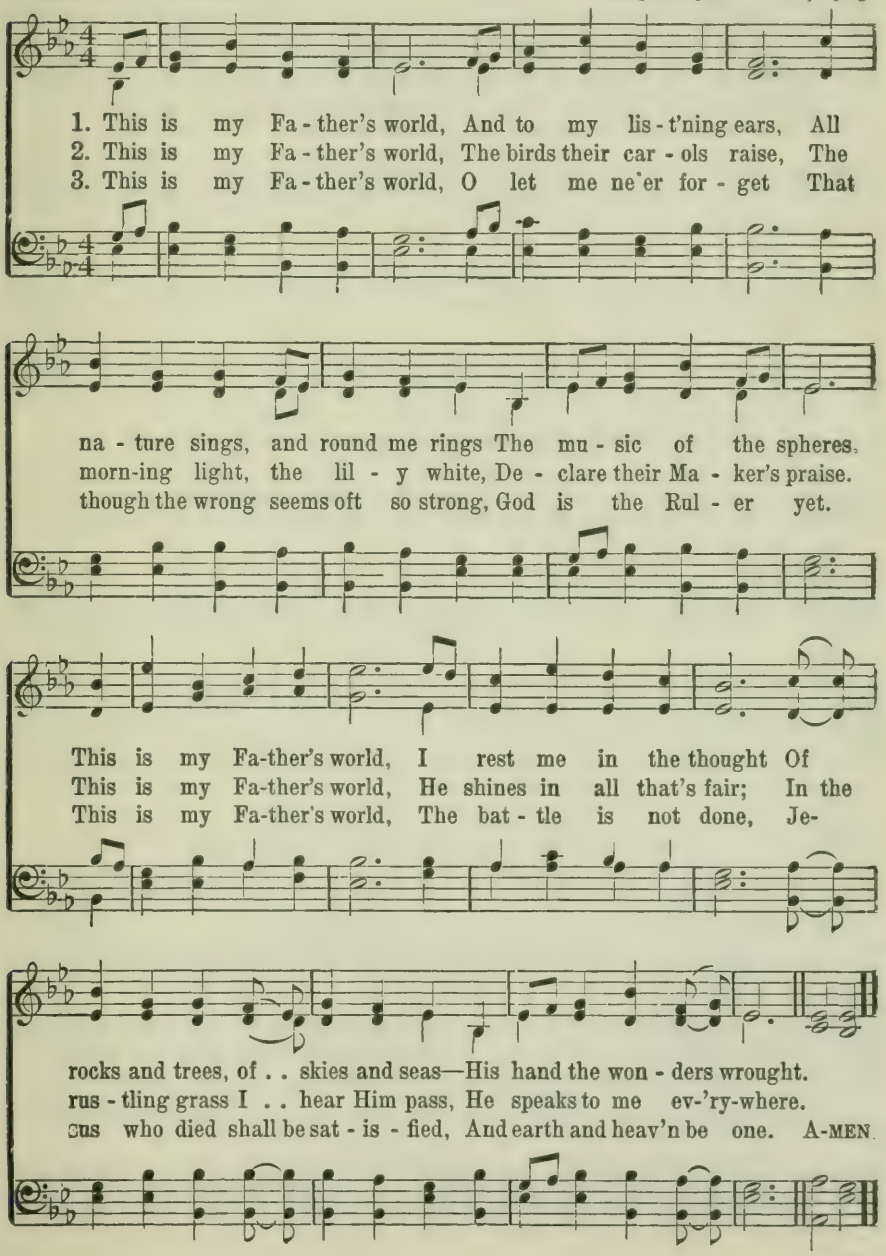
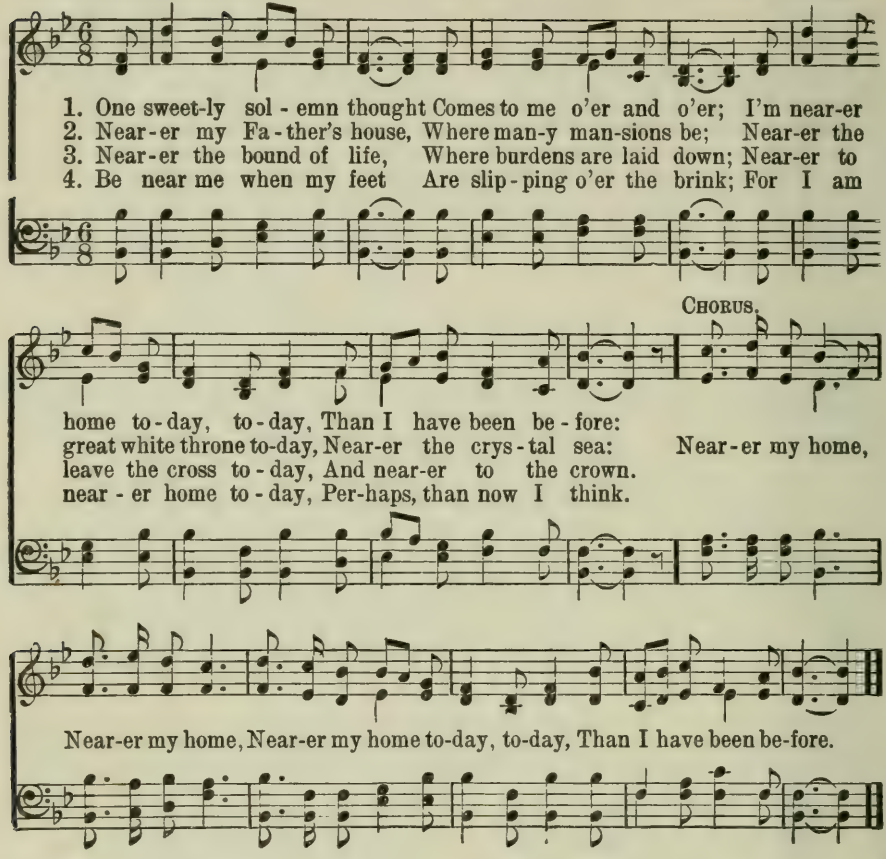
Terra Beata. S. M. D. Traditional English Melody.

Maltbie D. Babcock. Arranged by S. F. L., 1915



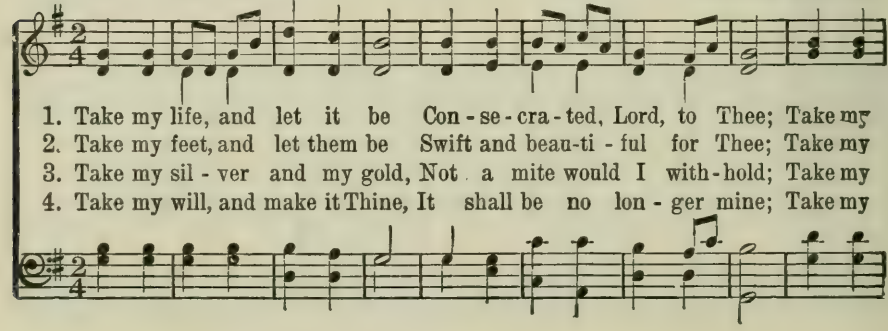
55 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phœbe Cary. Philip Phillips.

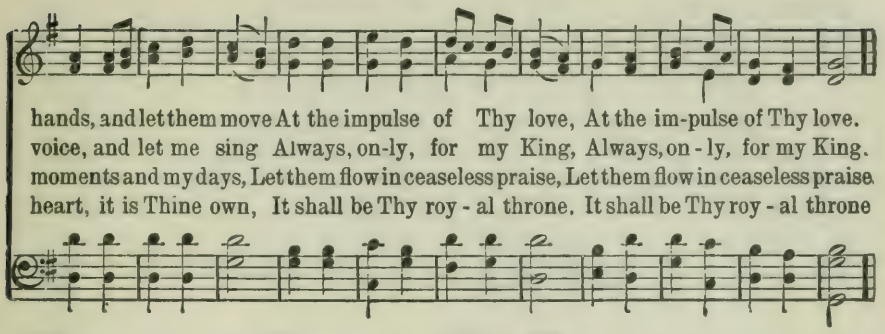


56 Take My Life and Let It Be.

Frances R. Havergal. C. H. A. Malan.

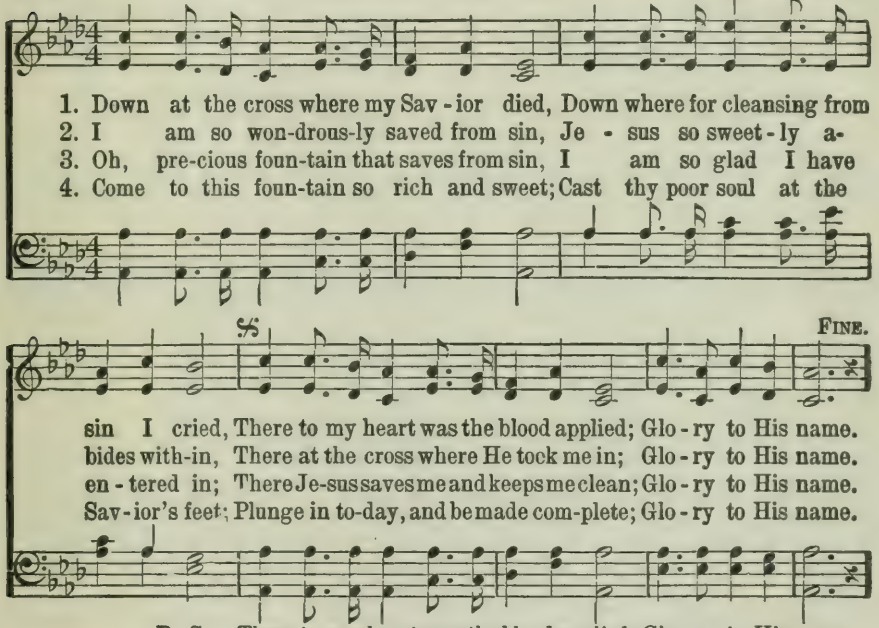


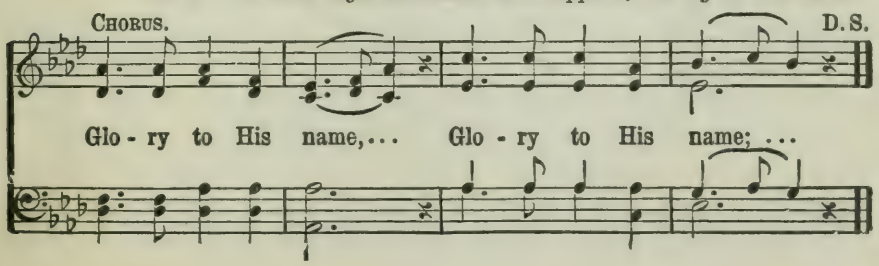
Take My Life and Let It Be.



57 Glory to His Name.

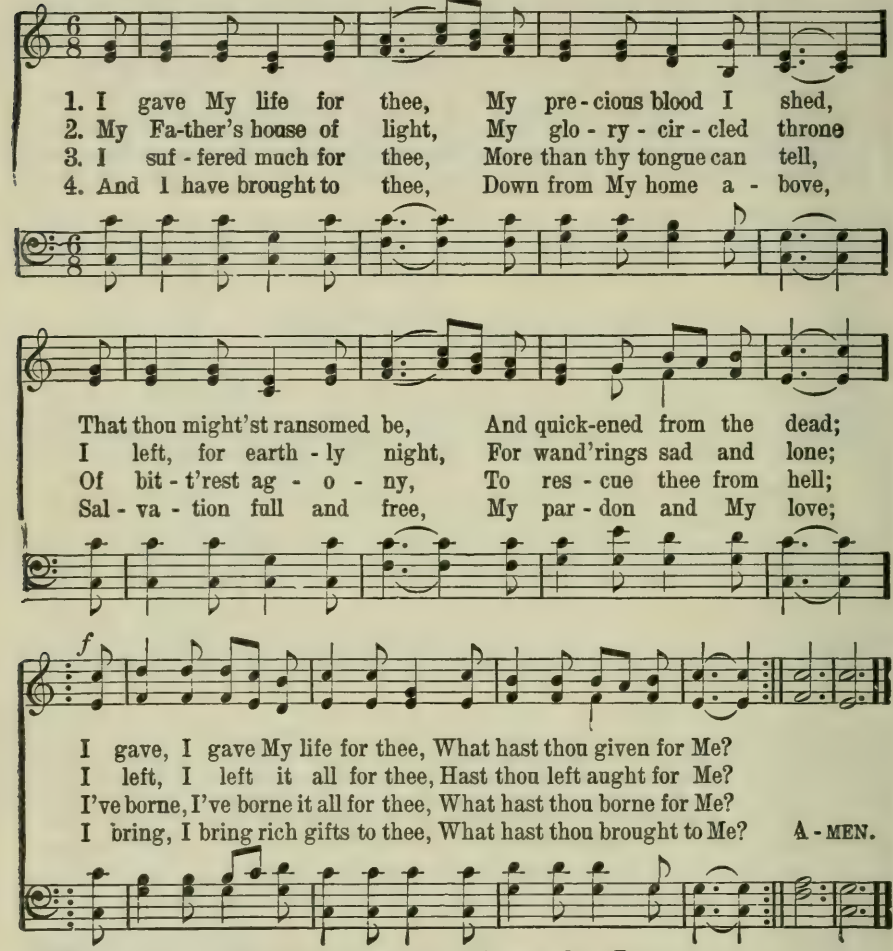
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.





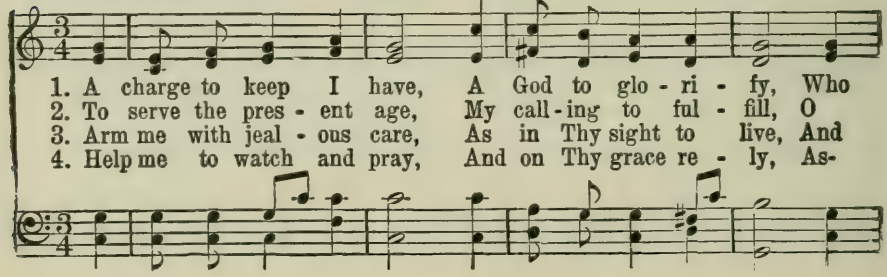
58 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.



59 A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.



A Charge to Keep I Have.

gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
O Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
sured Thou'lt not my trust be - tray, Nor shall I ev - er die. A - MEN.

60 I Would Not Live Alway.

Mechlenberg.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the (*Omit.*) way:
2. I would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb;
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its (*Omit.*) gloom:

The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here
Are e - nough for life's woes, e - nough for its (*Omit.*) cheer.
There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a - rise,
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the (*Omit.*) skies.

CHORUS.

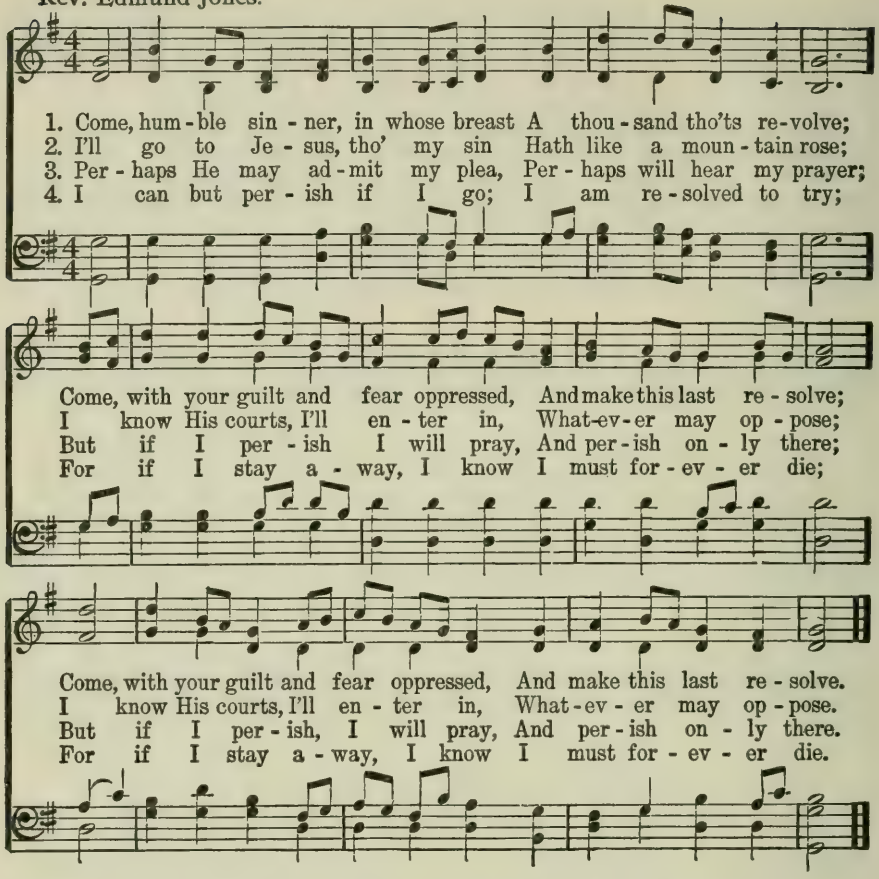
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home. AMEN.

3 Oh, who would live alway, away from His God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
The noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

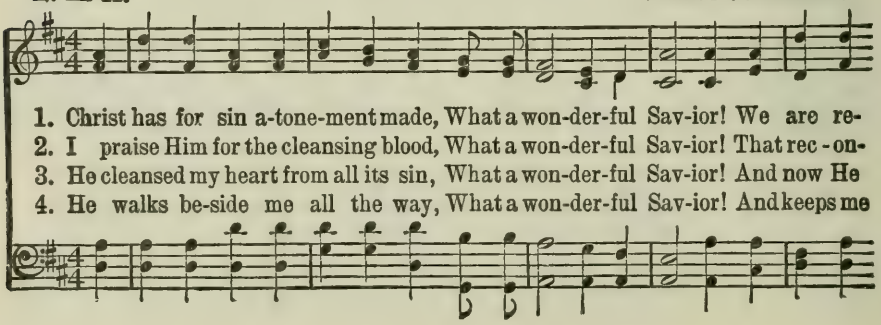
61 Come, Humble Sinner.

Rev. Edmund Jones.



62 What a Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffman.



What a Wonderful Savior!

CHORUS.

deemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! What a won-der-ful
reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a wonderful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!

63 Come, Sinner, Come!

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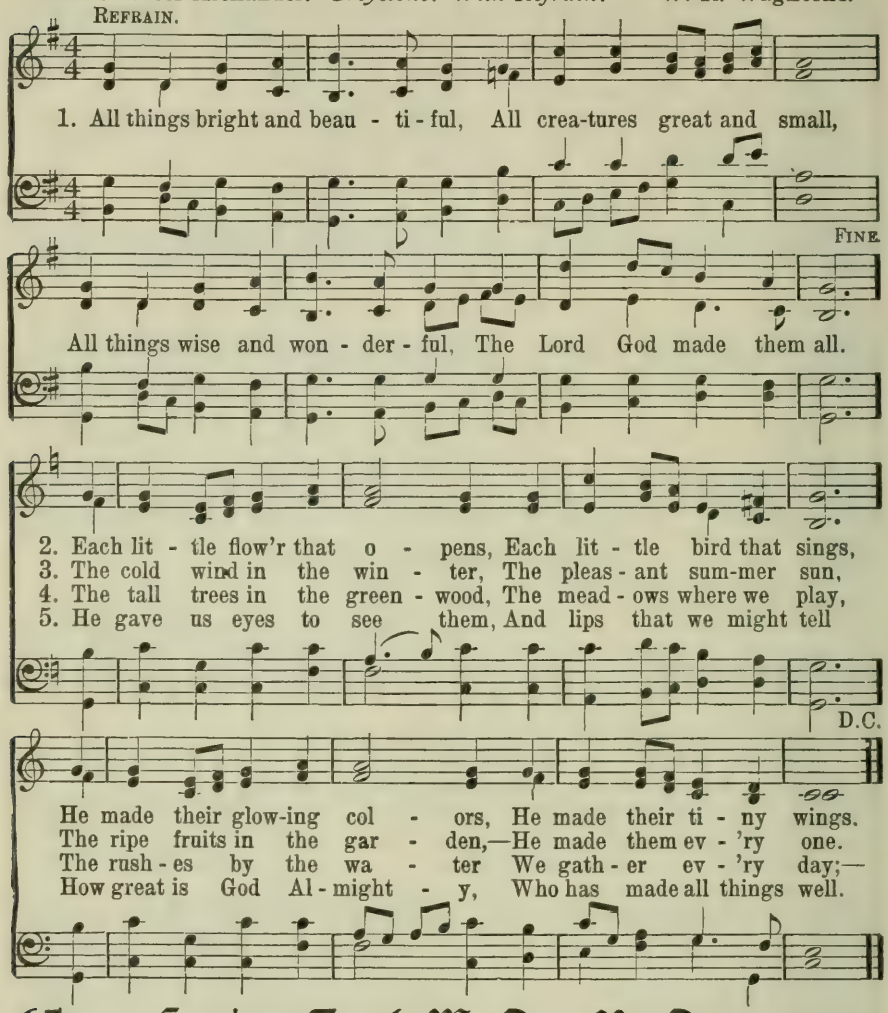
W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den! Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur-den, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus can now re-deem you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!

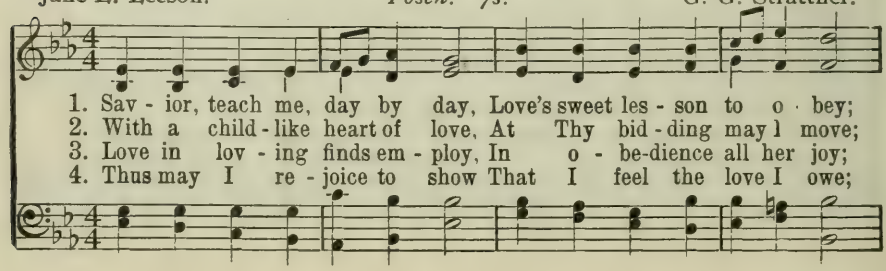
64 All Things Bright and Beautiful.

Cecil Frances Alexander. *Greystone. With Refrain.* W. R. Waghorne.

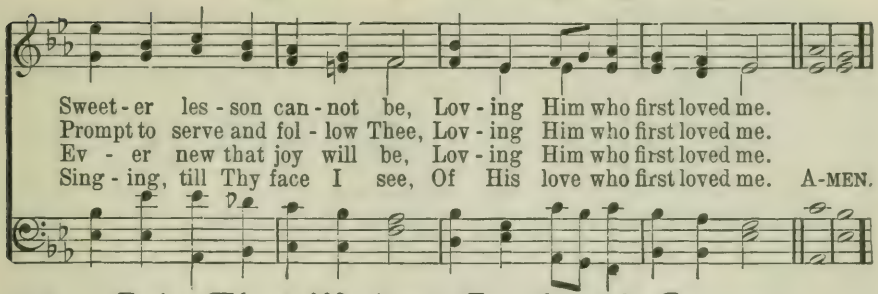


65 Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.

Jane E. Leeson. *Posen. 7s.* G. G. Strattner.

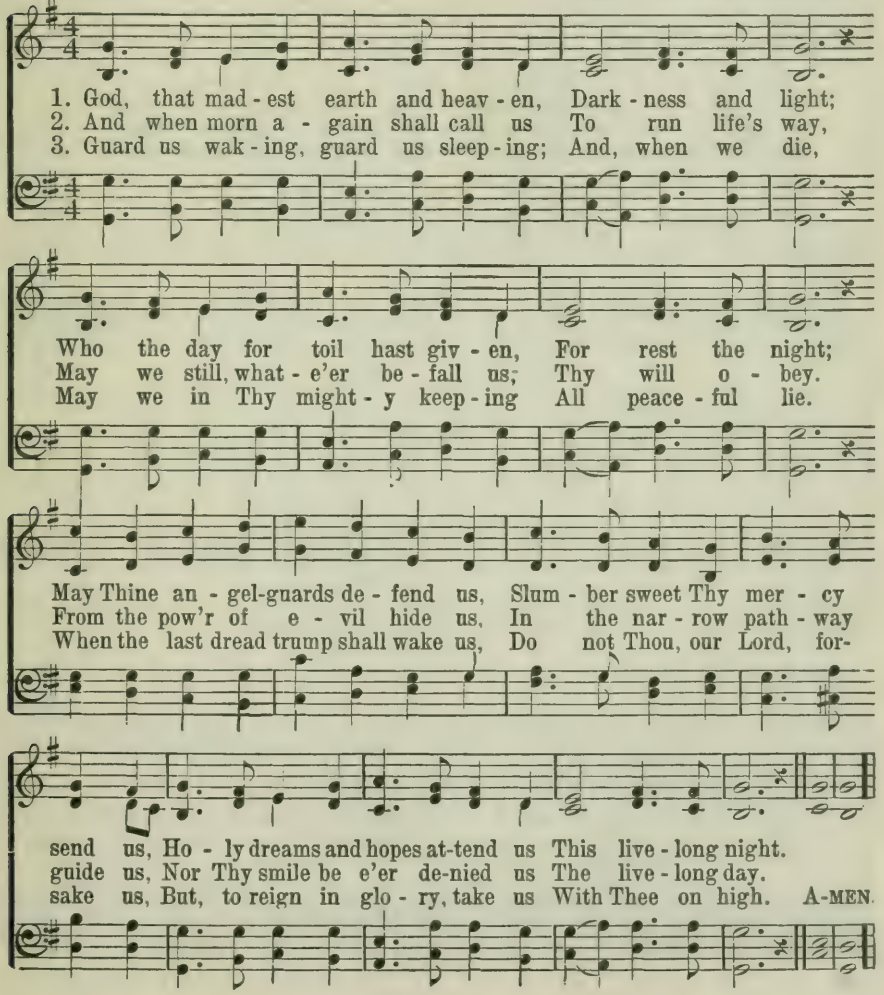


Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.



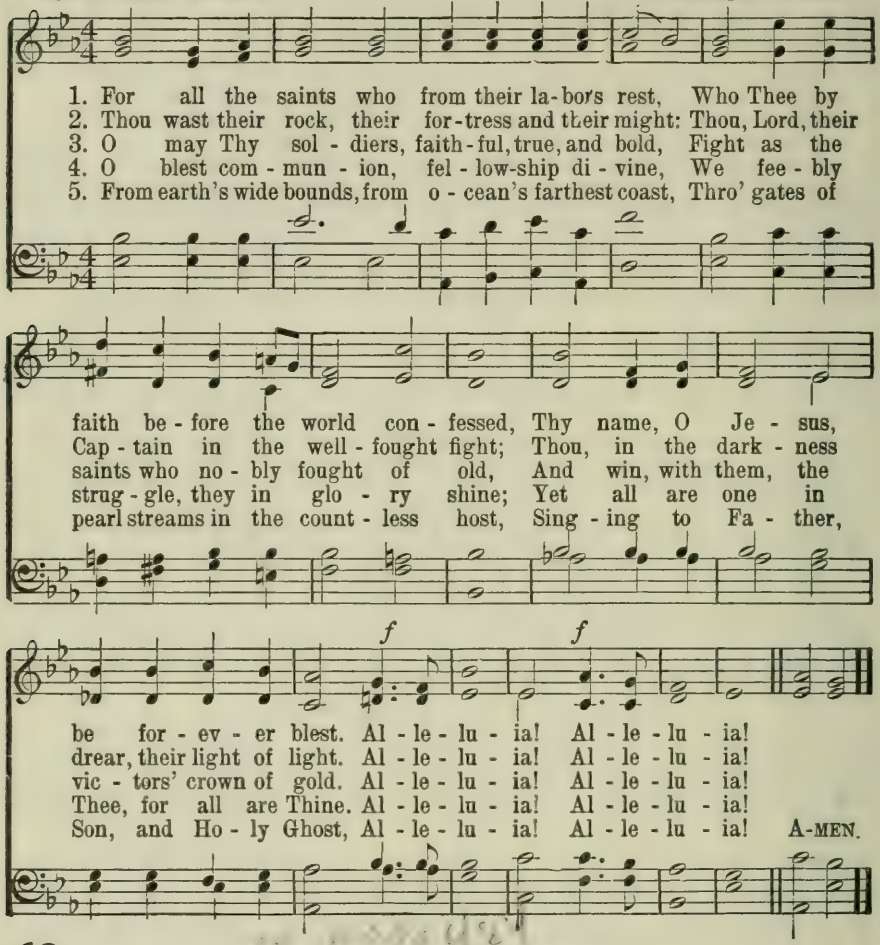
66 God, That Madest Earth and Heaven.

Reginald Heber. Welsh Traditional Melody.



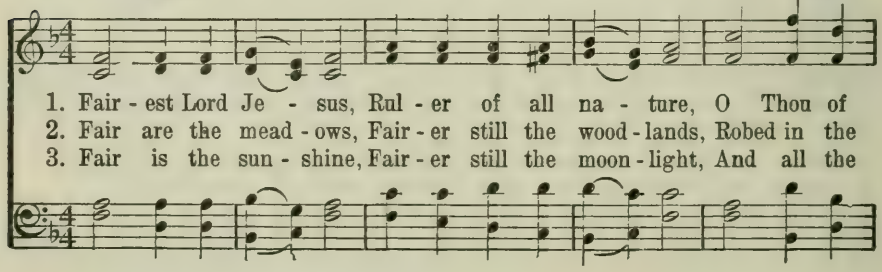
67 For All the Saints.

Bp. William W. How. Sir Joseph Barnby.

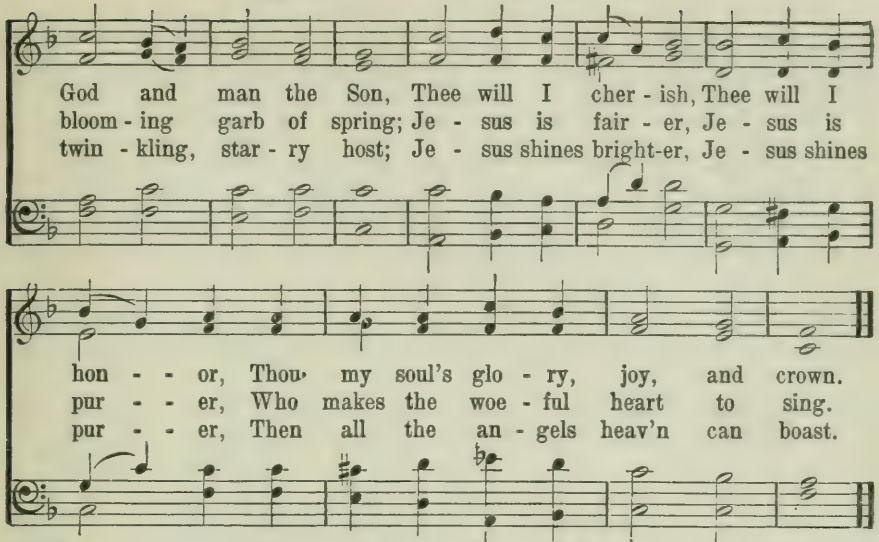


68 Fairest Lord Jesus.

Anon. Arr. by R. S. Willis.



Fairest Lord Jesus.



69 Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps.

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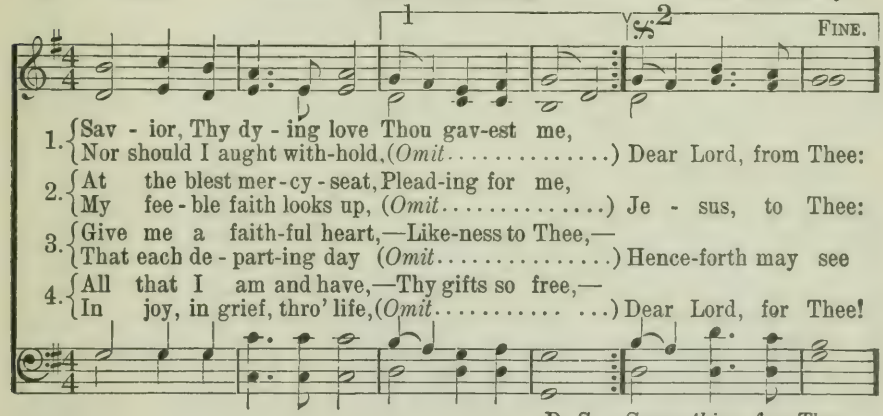
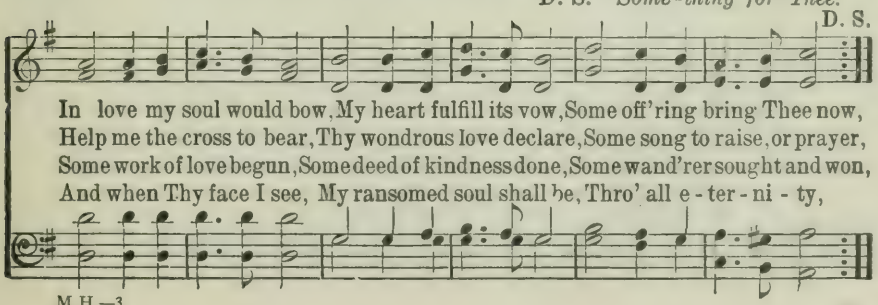
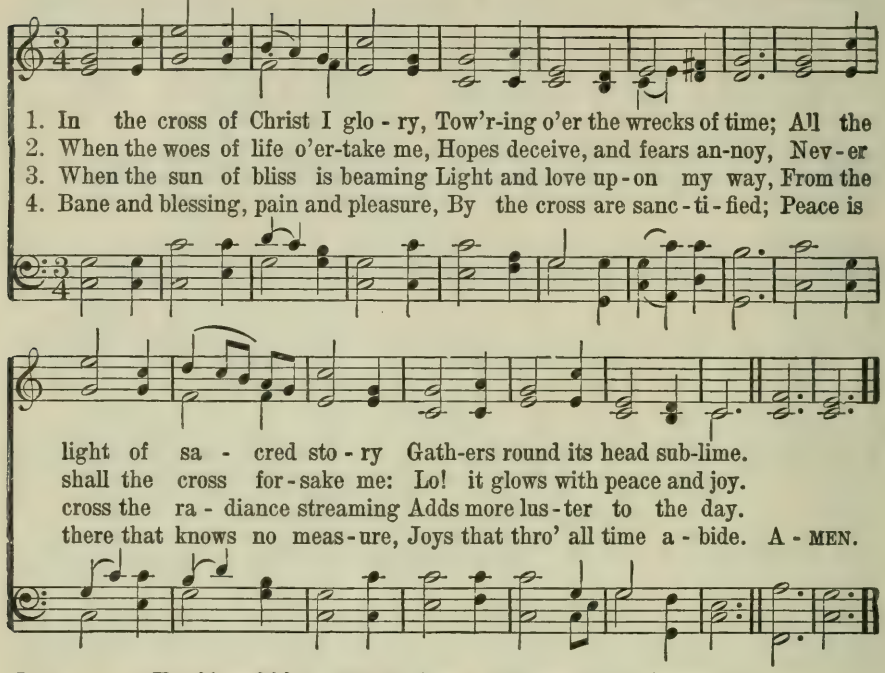
Robert Lowry.





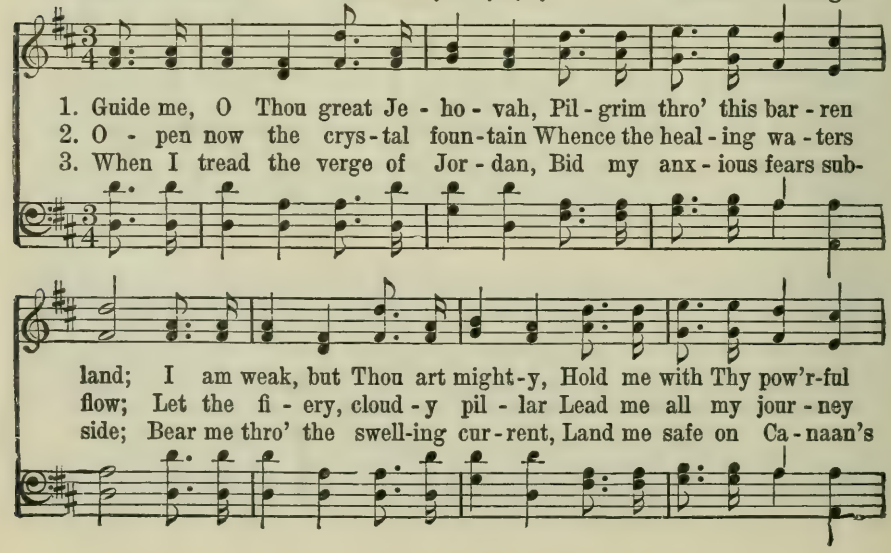
70 In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. *Rathbun. 8s. 7s.* Ithamar Conkey.



71 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.



Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

hand: Bread of Heav - en, Fee' me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;

Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

72 There's a Wideness.

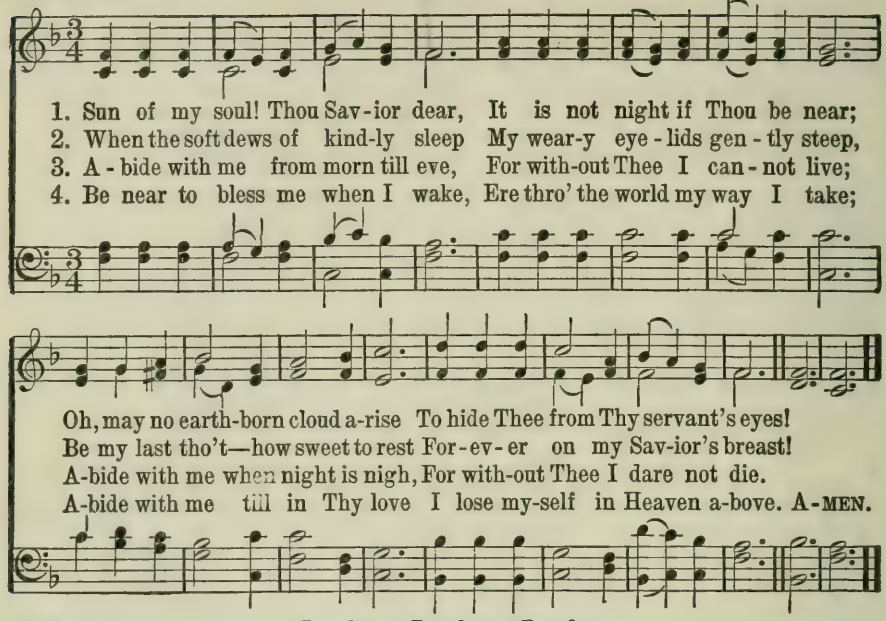
Frederick W. Faber. *Wellesley. 8s. 7s.* Lizzie S. Tourjée.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.

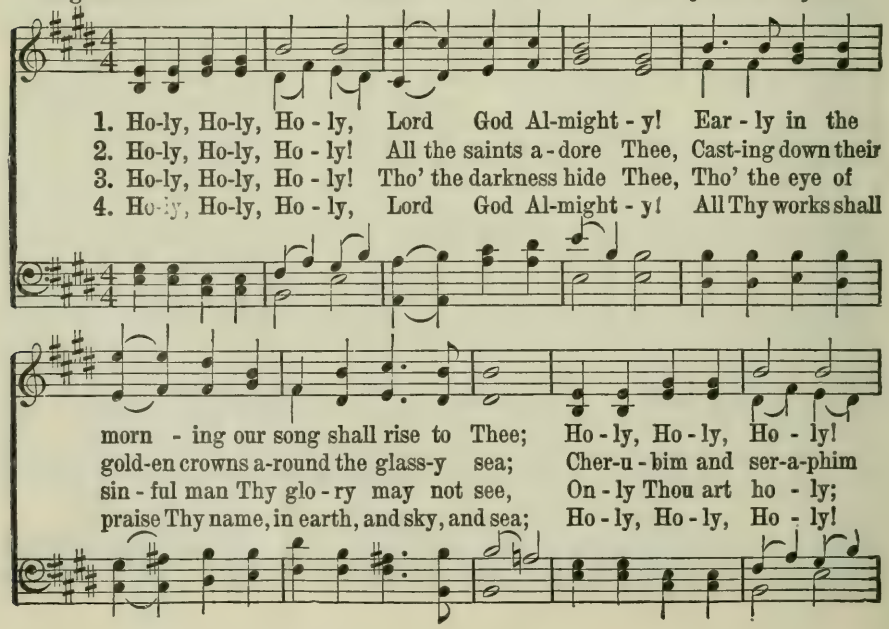
73 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. *Hursley. L. M.* Peter Ritter.

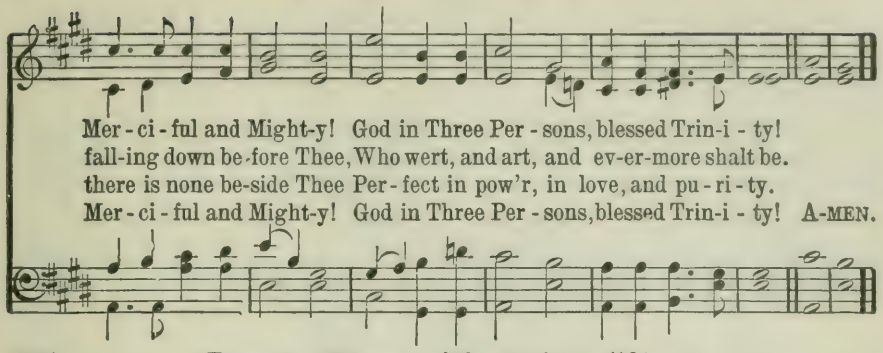


74 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. *Nicæa. 11. 12. 12. 10.* Rev. John B. Dykes.

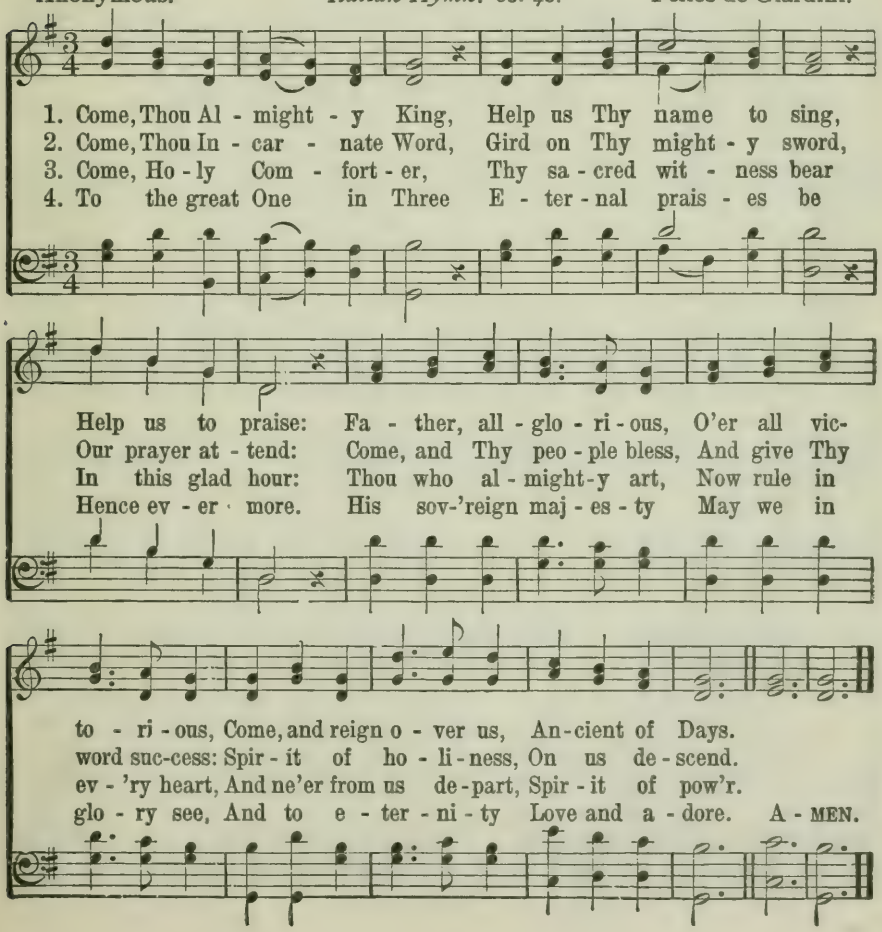


Holy, Holy, Holy.



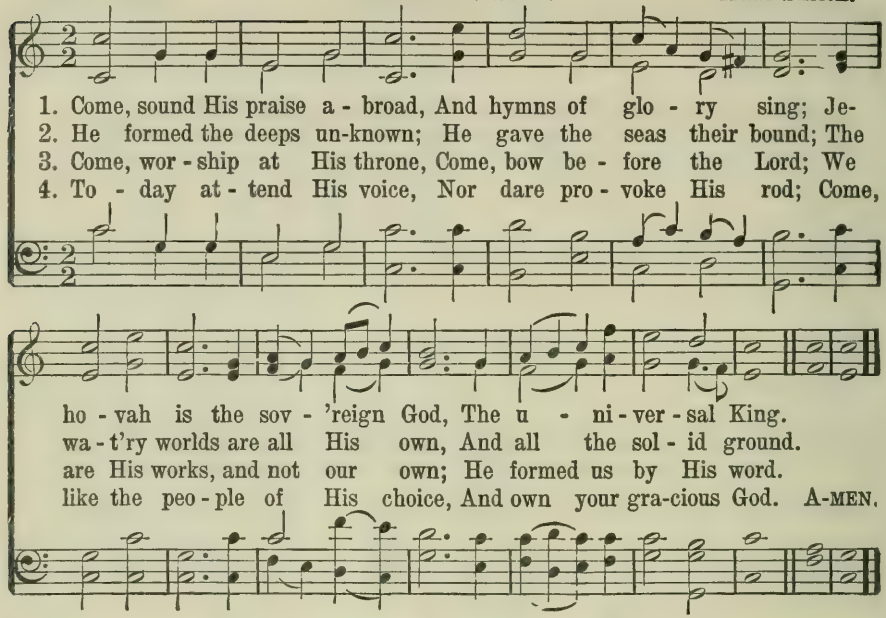
75 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.



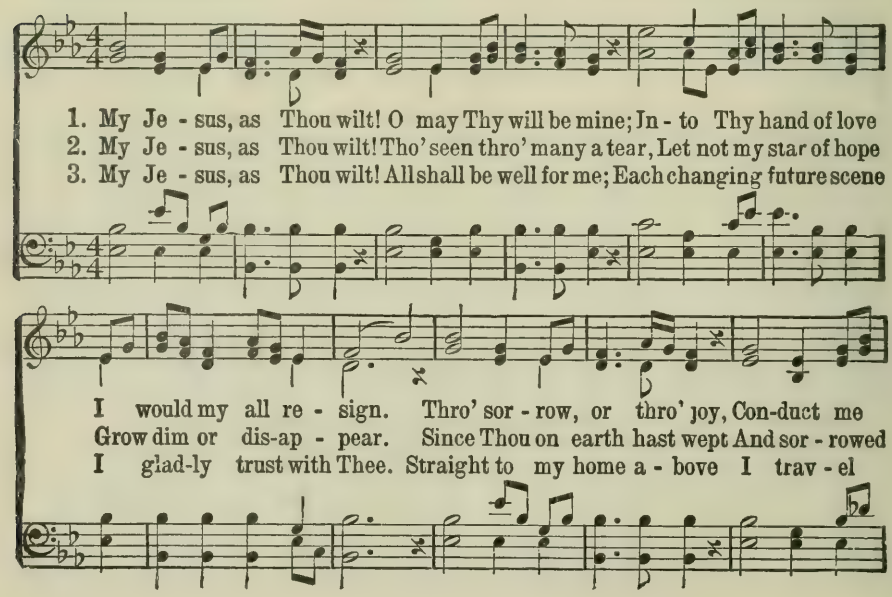
76 Come, Sound His Praise.

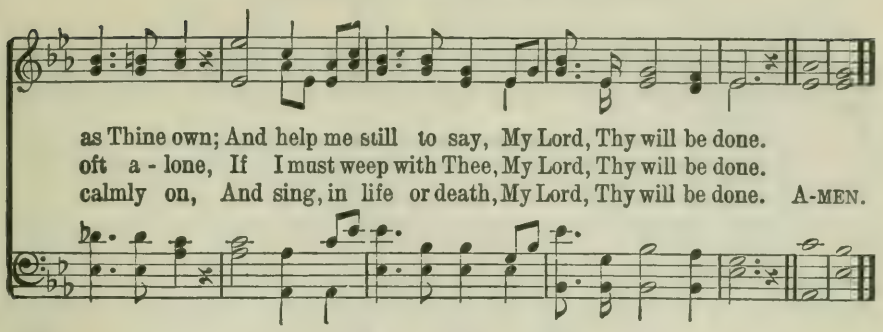
Isaac Watts. *Silver Street. S. M.* Isaac Smith.



77 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

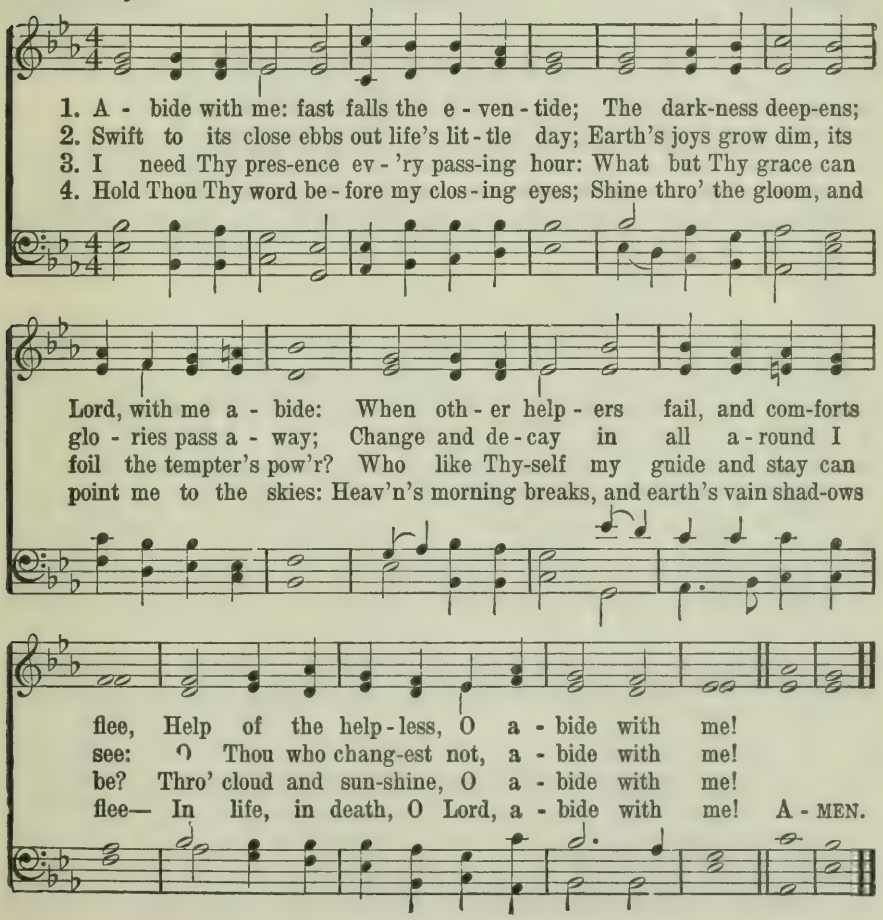
Benjamin Schmolck. *Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.* From C. M. von Weber.





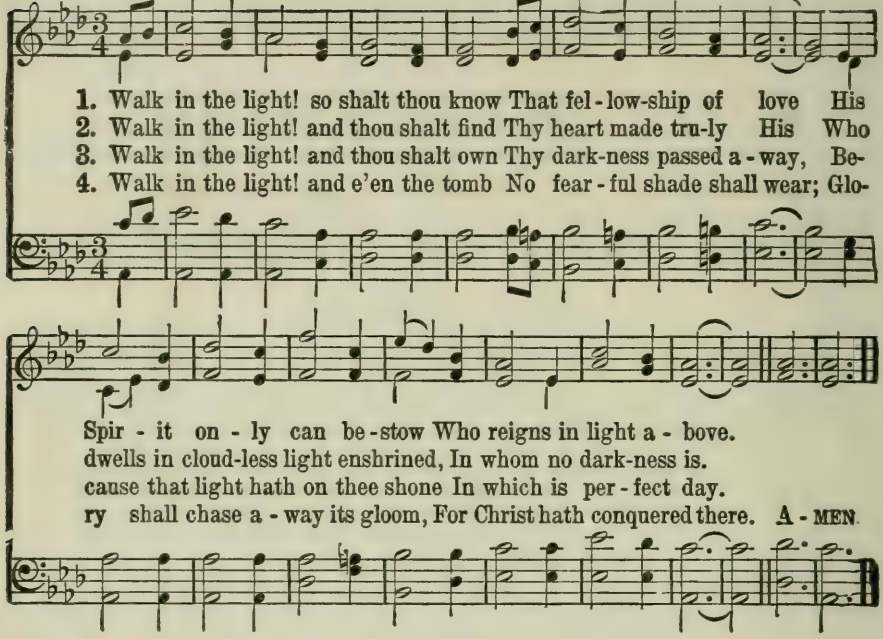
78 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. *Eventide. 10s.* W. H. Monk.



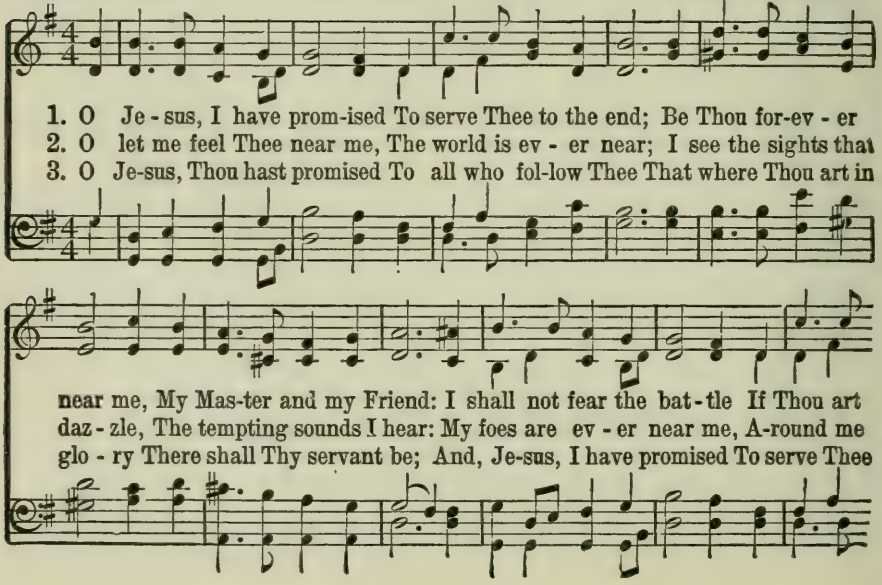
79 Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Manoah. C. M.* From Francis J. Haydn.

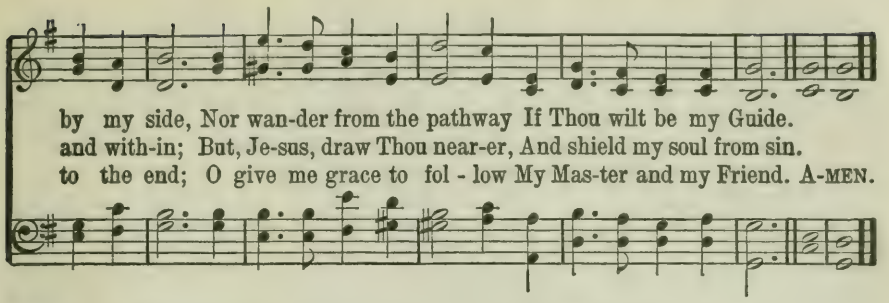


80 O Jesus, I Have Promised.

John E. Bode. *Angel's Story. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Arthur H. Mann.



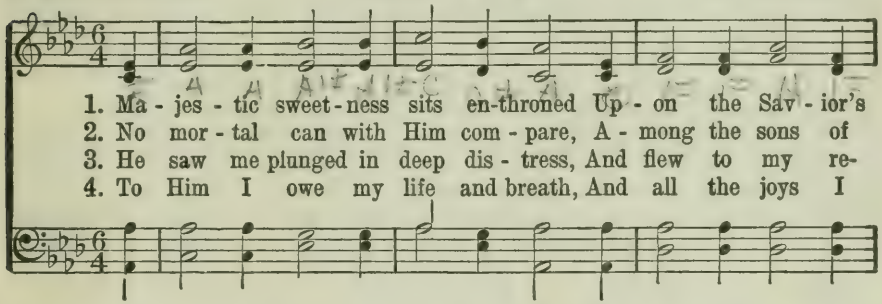
O Jesus, I Have Promised.



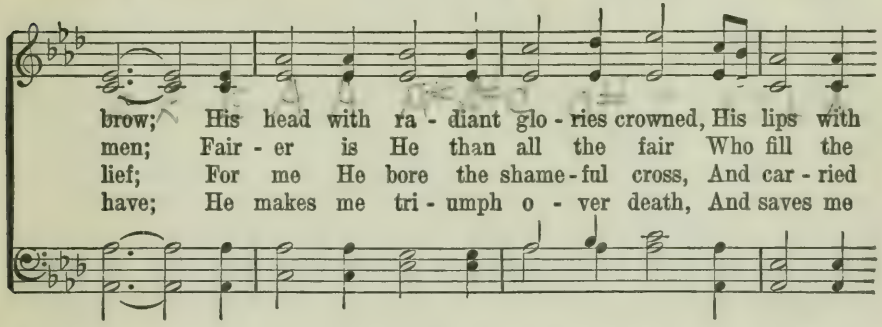
by my side, Nor wan-der from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.
and with-in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin.
to the end; O give me grace to fol - low My Mas-ter and my Friend. A-MEN.

81 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

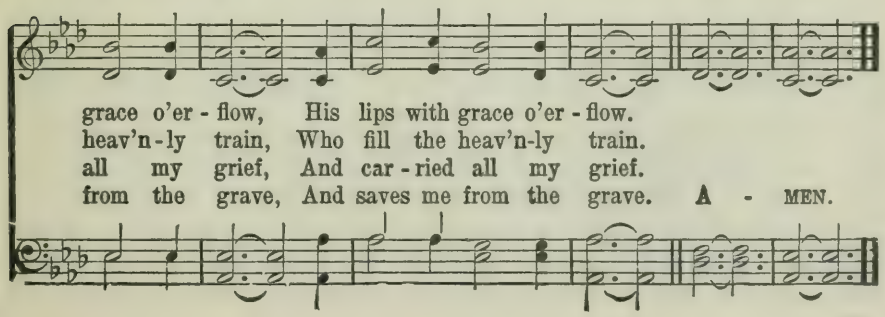
Samuel Stennett. *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re-
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I



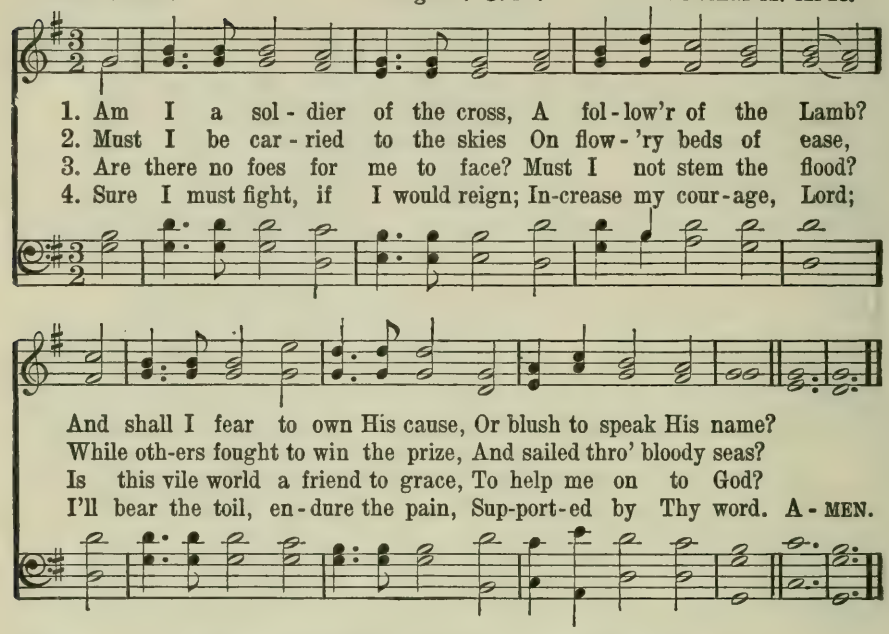
brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with
men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the
lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried
have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me



grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n-ly train.
all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A - MEN.

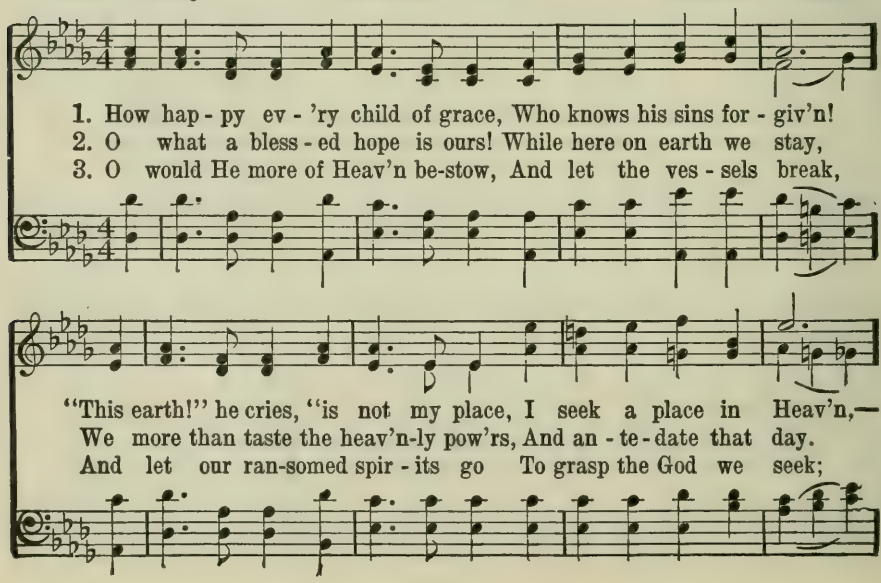
82 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.

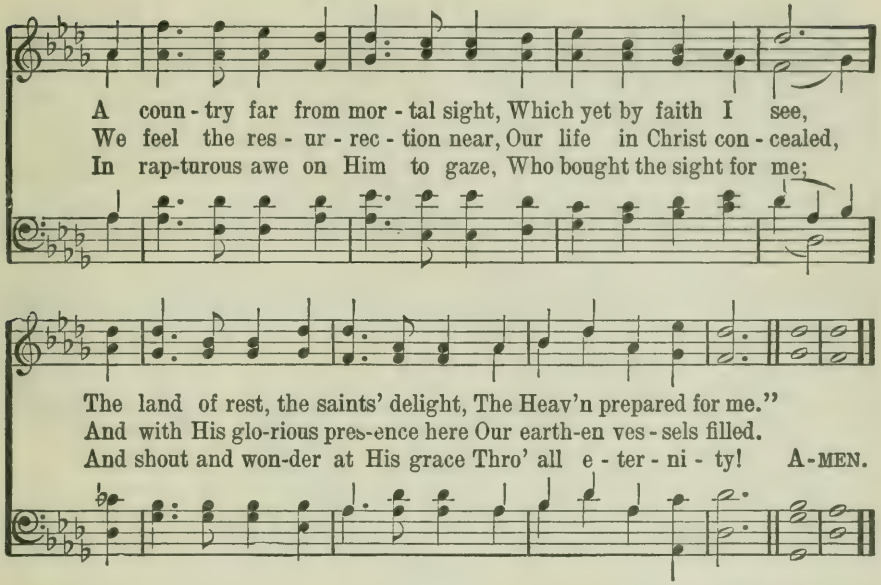


83 How Happy Every Child of Grace.

Charles Wesley. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

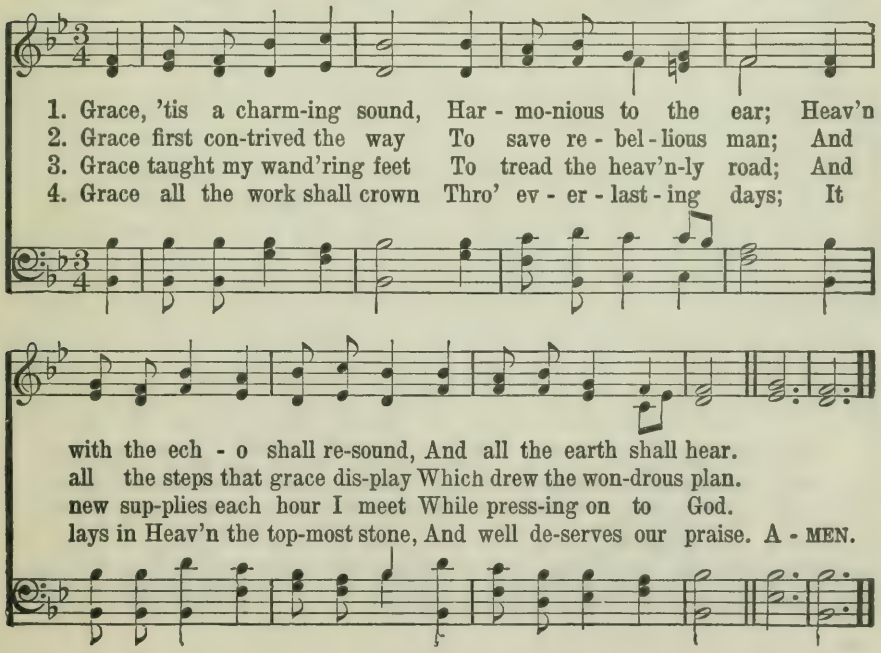


How Happy Every Child of Grace.



84 Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

Philip Doddridge. *Olmutz. S. M.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



85 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. *Saxby. L. M.* J. B. Dykes.

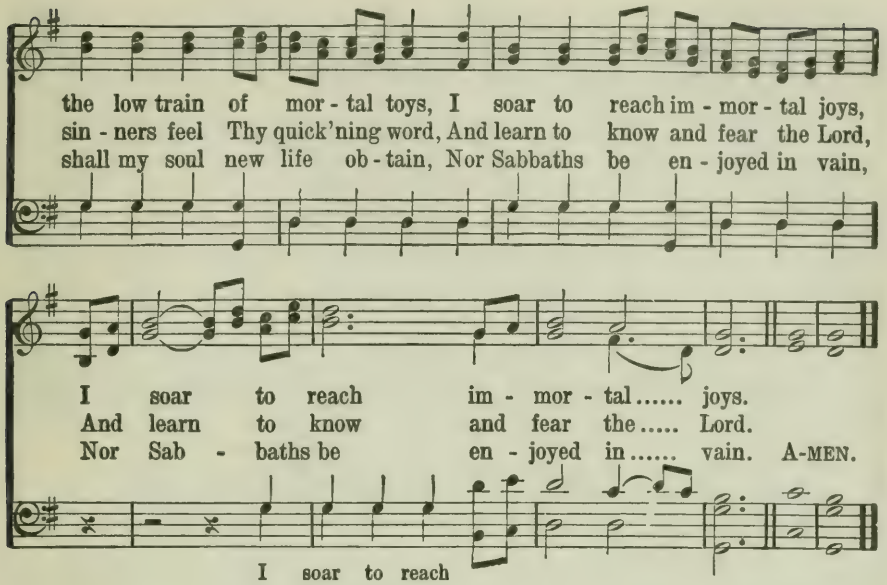
1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free; Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love; Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clo-ser, dear-er com-pa-ny, In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way, In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live! A-MEN.

86 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Hayward. *Lischer. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Friedrich Schneider.

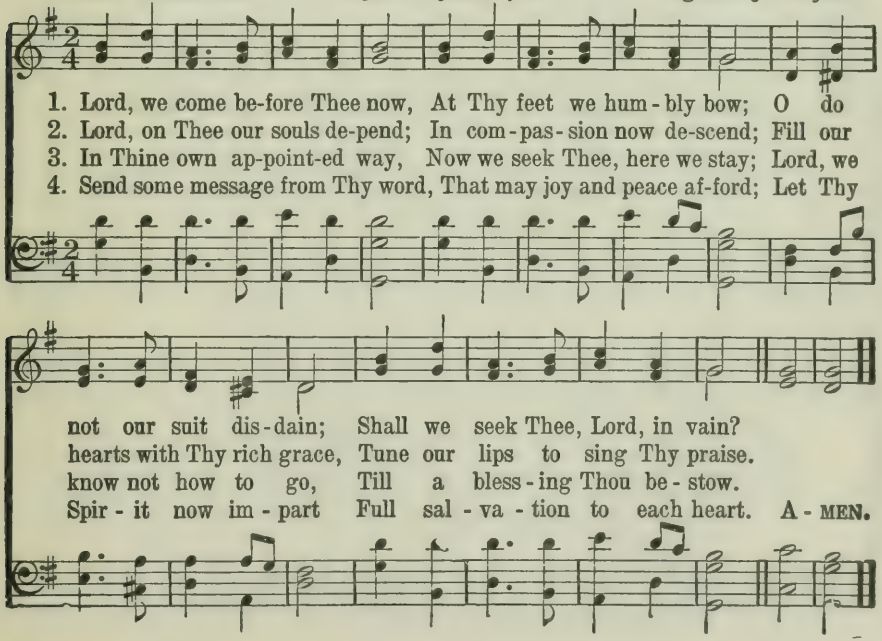
1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I hail Thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest: From
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy scep-ter, Lord ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face: Let
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; Dis- close a Sav-ior's love, And bless the sa-cred hours: Then

Welcome, Delightful Morn.



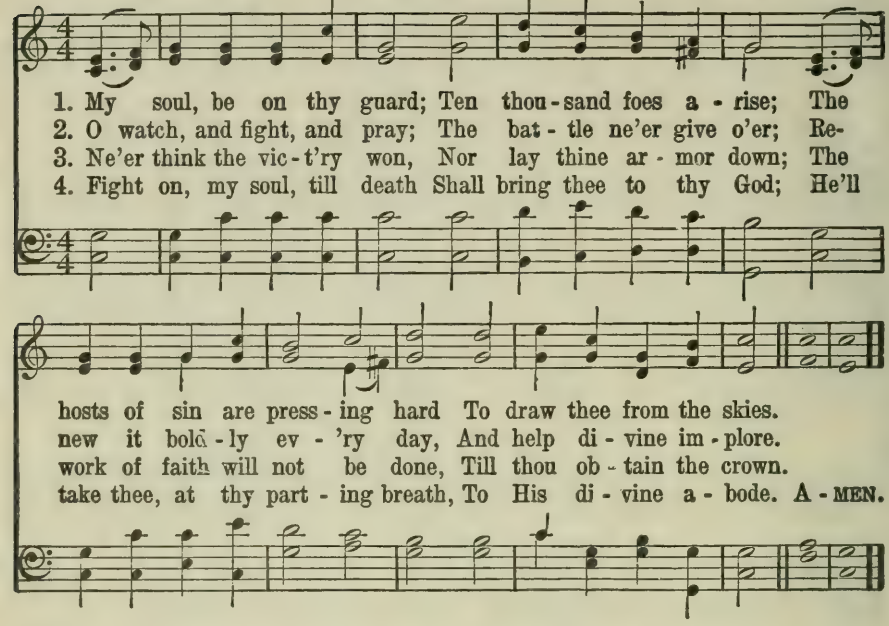
87 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

William Hammond. *Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.* Ignace J. Pleyel.



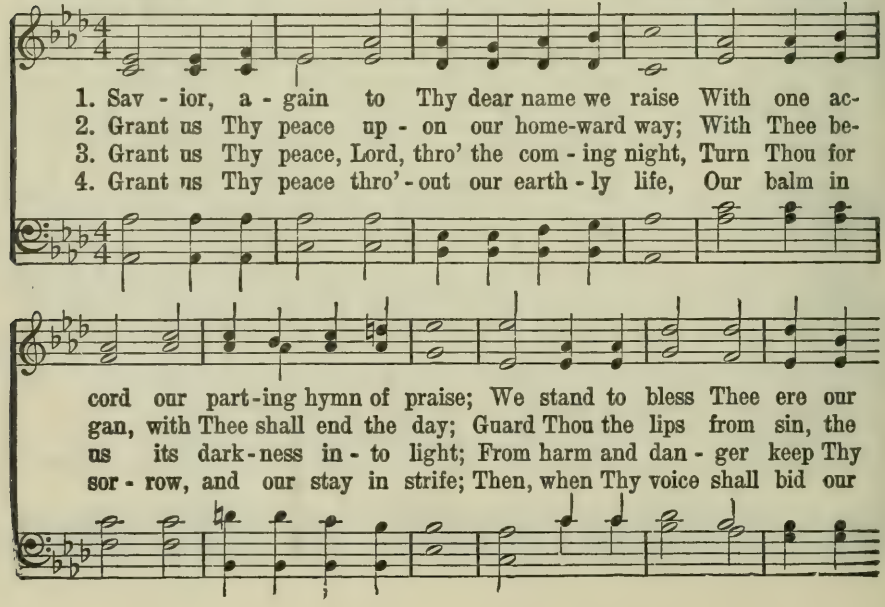
88 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard

George Heath. *Laban. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

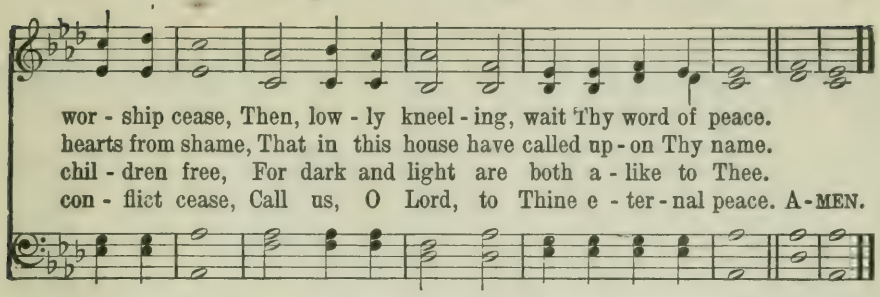


89 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. *Ellers. 10s.* Edward J. Hopkins.

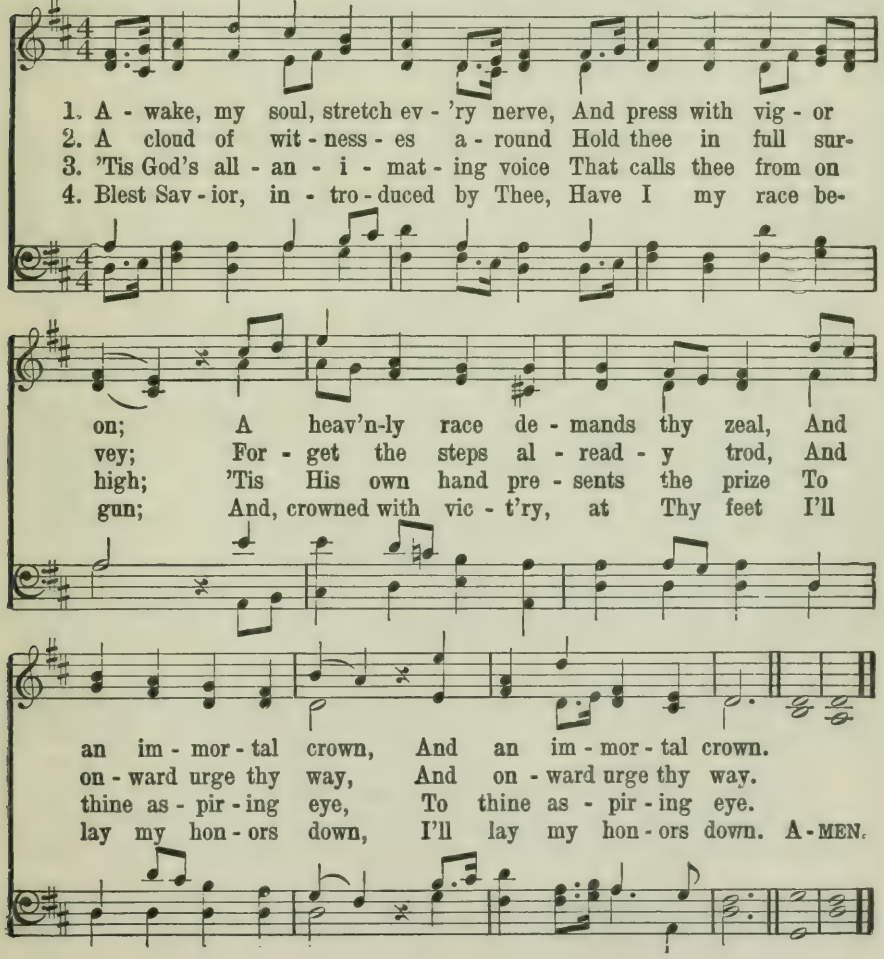


Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.



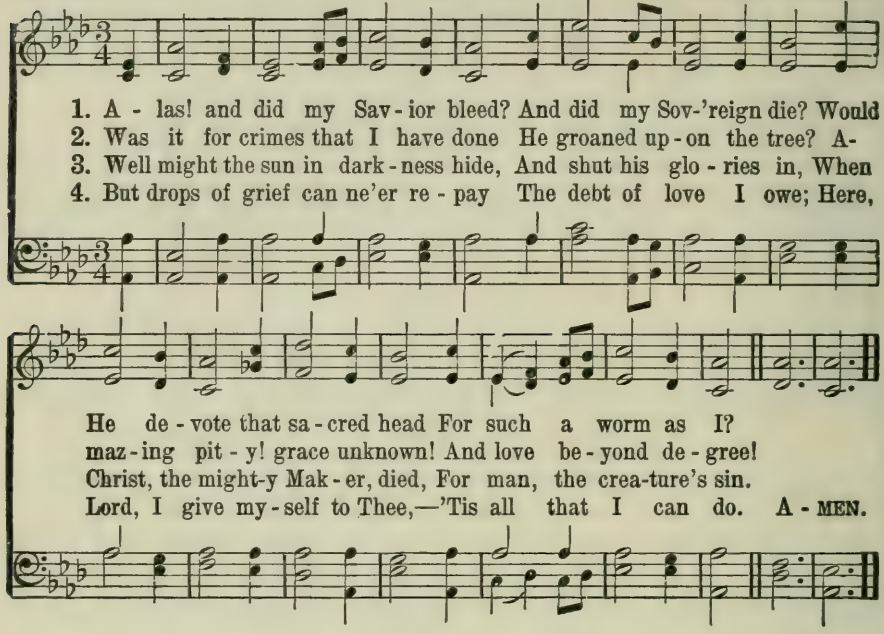
90 Awake, My Soul.

Philip Doddridge. *Christmas. C. M.* George F. Handel.



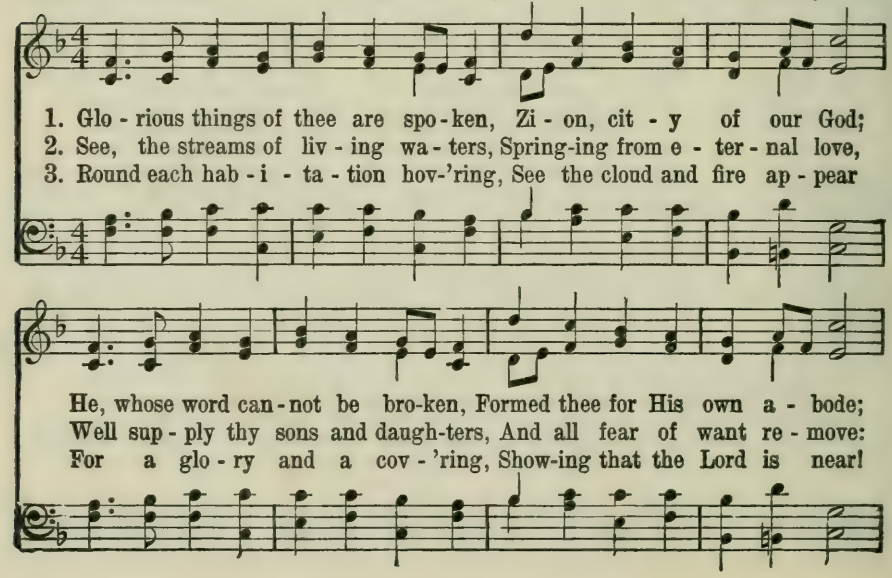
91 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.

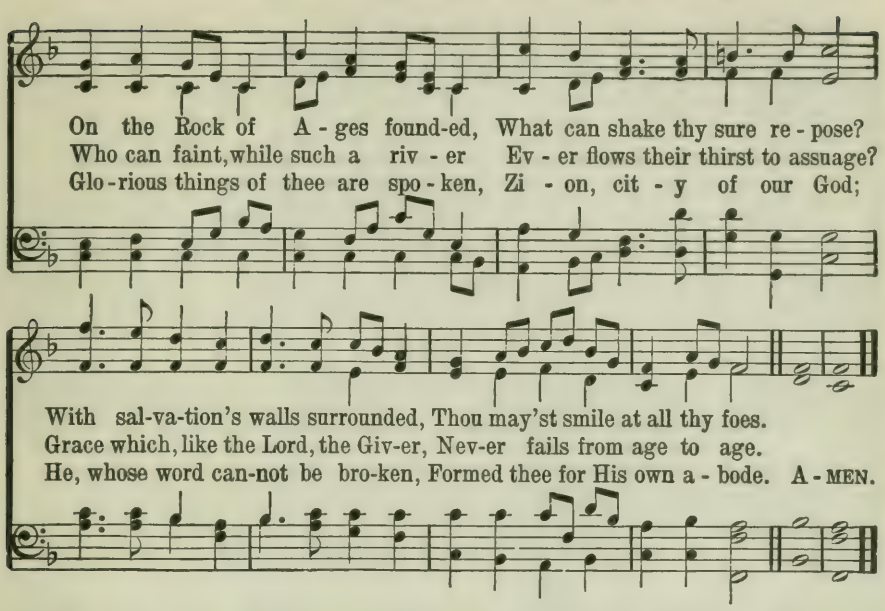


92 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton. *Austria. 8s. 7s. D.* Francis J. Haydn.

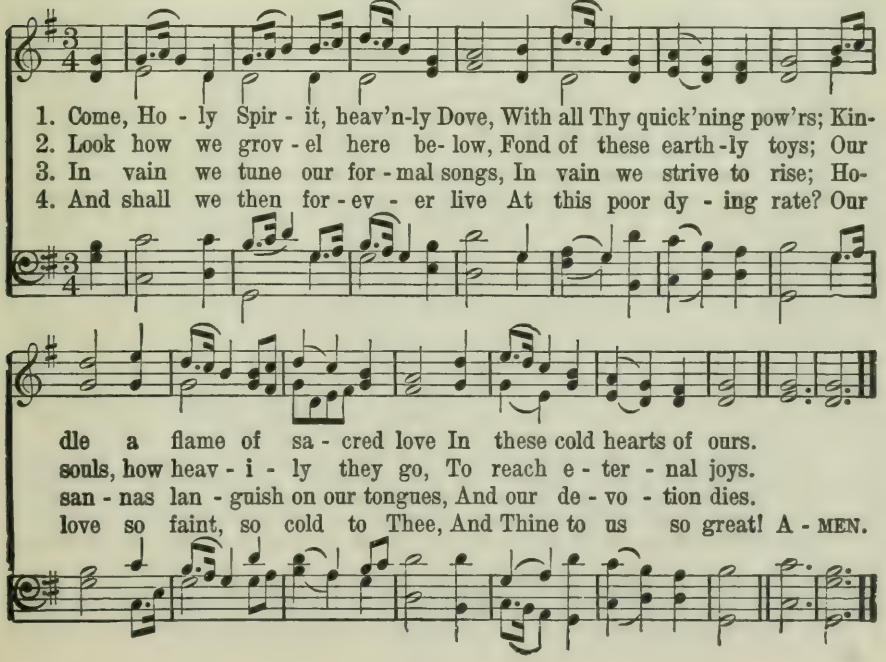


Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.



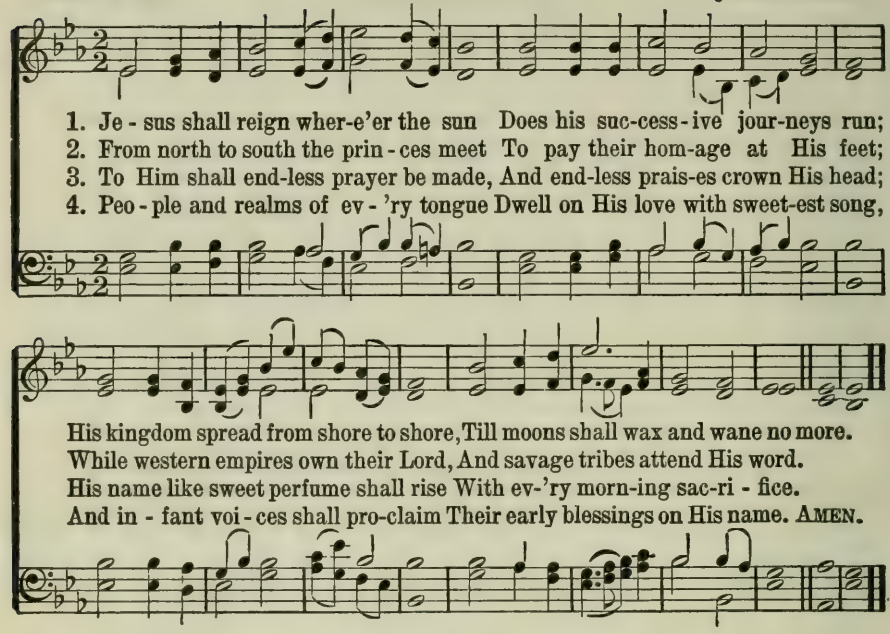
93 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Isaac Watts. *St. Martin's. C. M.* William Tansur.



94 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.

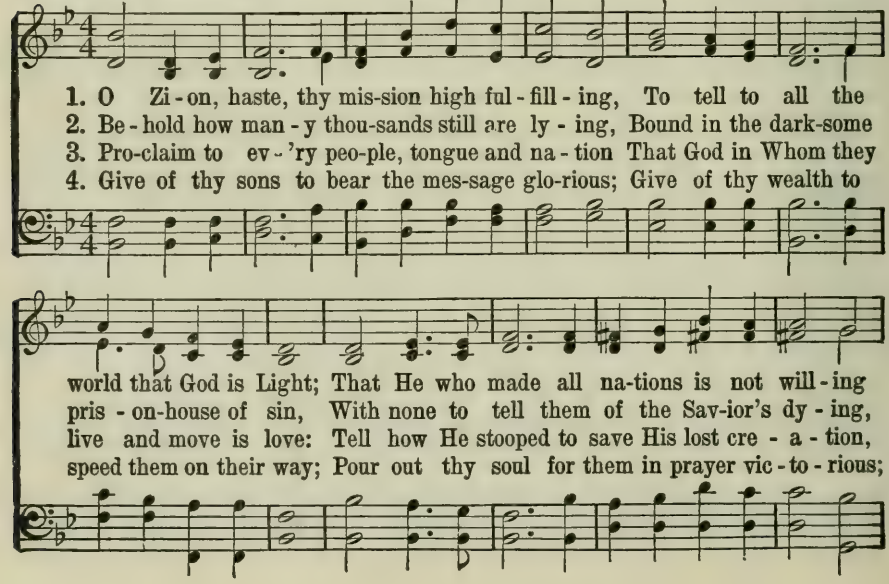


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their early blessings on His name. AMEN.

95 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

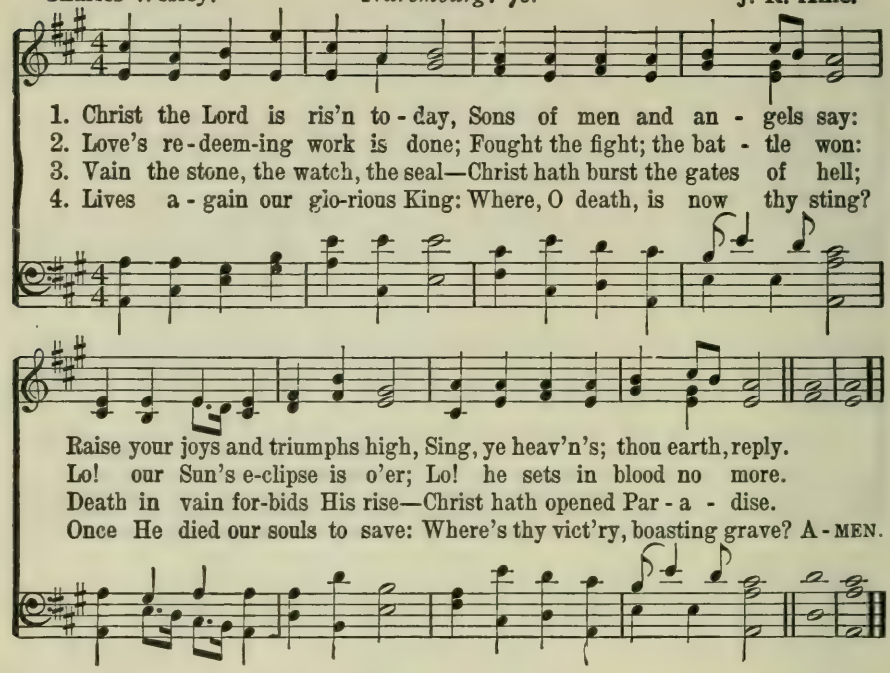
96 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

George W. Doane. *Doane. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And vain - ly seek to com-pre - hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And na - tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A-MEN

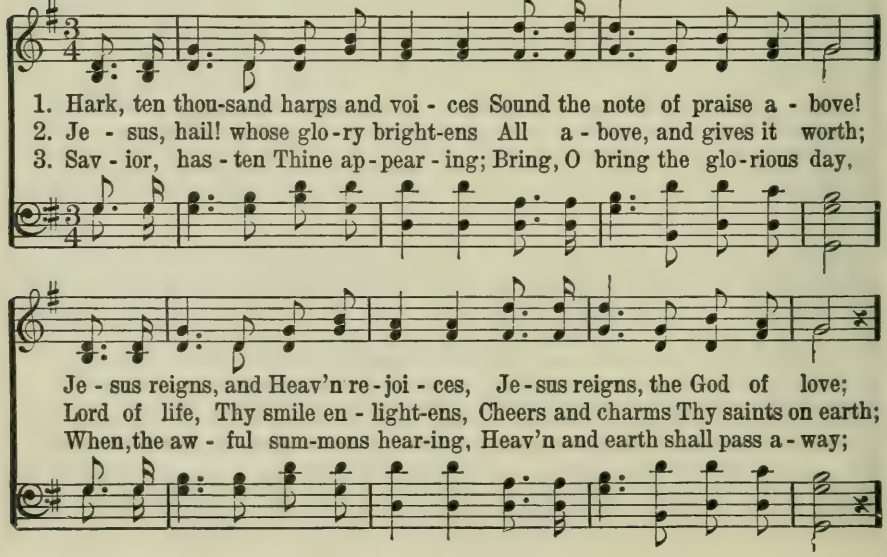
97 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

Charles Wesley. *Nuremburg. 7s.* J. R. Ahle.

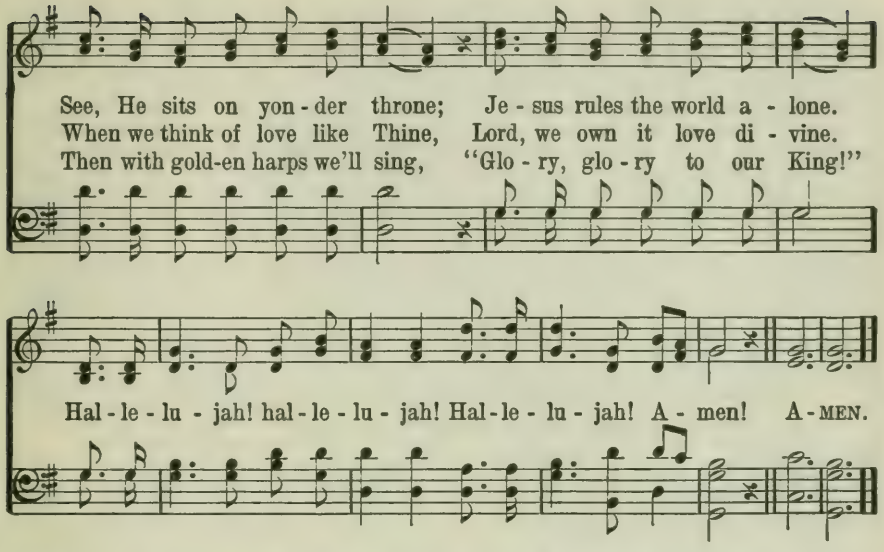


98 Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

Thomas Kelly. *Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.* Lowell Mason.

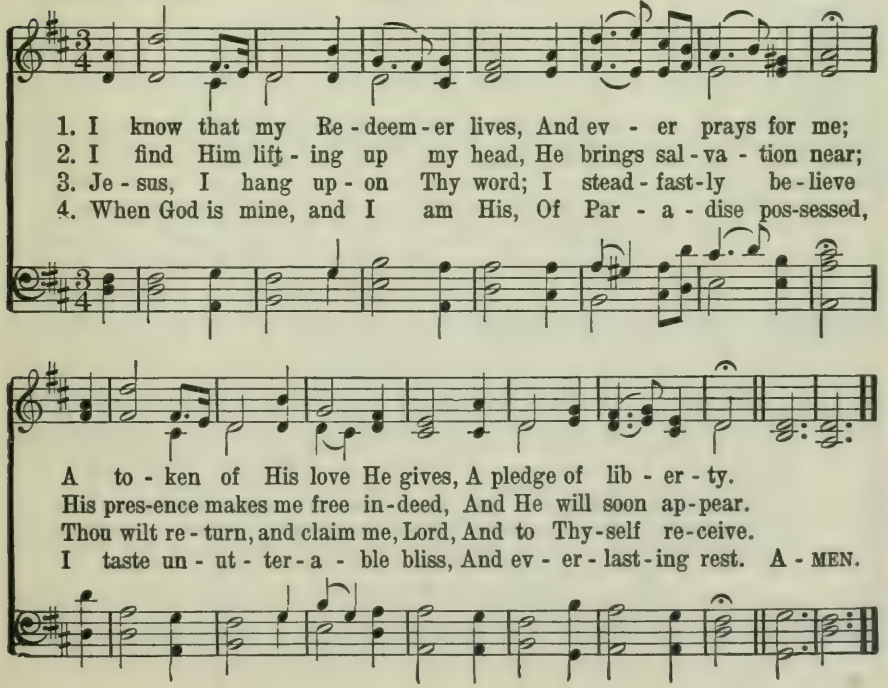


Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.



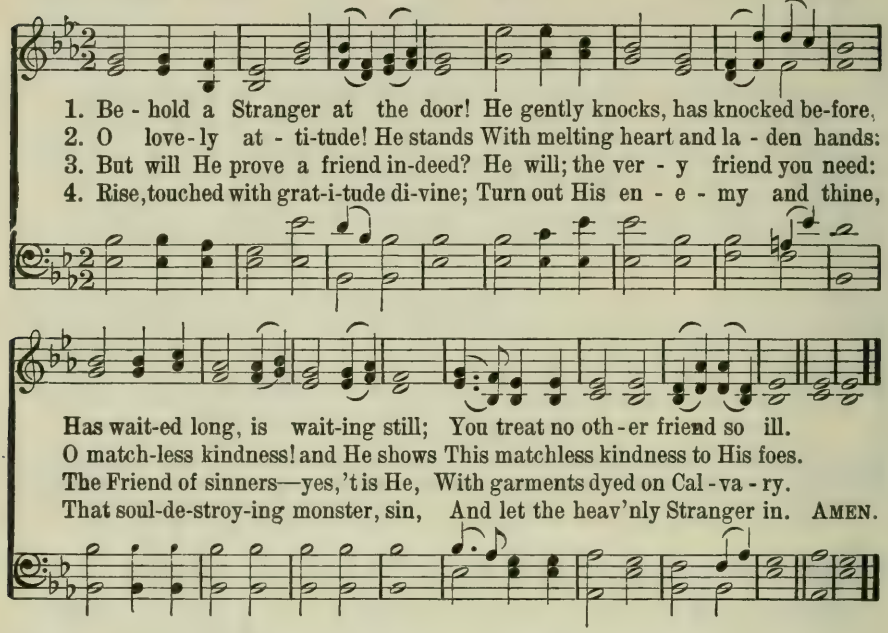
99 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley. *Messiah. C. M.* Handel.



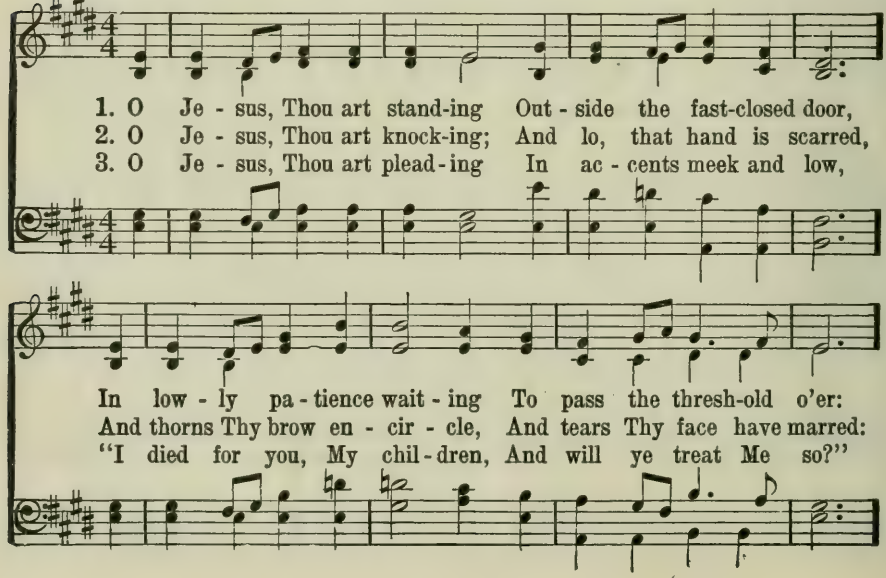
100 Behold a Stranger at the Door!

Rev. Joseph Grigg. *Berla. L. M.* John E. Gould.

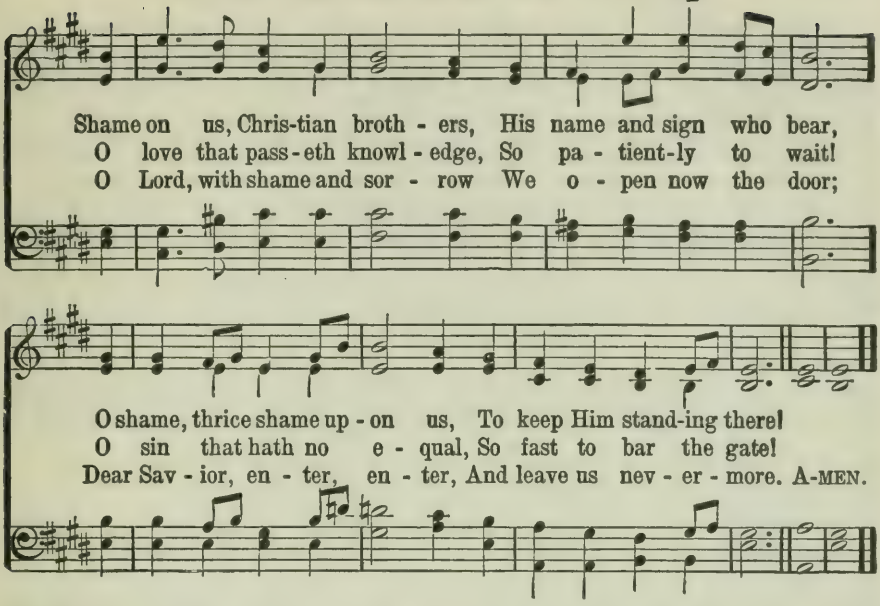


101 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *St. Hilda. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Justin H. Knecht.

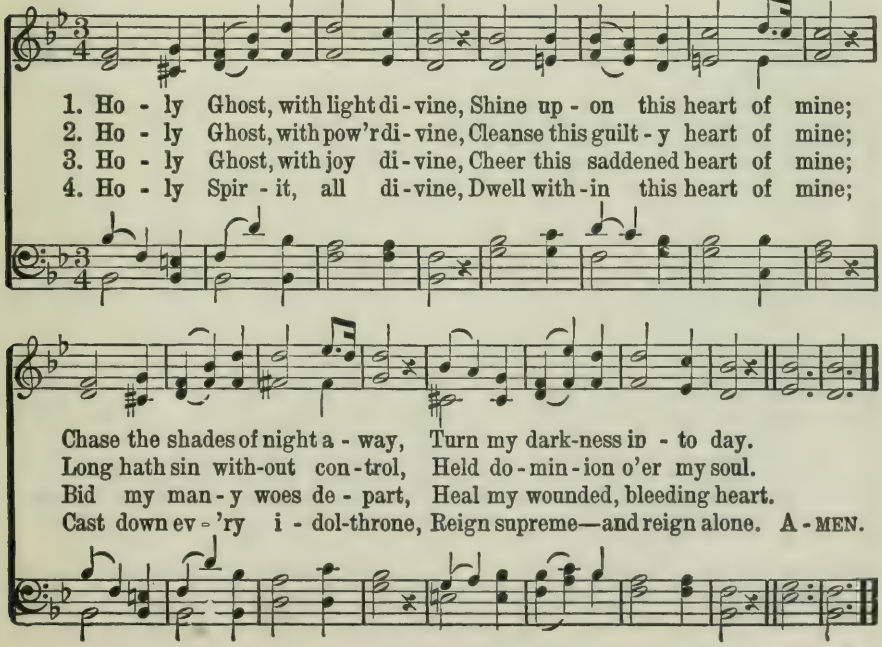


O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.



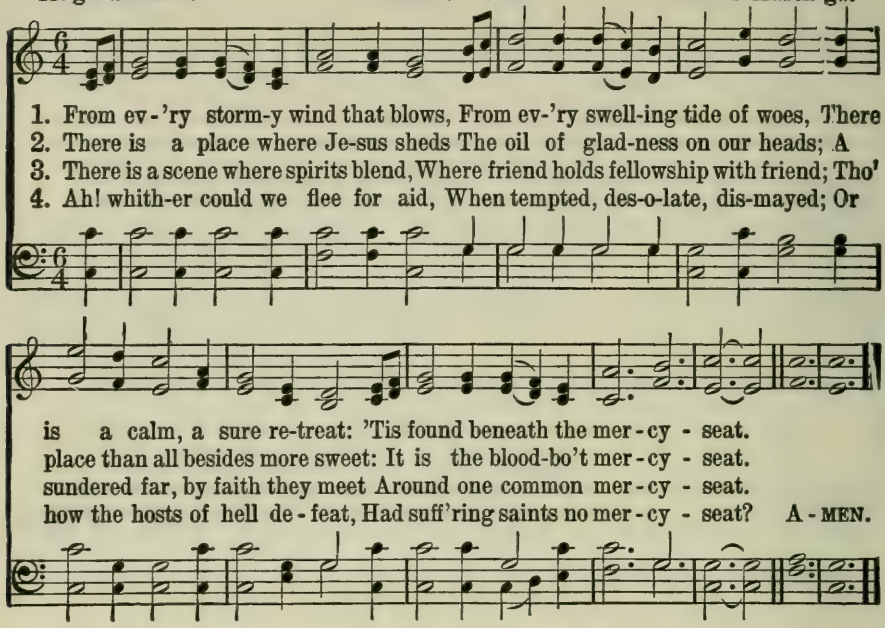
102 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. *Mercy. 7s.* Gottschalk.



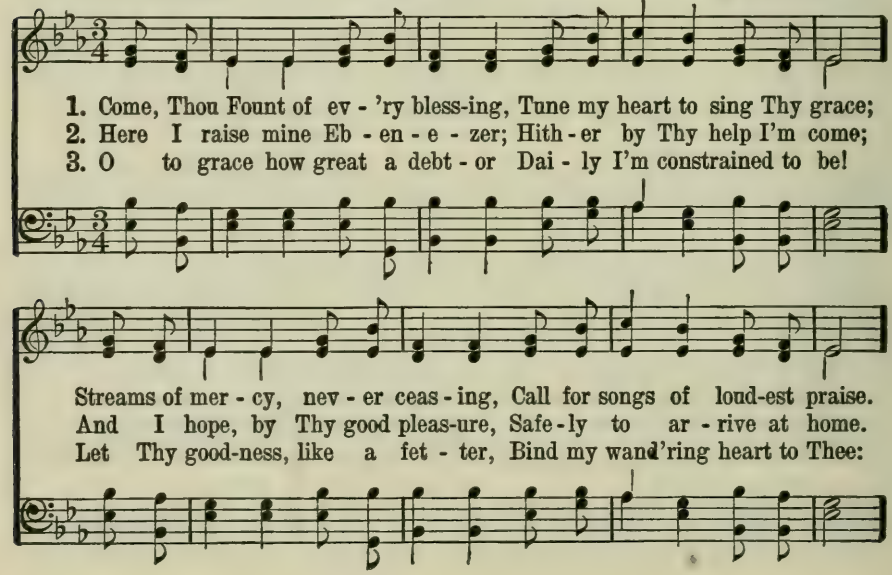
103 From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell. *Retreat. L. M.* Thomas Hastings.

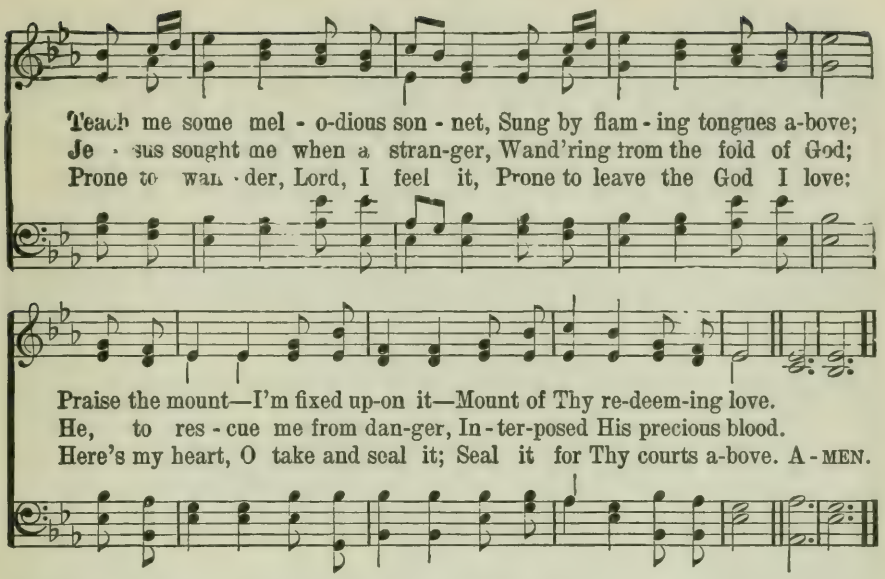


104 Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.

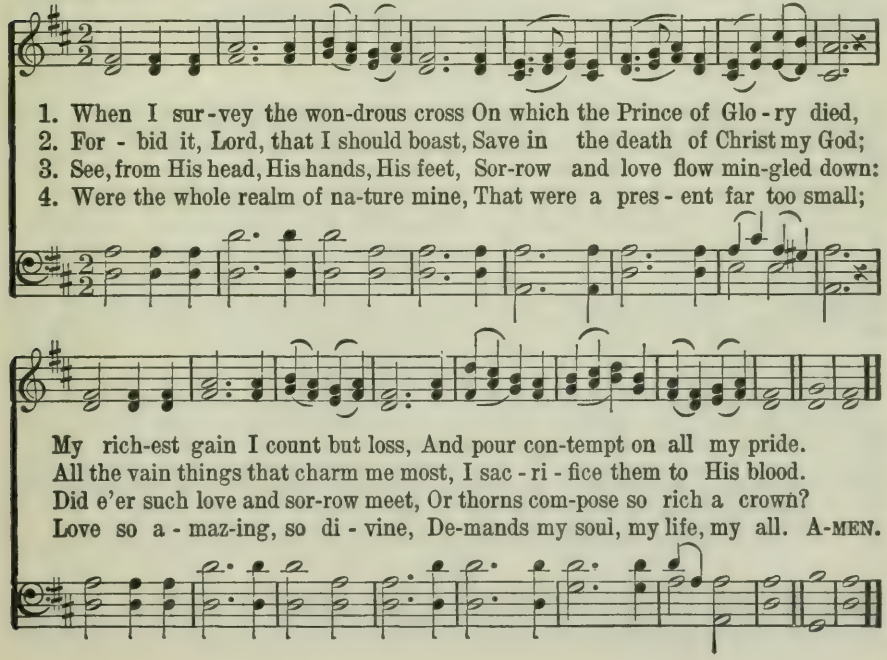


Come, Thou Fount.



105 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Eucharist. L. M.* I. Woodbury.



106 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Maitland. C. M.* Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O. pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

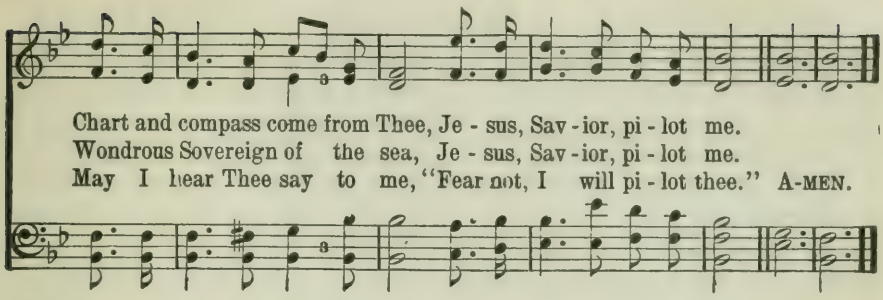
107 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *Pilot. 6. 7.* J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

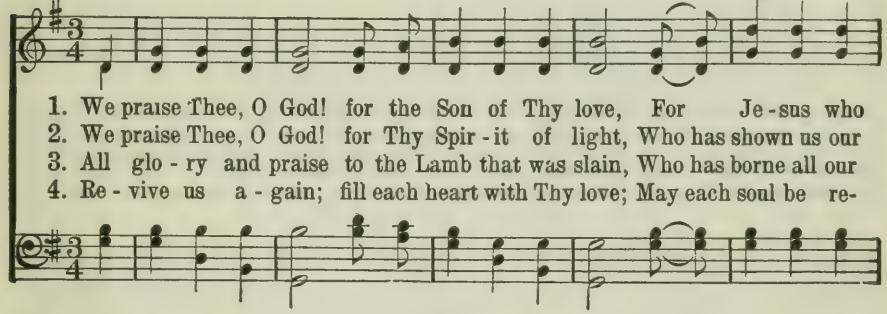
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

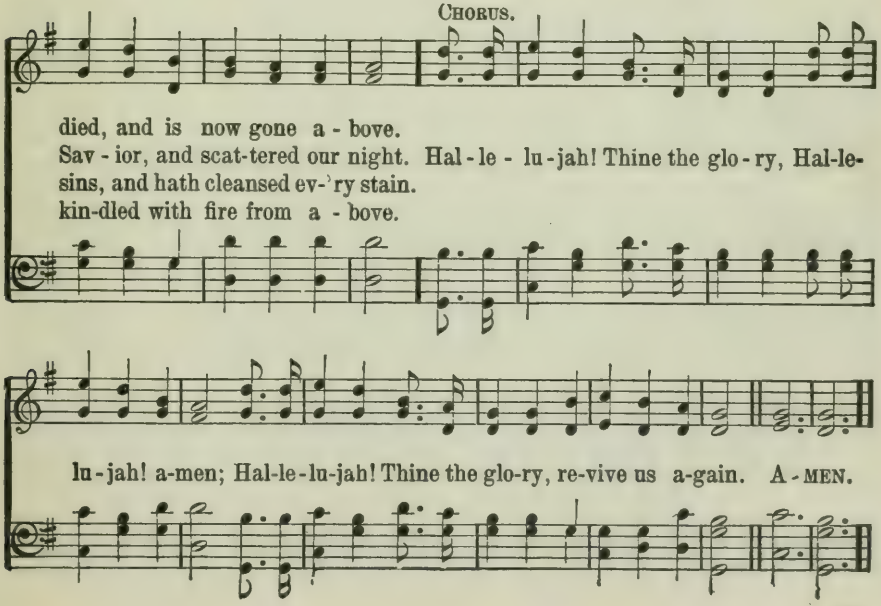
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



108 Revive Us Again

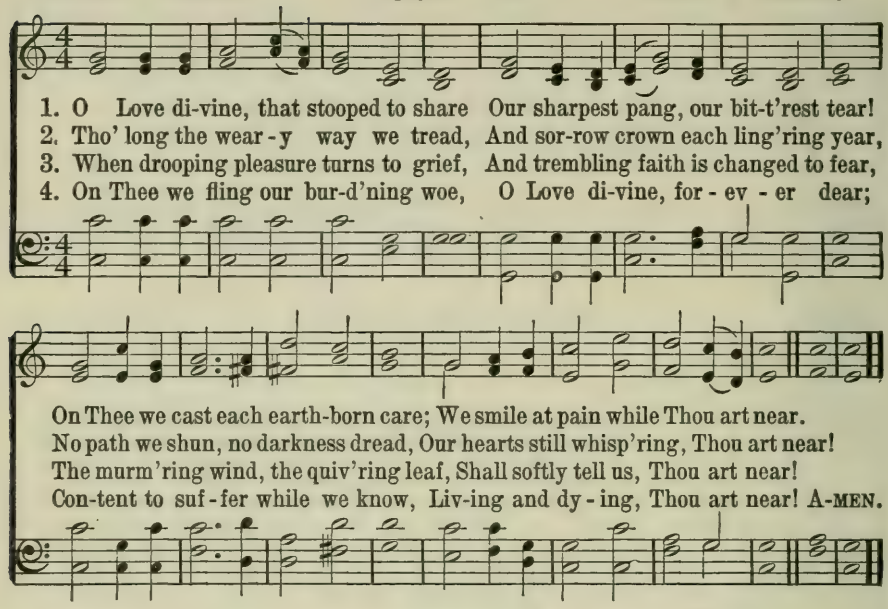
Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband.





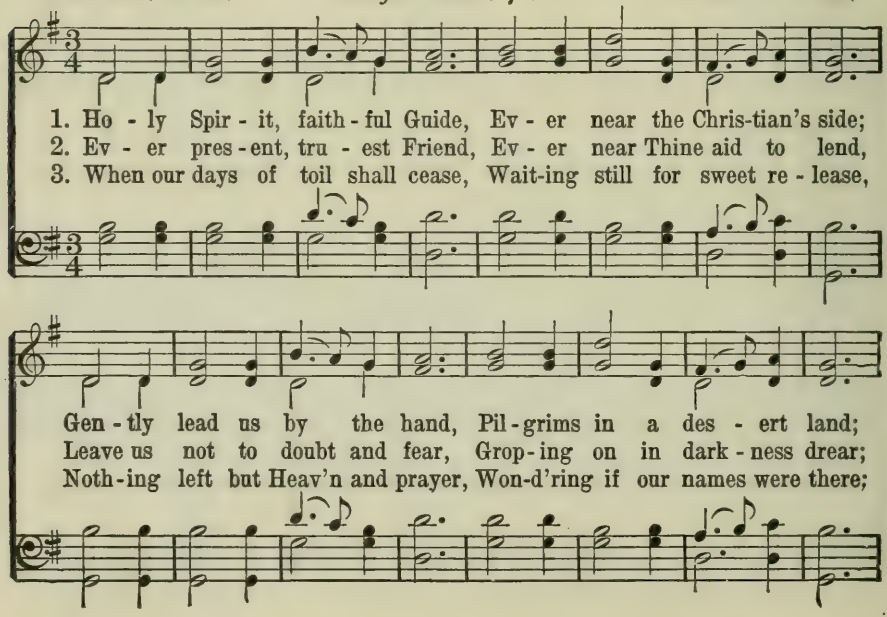
109 O Love Divine.

Oliver W. Holmes. *Zephyr. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

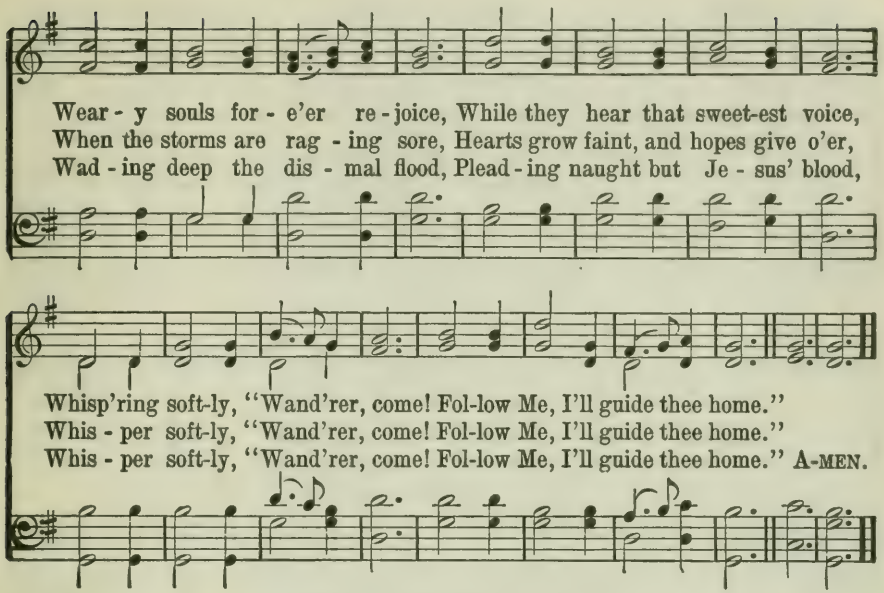


110 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells. *Faithful Guide. 7s. D.* Marcus M. Wells.

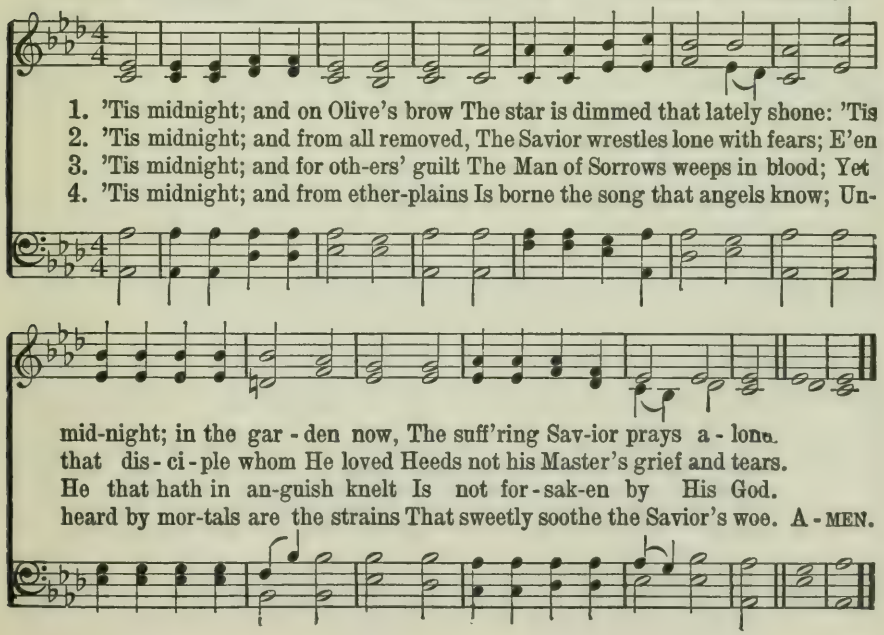


Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



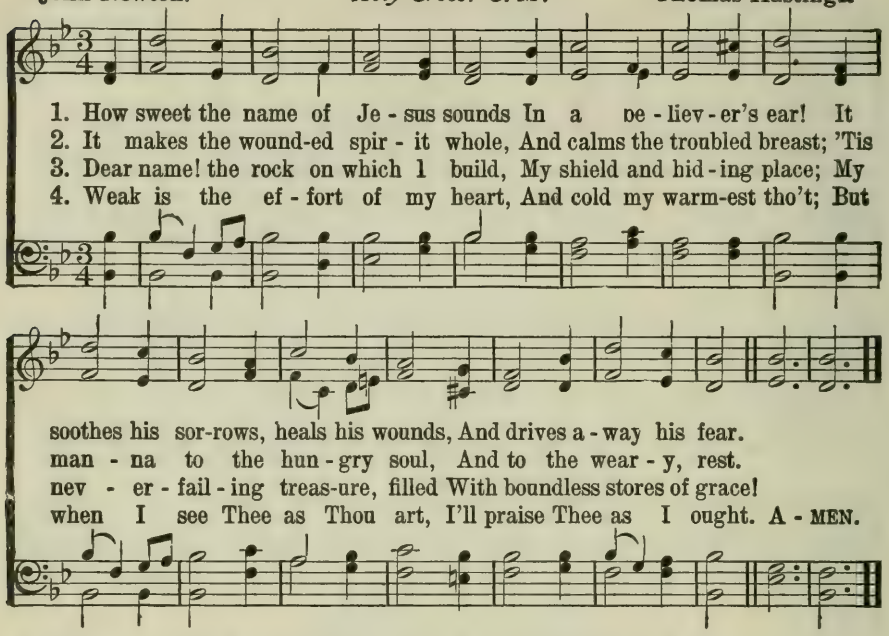
111 'Tis Midnight.

William B. Tappan. *Olive's Brow. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.



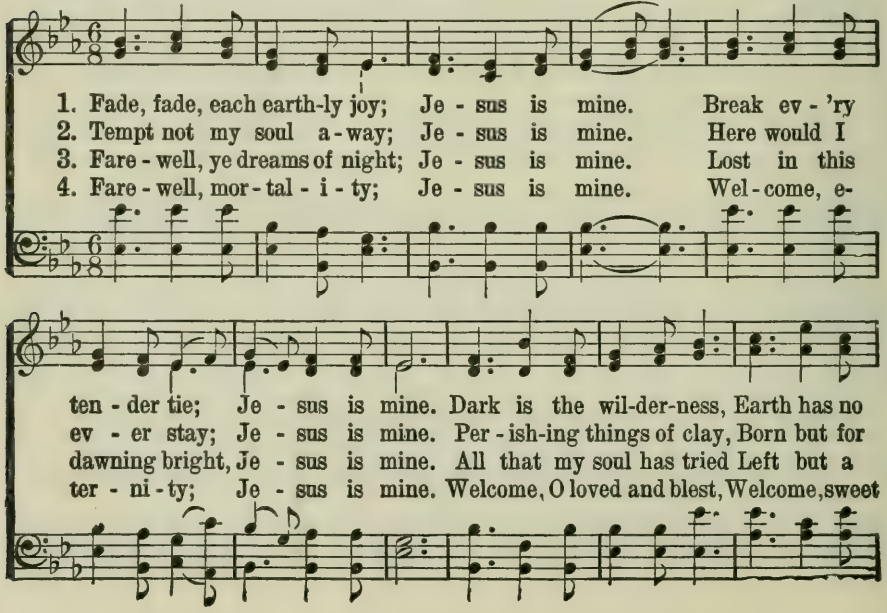
112 How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

John Newton. *Holy Cross. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

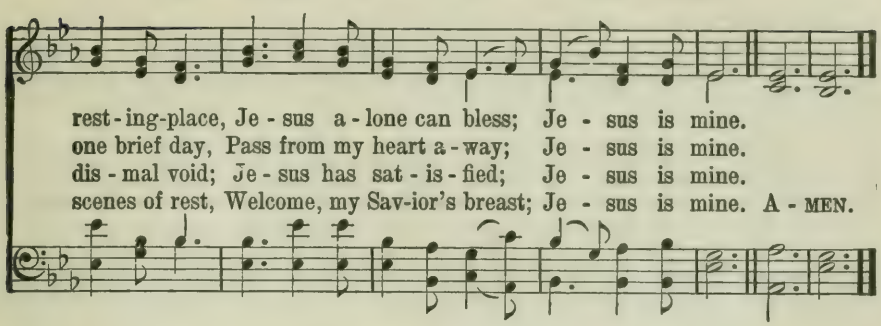


113 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jane C. Bonar. *Lundie. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.* Theodore E. Perkins.

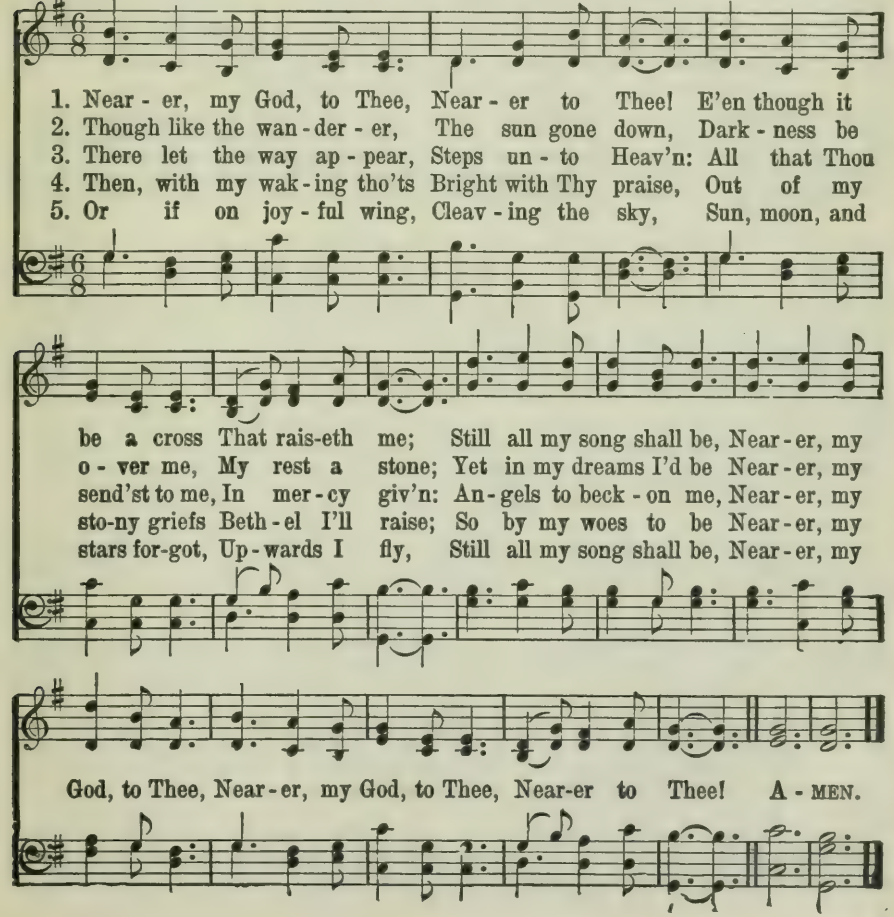


Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.



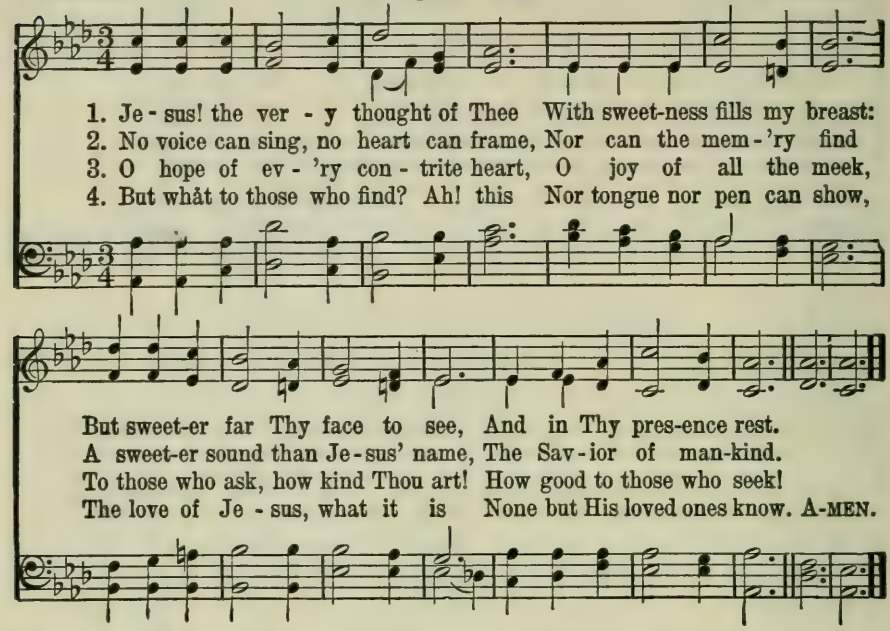
114 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



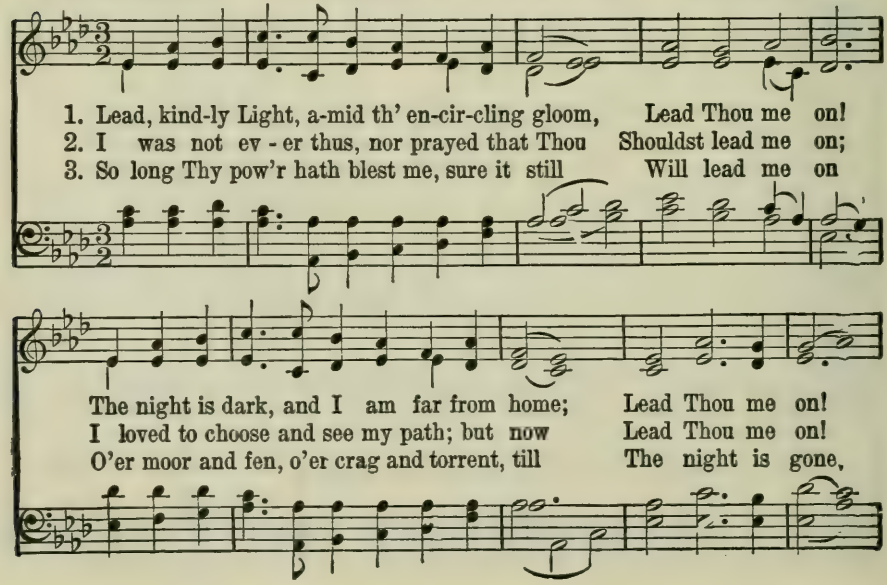
115 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard. *St. Agnes. C. M.* J. B. Dykes.

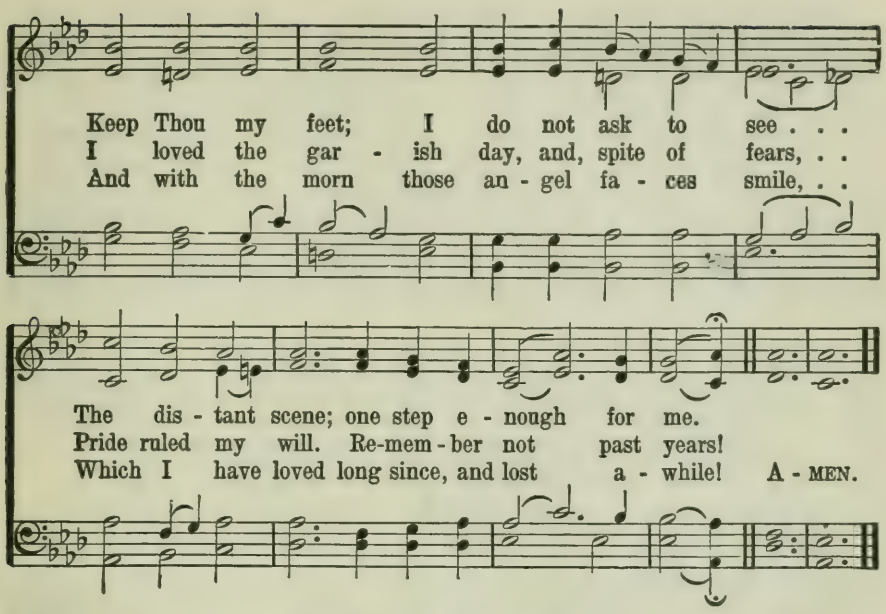


116 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.* John B. Dykes.

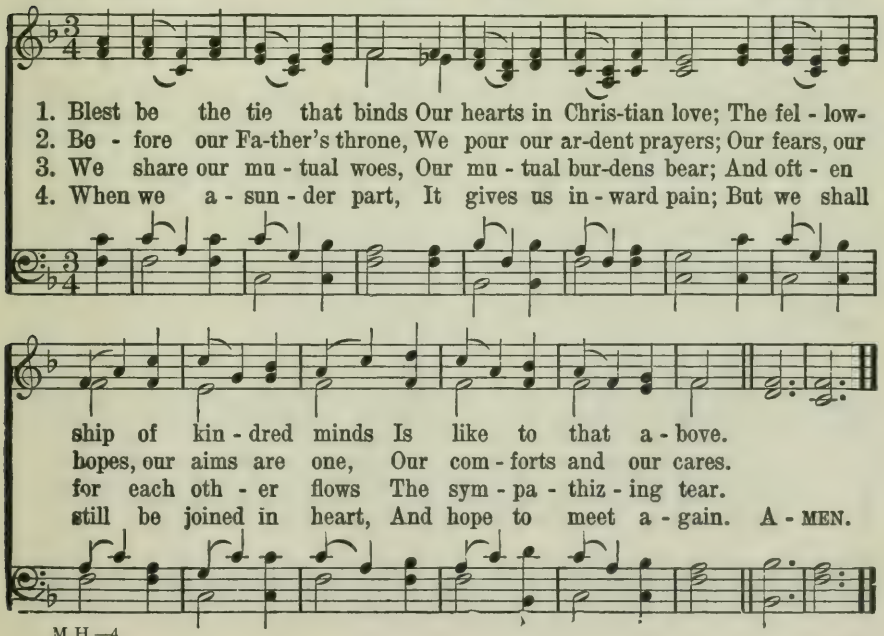


Lead, Kindly Light.



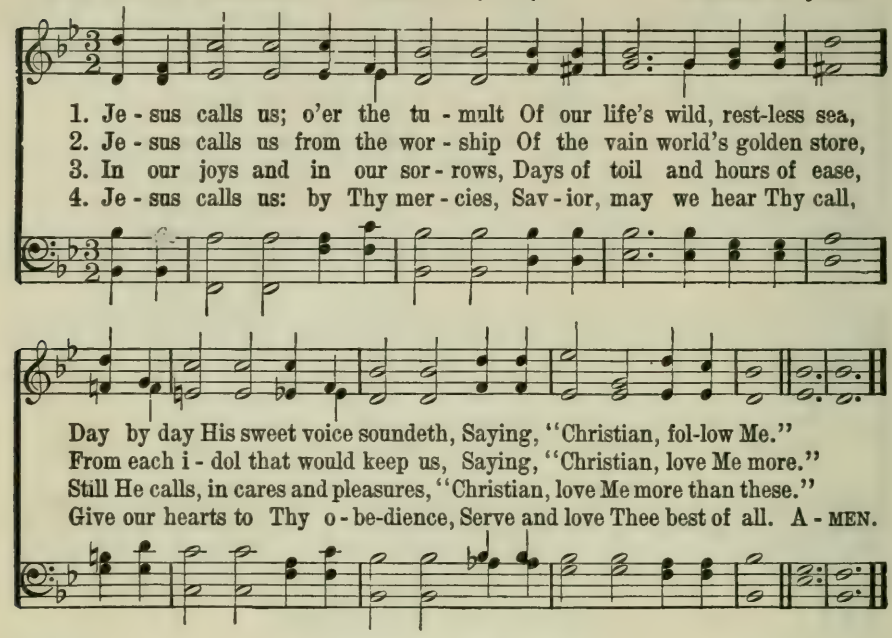
117 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.



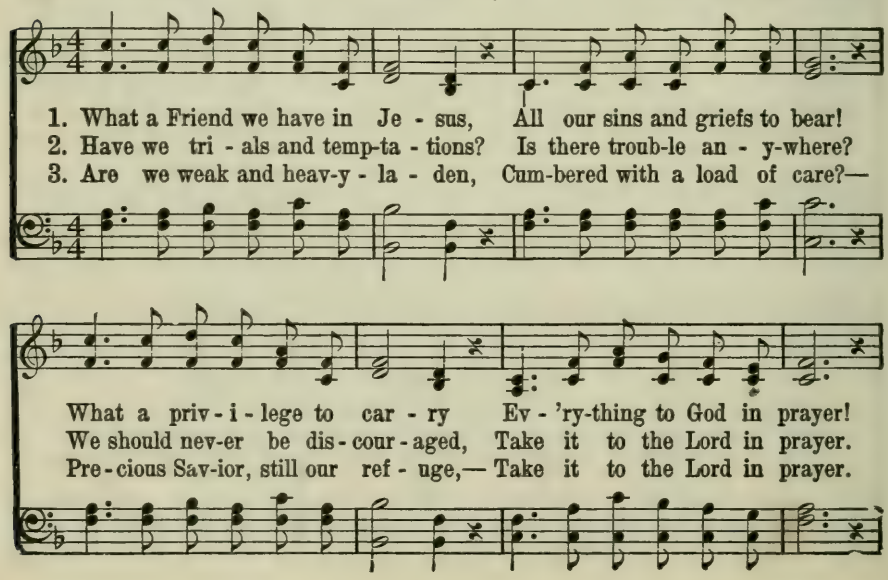
118 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.

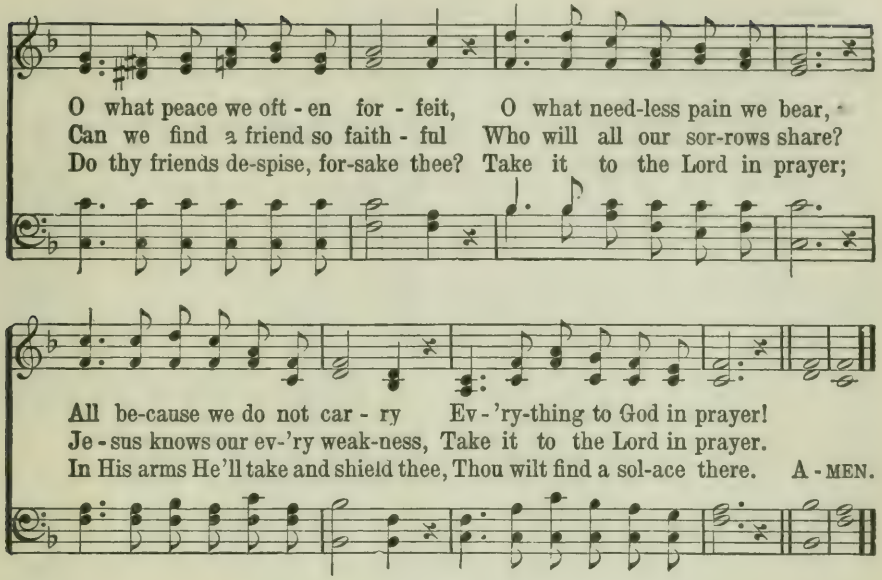


119 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.

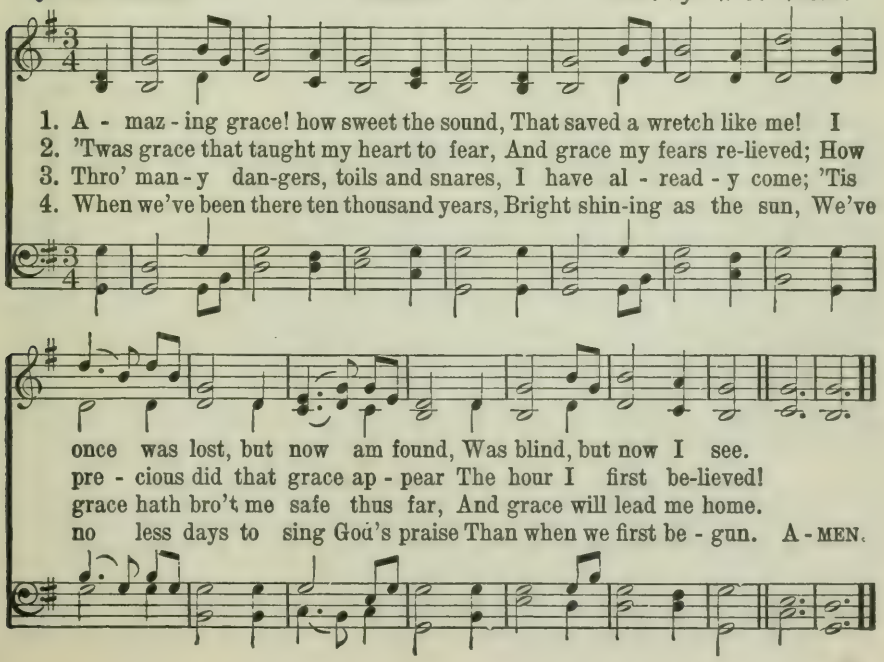


What a Friend.



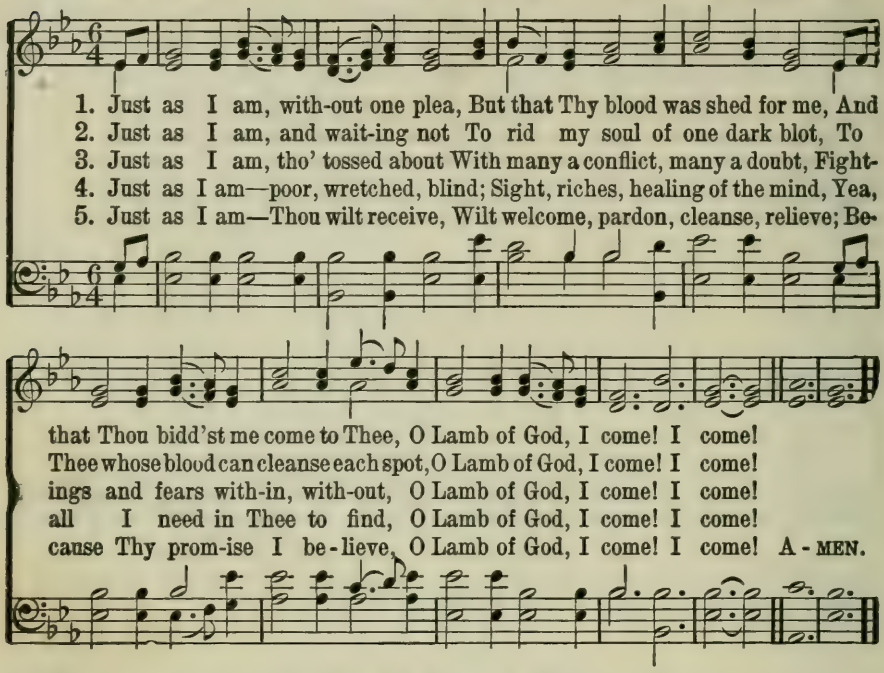
120 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *McIntosh. C. M.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



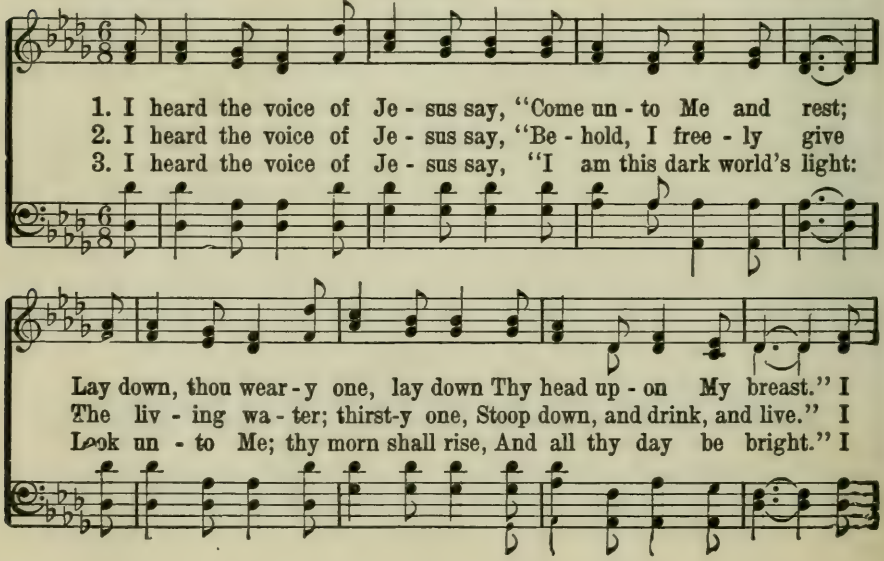
121 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. *Woodworth. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.



122 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. *Jerusalem. C. M. D.* Arr. from Spohr.



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream: My
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And

found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done. A - MEN.

123 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PERMISSION. J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will

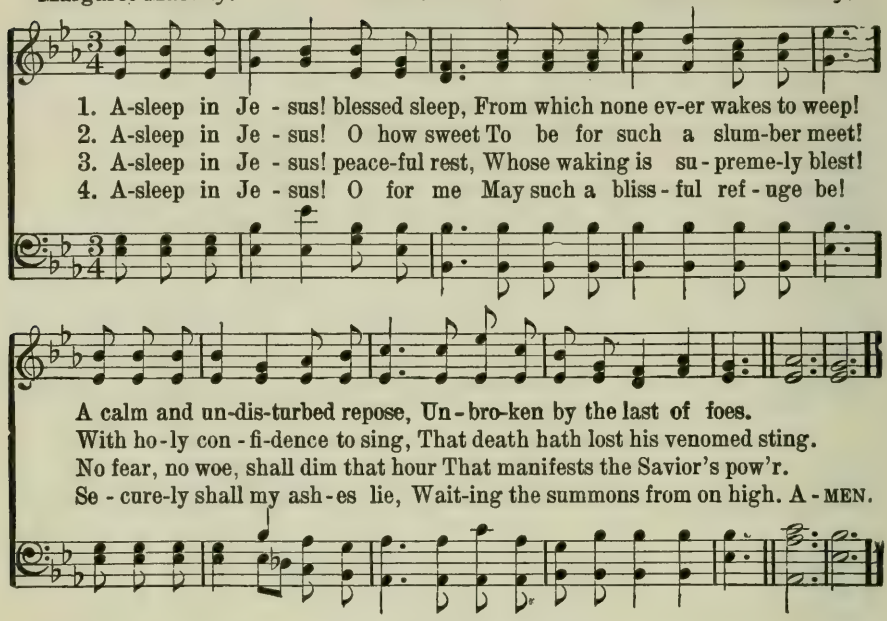
REF.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He*

hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

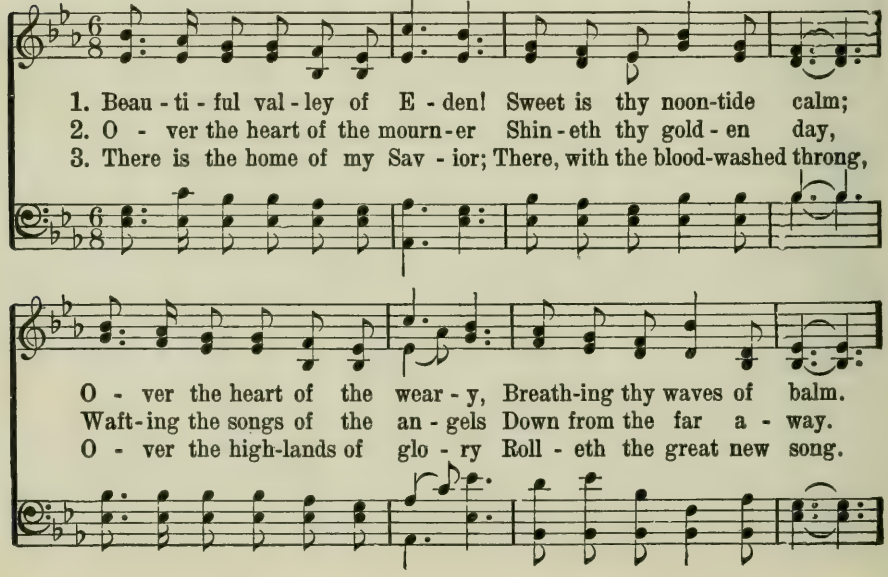
124 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. *Rest. L. M.* Wm. B. Bradbury.



125 Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Walter O. Cushing. *Kelley. 8. 6. 8. 6.* William F. Sherwin.



Beautiful Valley of Eden.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How the pure and blest,

rit.

oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest! A - MEN.

126 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work

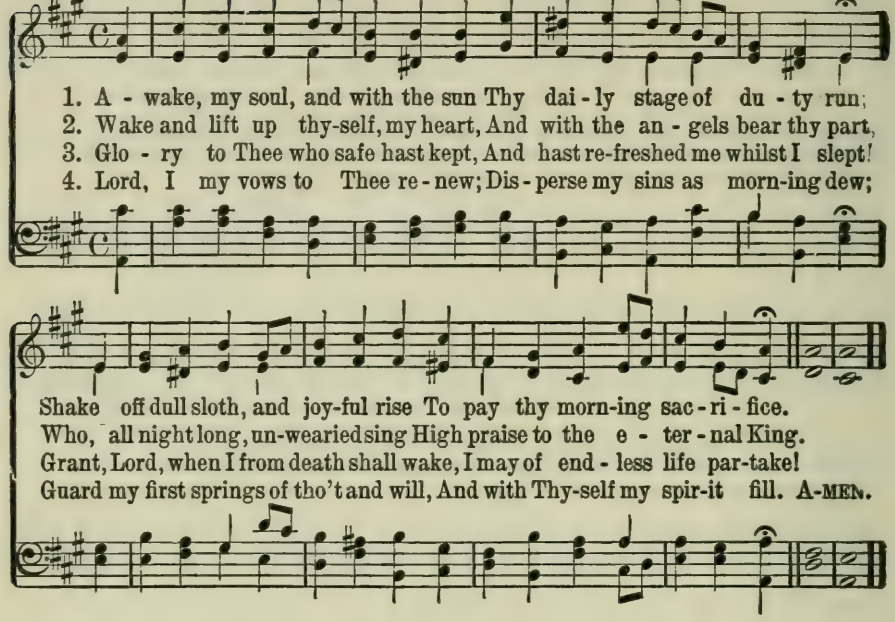
CHORUS.

Je-sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes; And we'll be gathered home. A-MEN.

We'll work

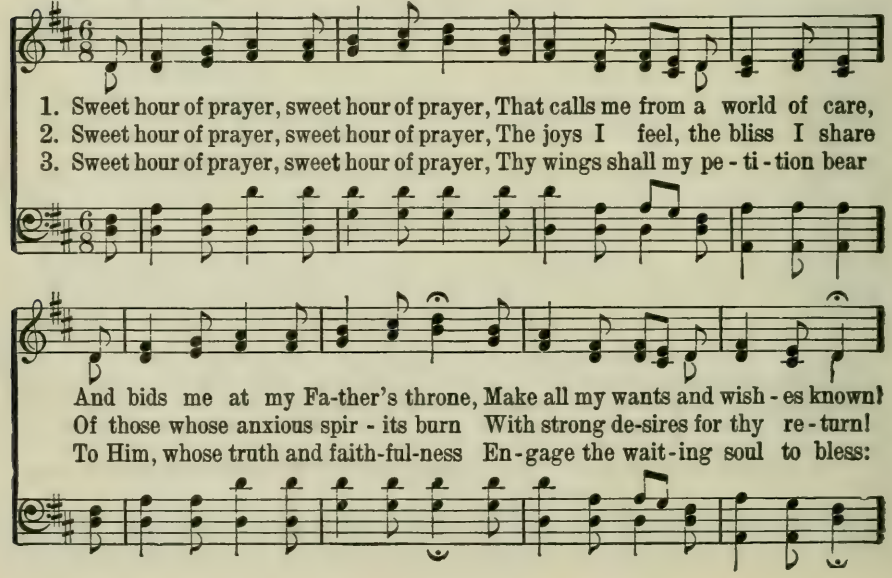
127 Awake, My Soul.

Thomas Ken. *Morning Hymn. L. M.* E. H. Bartholomon.

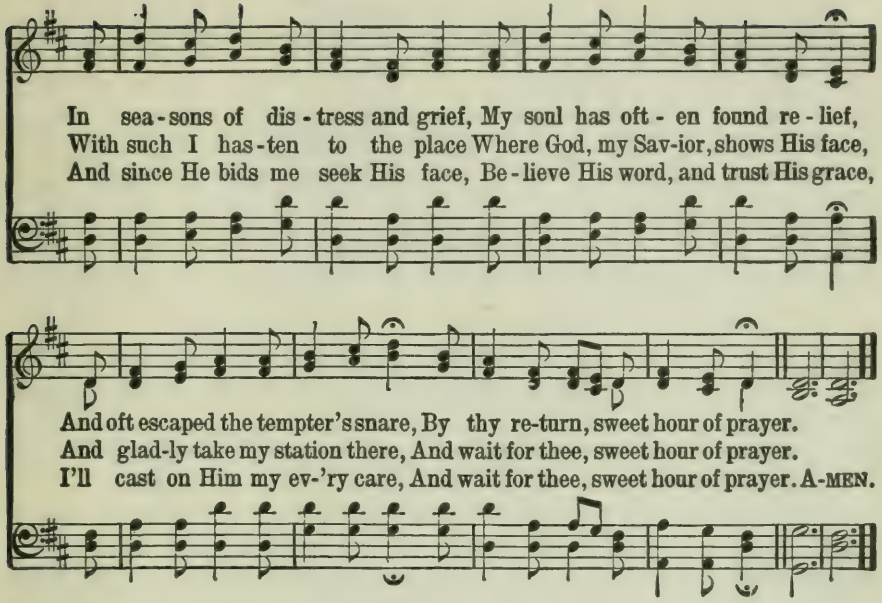


128 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.



Sweet Hour of Prayer.



129 No Dying There.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

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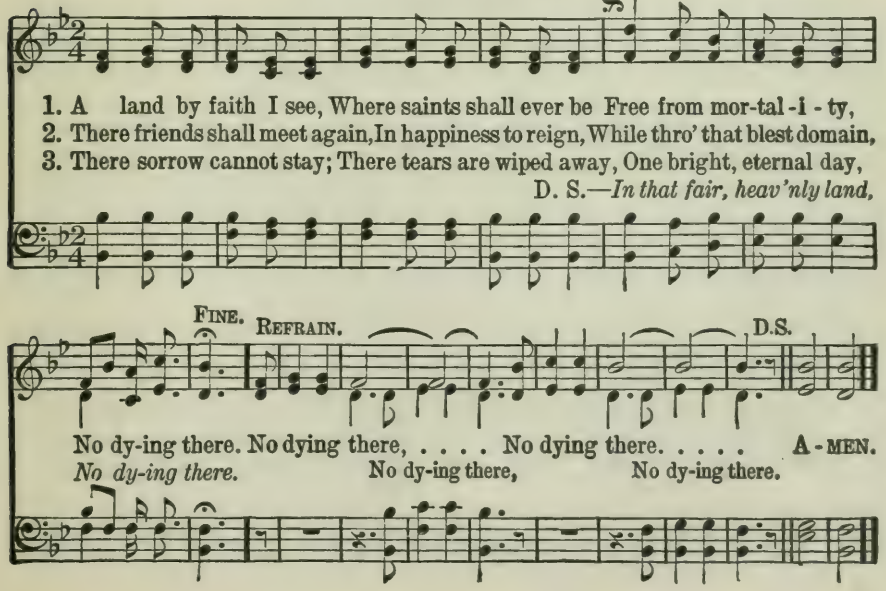
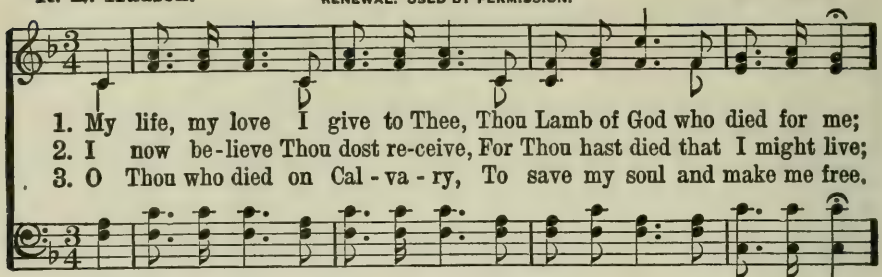
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.



130 I'll Live for Him.

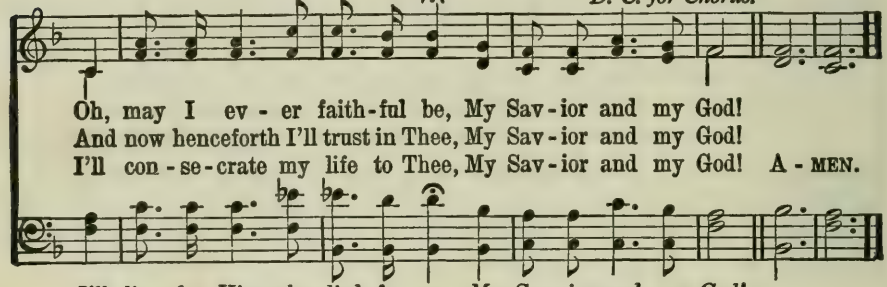
R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY MRS. MARY HUDSON. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free.

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

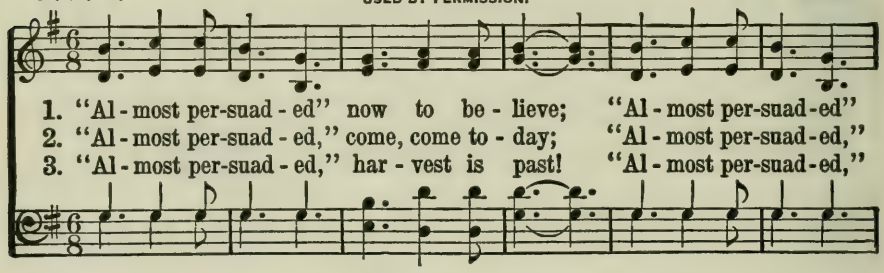


Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A - MEN.

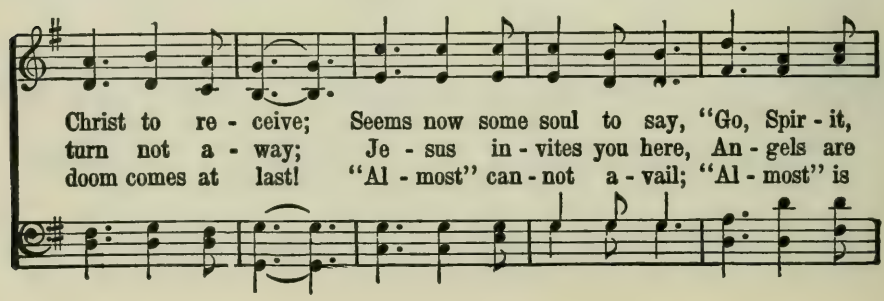
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

131 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

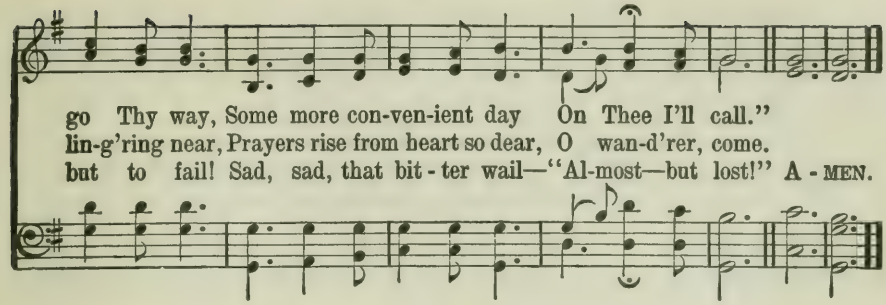


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad-ed,"



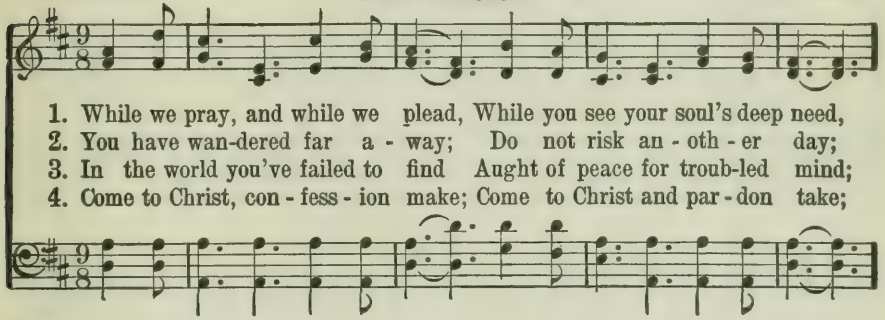
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

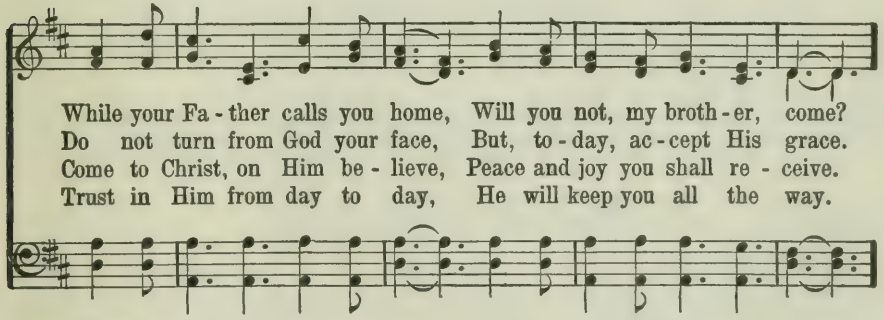
Almost Persuaded.

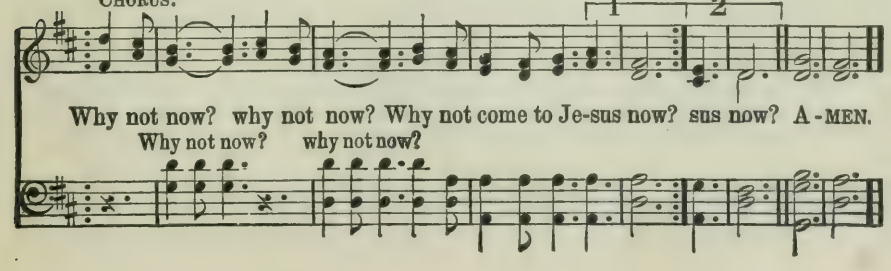


132 Why Not Now?

El Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE. USED BY PERMISSION. C. C. Case.

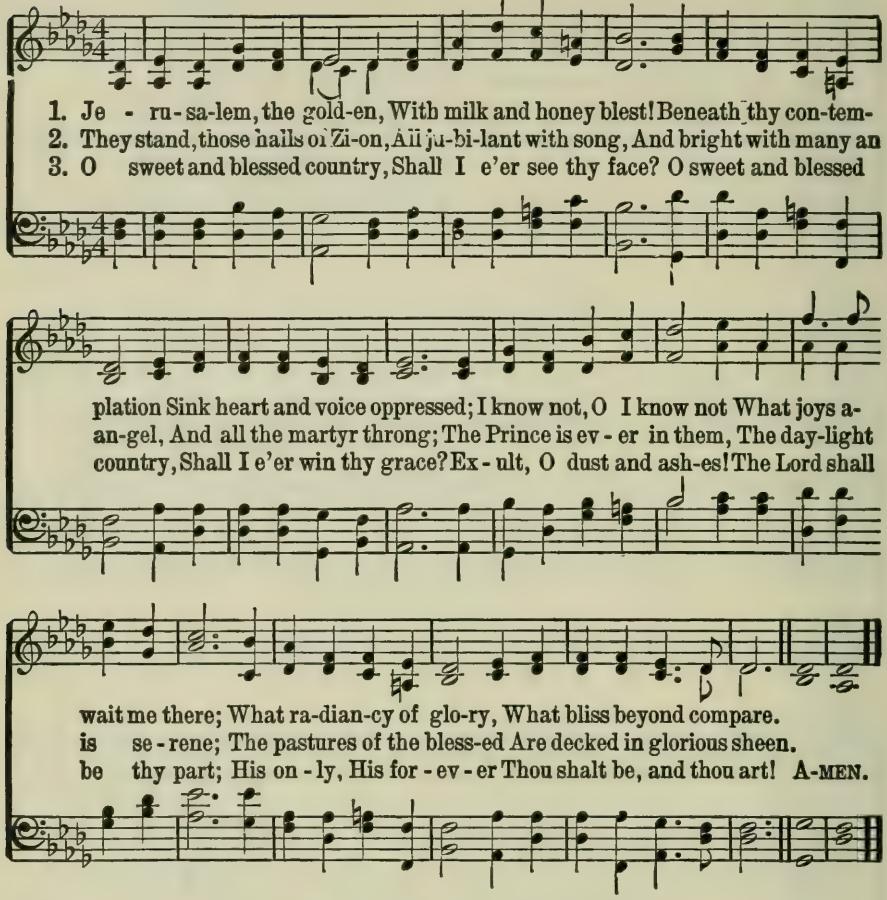






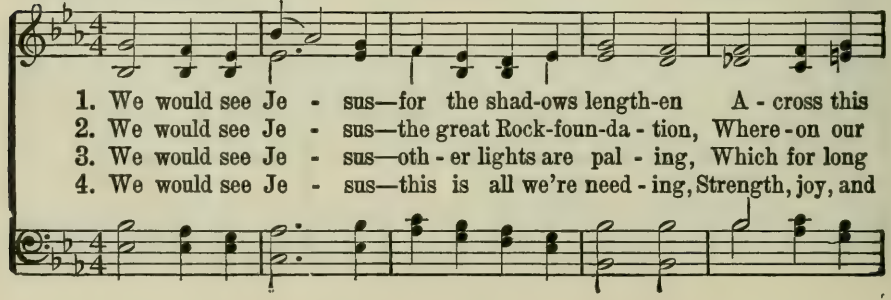
133 Jerusalem, the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny. *Ewing. 7s. 6s. D.* Alex. Ewing.

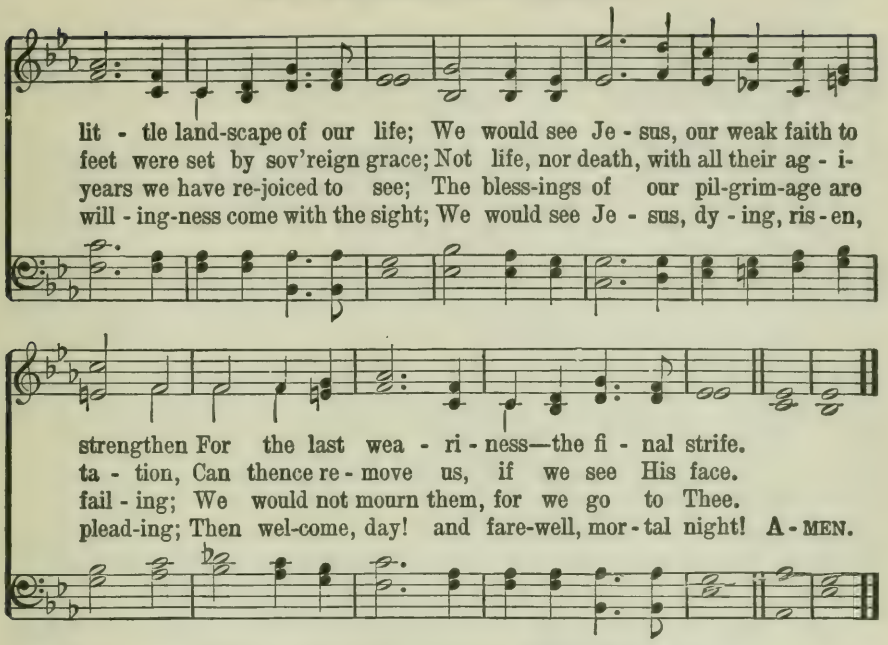


134 We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. *Raynolds.* F. Mendelssohn, Arr.

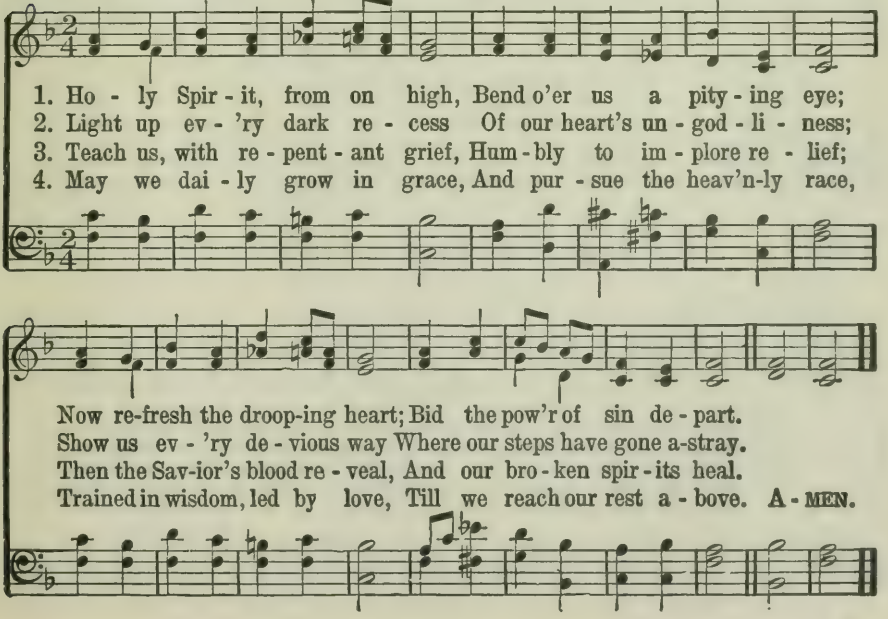


We Would See Jesus.



135 Holy Spirit, from On High.

W. H. Bathurst. *Seymour. 7s.* C. M. von Weber.



136 I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana. Italian Air.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin - ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
3. There's the cit - y to which I jour - ney; My Re - deem-er, my Re-

D.C.—*I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can*

FINE.

tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and
deem-er is its light; There is no sor - row nor an - y

tar - ry but a night.

D. C.

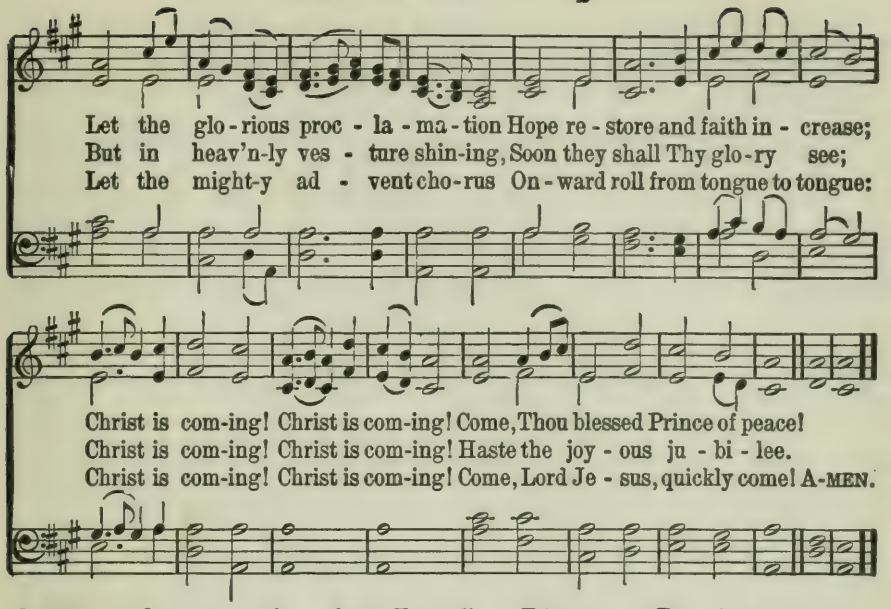
go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
drear-y, I long have wan-dered for - lorn and wea - ry.
sigh-ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. A - MEN.

137 Christ is Coming!

John R. Macduff. *Helmsley. 8s. 7s. 4s.* H. Madan.

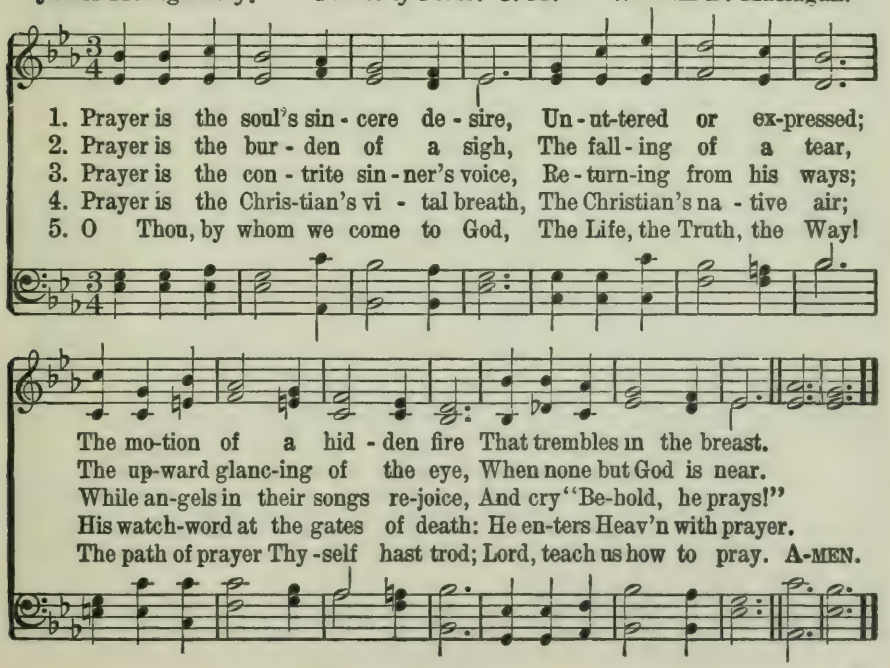
1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion Bid her groans and trav-ail cease;
2. Long Thine ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest and home and Thee;
3. With that "bless-ed hope" be - fore us, Let no harp re - main un - strung;

Christ is Coming!



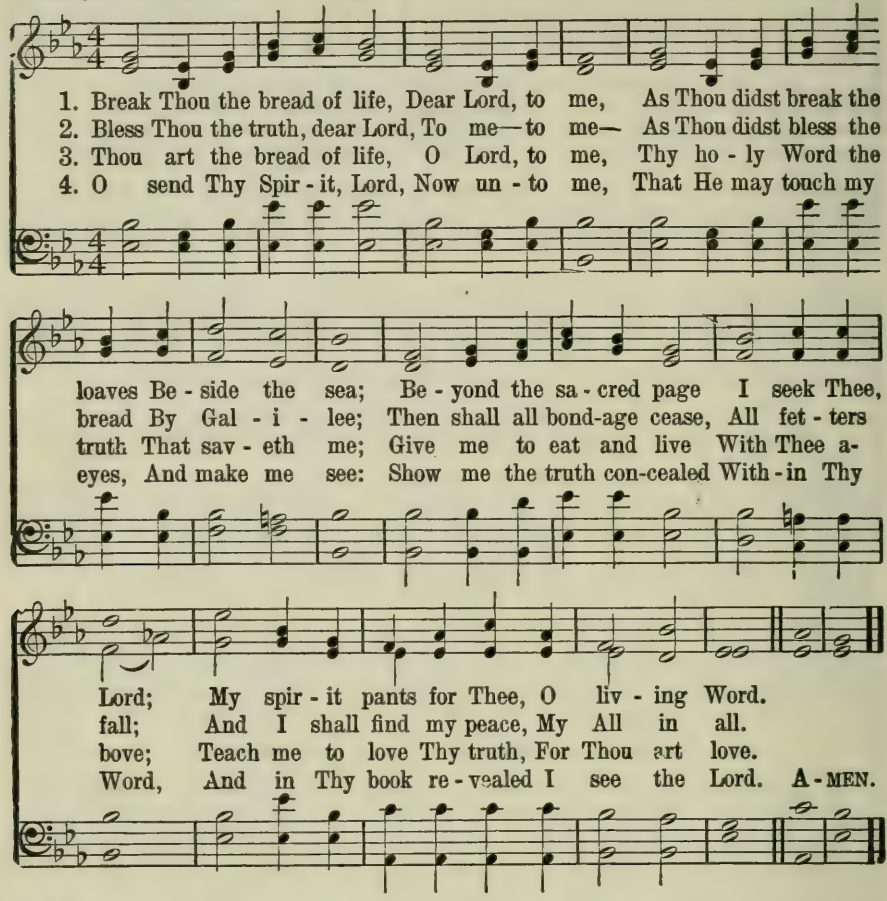
138 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

James Montgomery. *Prince of Peace. C. M.* William D. Maclagan.



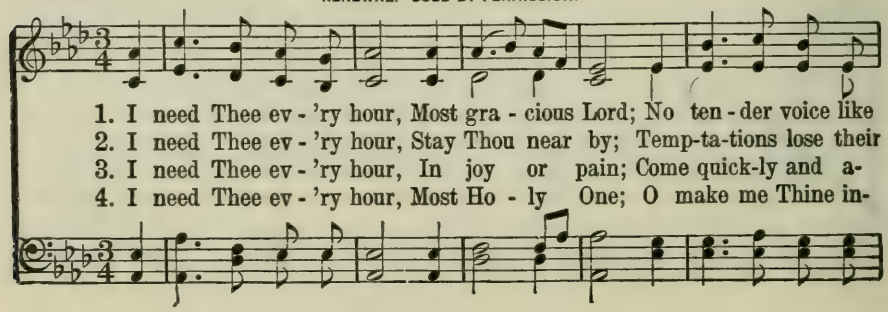
139 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.



140 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.



I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

141 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *Barnby. 6s. 5s.* Joseph Barnby.

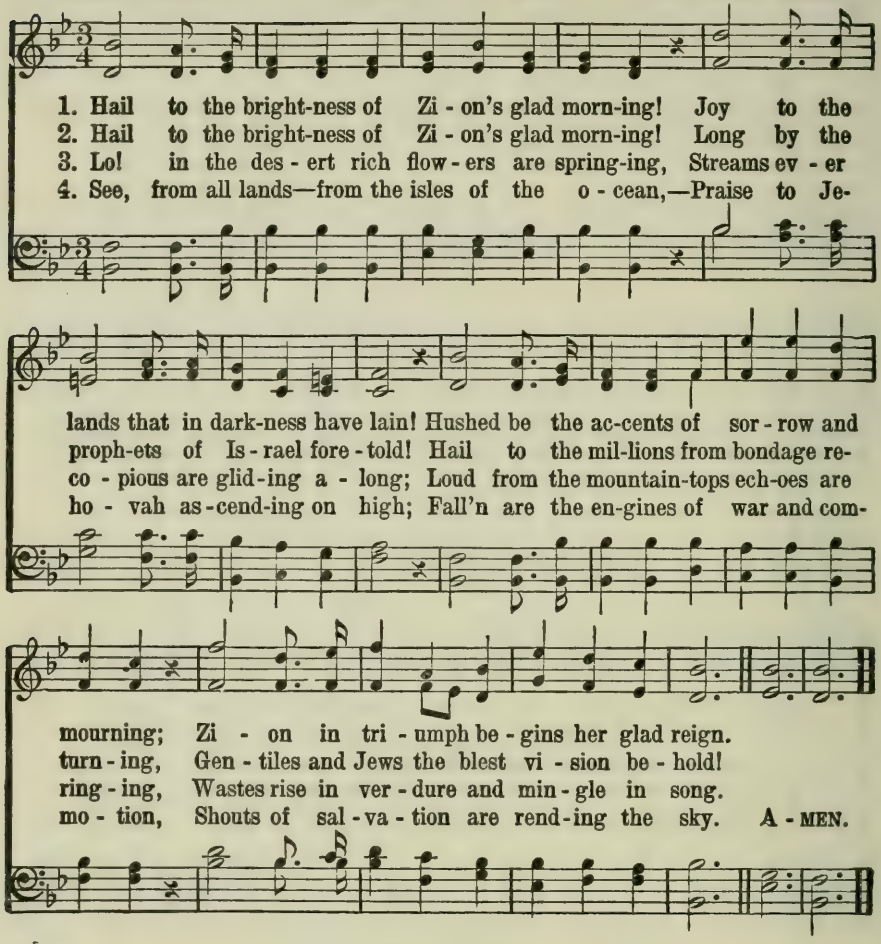
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.

Steal a - cross the sky.

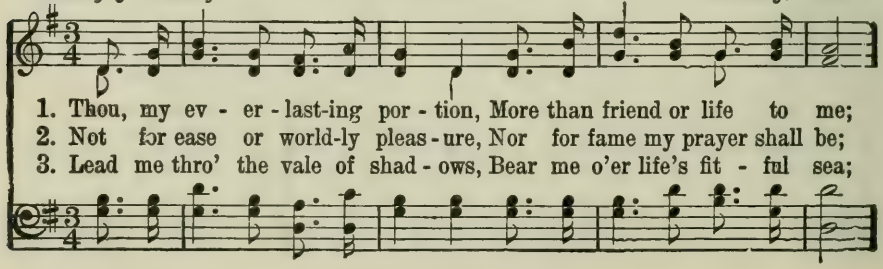
142 Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings. *Wesley.* 11. 10. 11. 10. Dr. Lowell Mason.

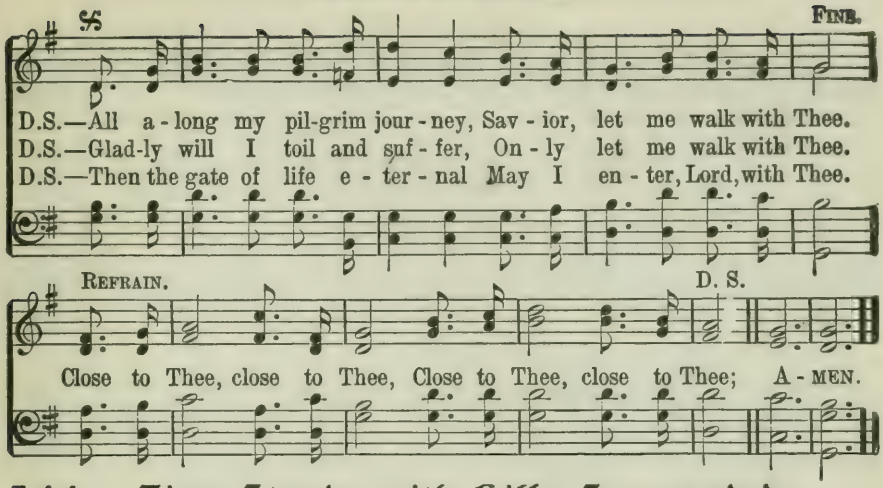


143 Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Silas J. Vail.

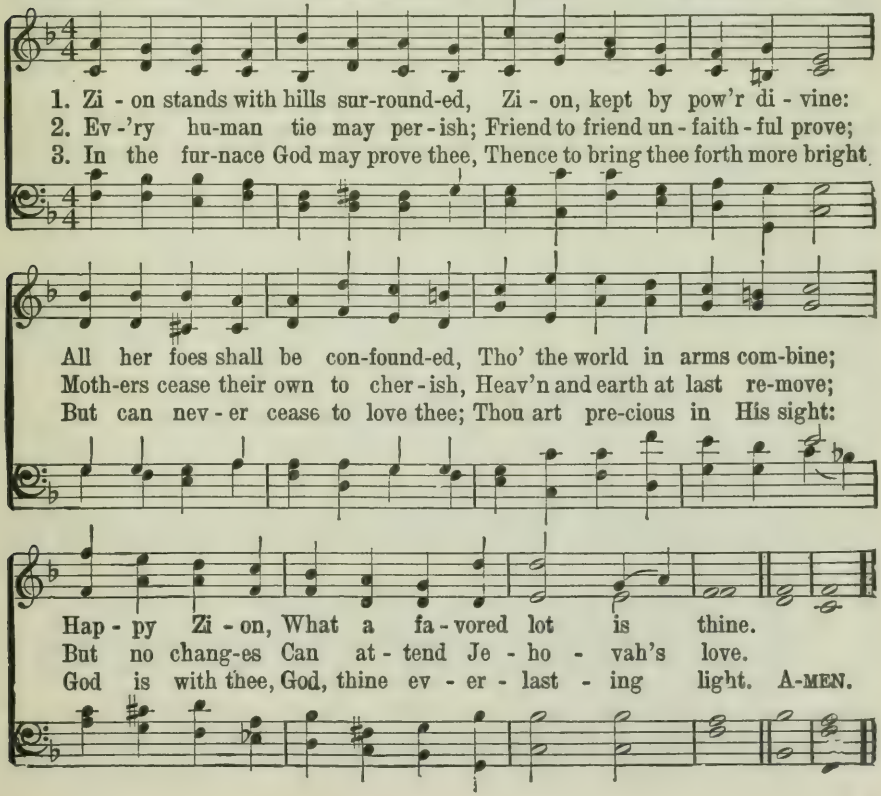


Close to Thee.



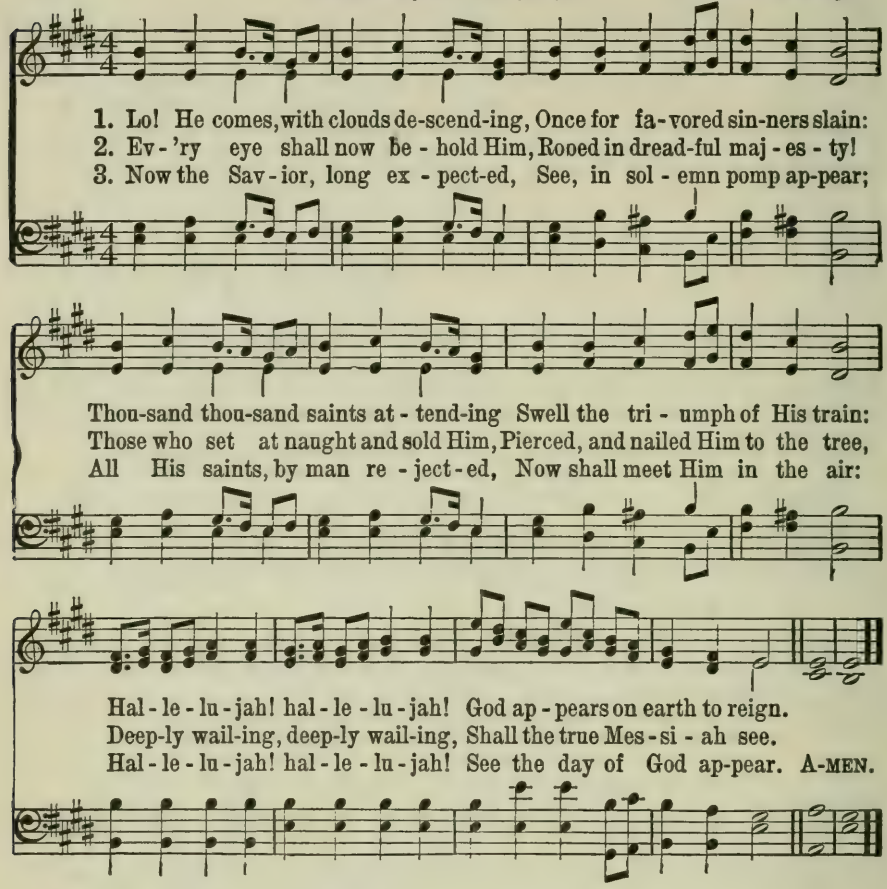
144 Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded.

Thomas Kelly. *Eton College. 8.7.8.7.4.7.* Joseph Barnby.



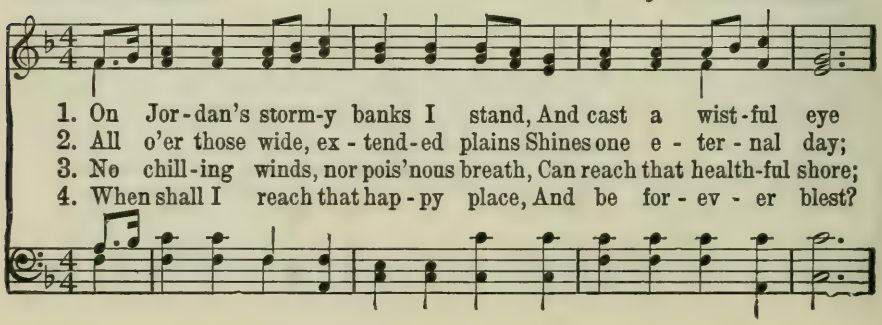
145 Lo! He Comes, With Clouds Descending.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s. 7s. 4s. Sicilian Melody.

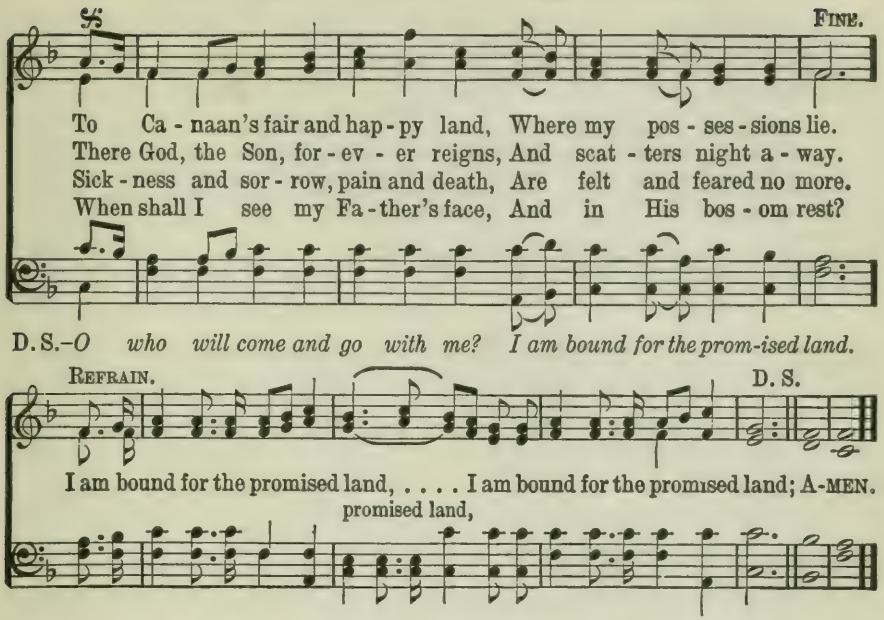


146 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

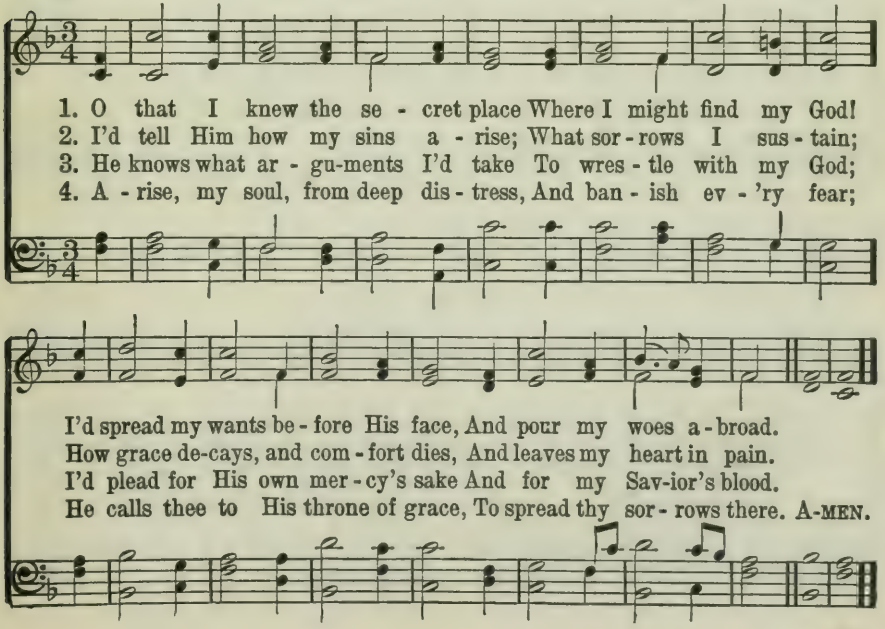


On Jordan's Stormy Banks.



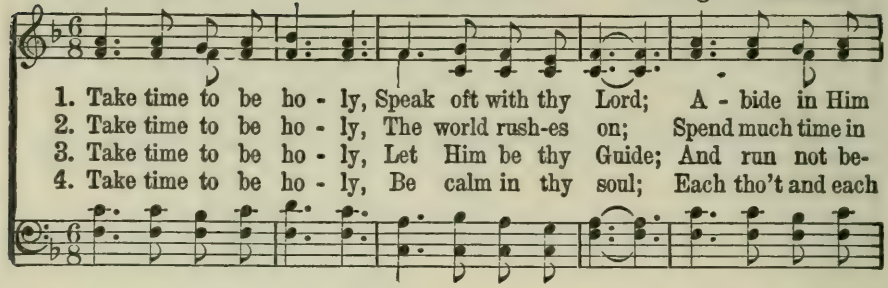
147 O That I Knew the Secret Place.

Isaac Watts. *Mear. C. M.* American Air.

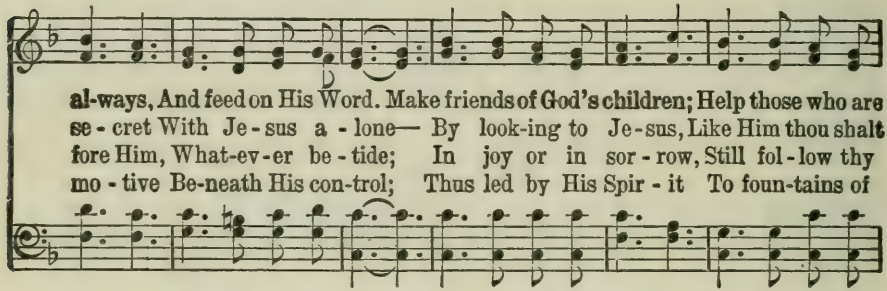


148 Take Time to be Holy.

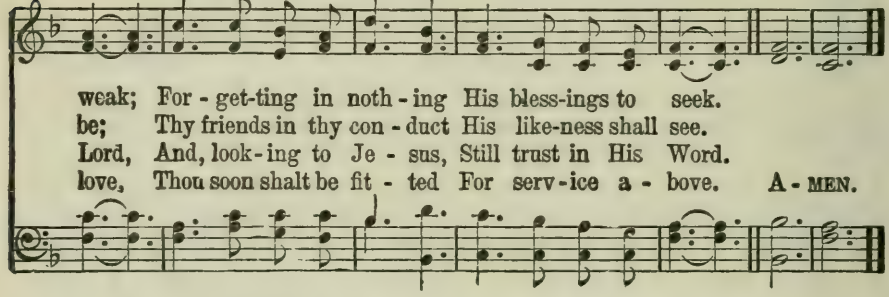
W. D. Longstaff. Copyright, 1918. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner. George C. Stebbins.



1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each



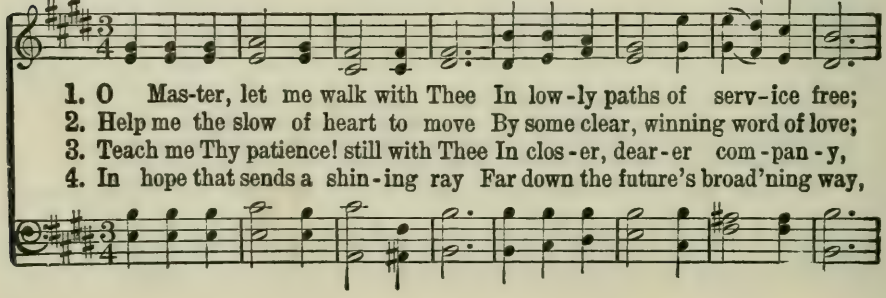
al-ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's children; Help those who are
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look-ing to Je-sus, Like Him thou shalt
fore Him, What-ev-er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy
mo - tive Be-neath His con-trol; Thus led by His Spir - it To foun-tains of



weak; For - get-ting in noth - ing His bless-ings to seek.
be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like-ness shall see.
Lord, And, look-ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv-ice a - bove. A - MEN.

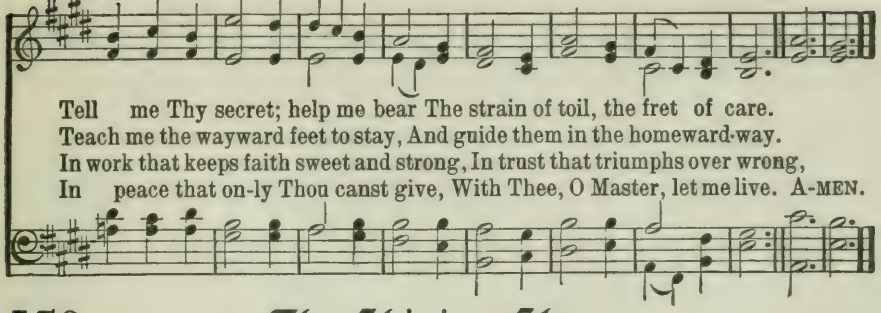
149 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden. *Maryton. L. M.* H. P. Smith.



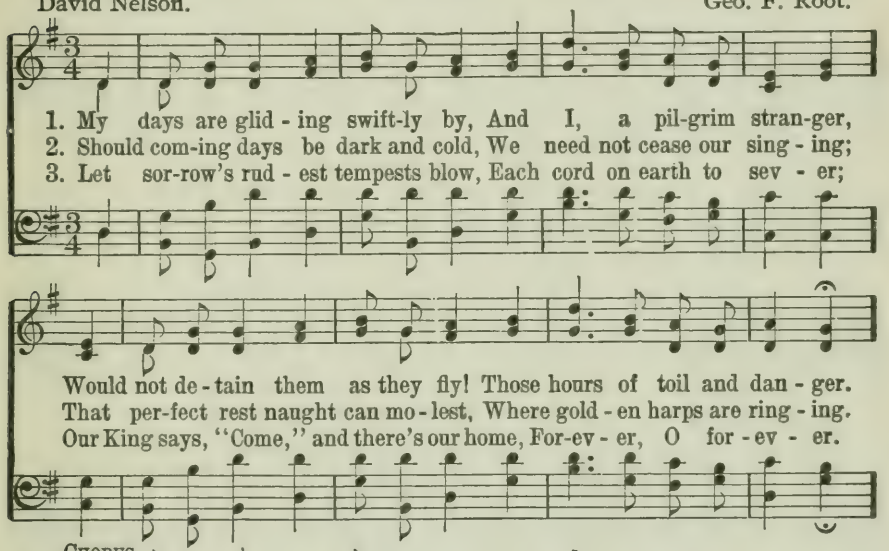
1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pan-y,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,

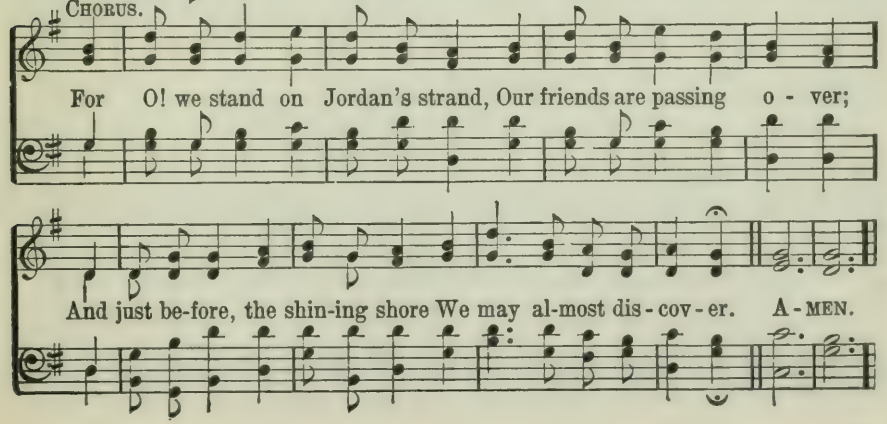
O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.



150 The Shining Shore.

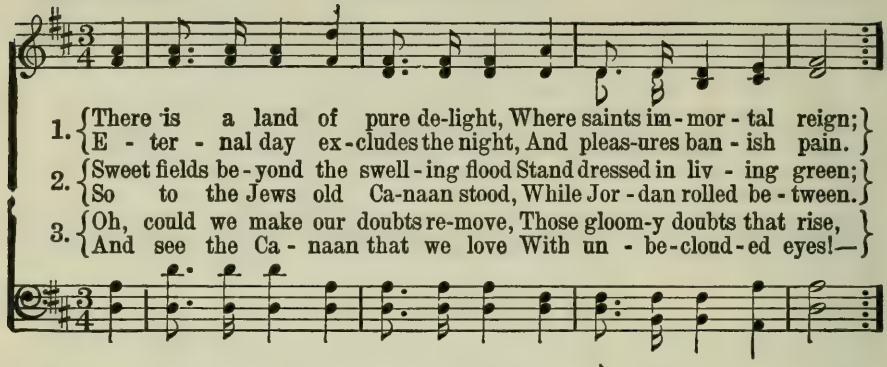
David Nelson. Geo. F. Root.



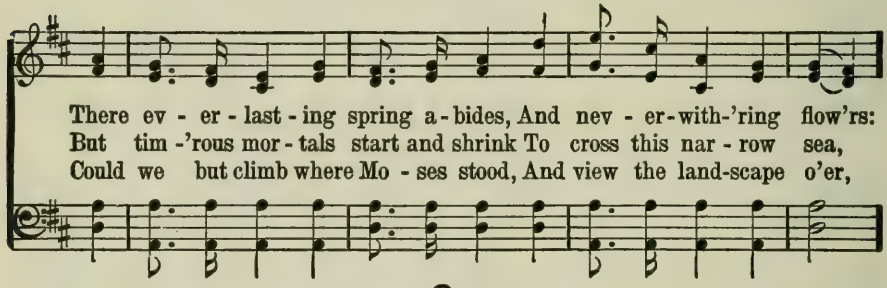


151 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

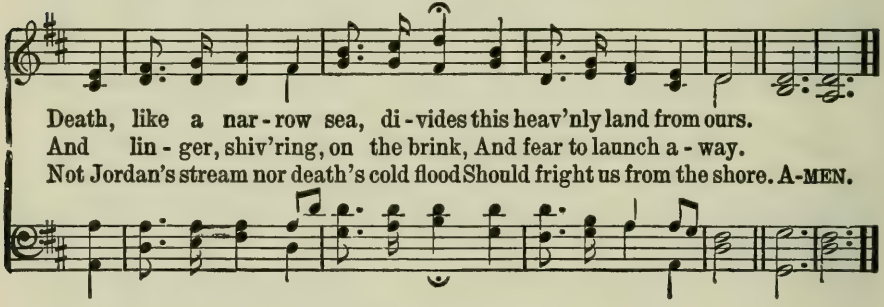
Isaac Watts. *Varina. C. M. D.* Geo. F. Root.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
   E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
   So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
   And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes!—



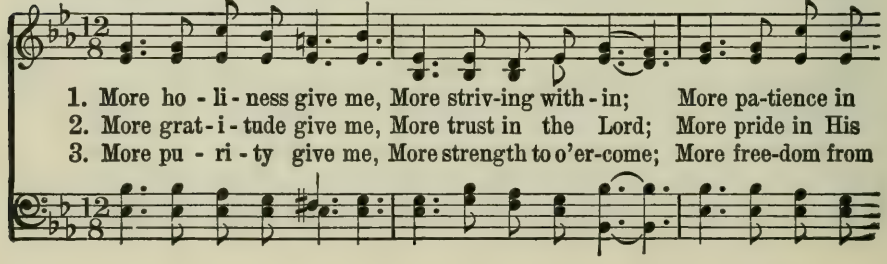
There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-'ring flow'rs:
But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides this heav'nly land from ours.
And lin-ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A-MEN.

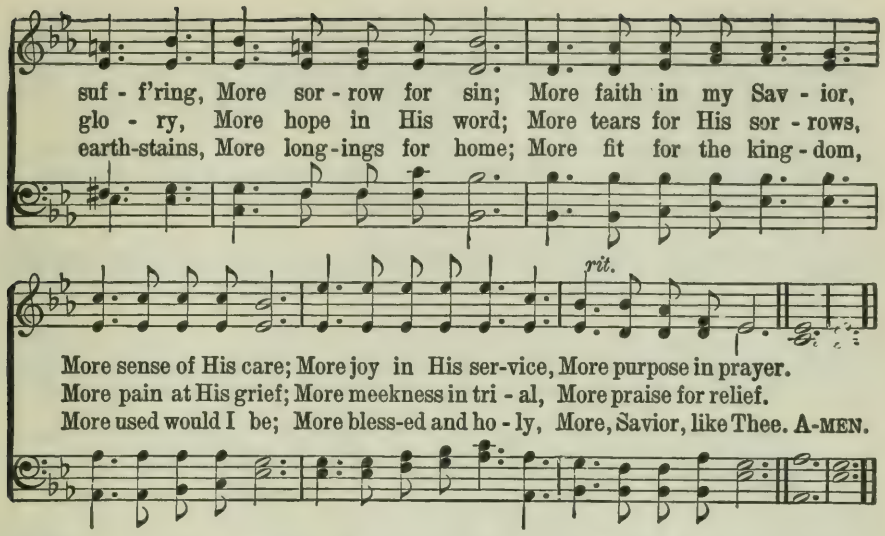
152 My Prayer.

P. P. Bliss. COPYRIGHT, 1916. USED BY PER. THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT. P. P. Bliss.



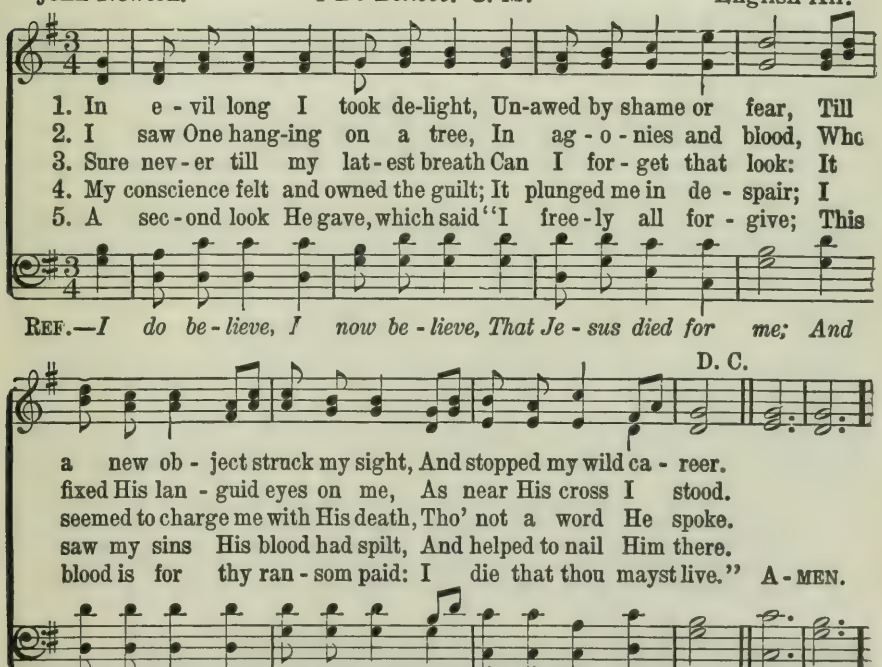
1. More ho-li-ness give me, More striv-ing with-in; More pa-tience in
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from

My Prayer.



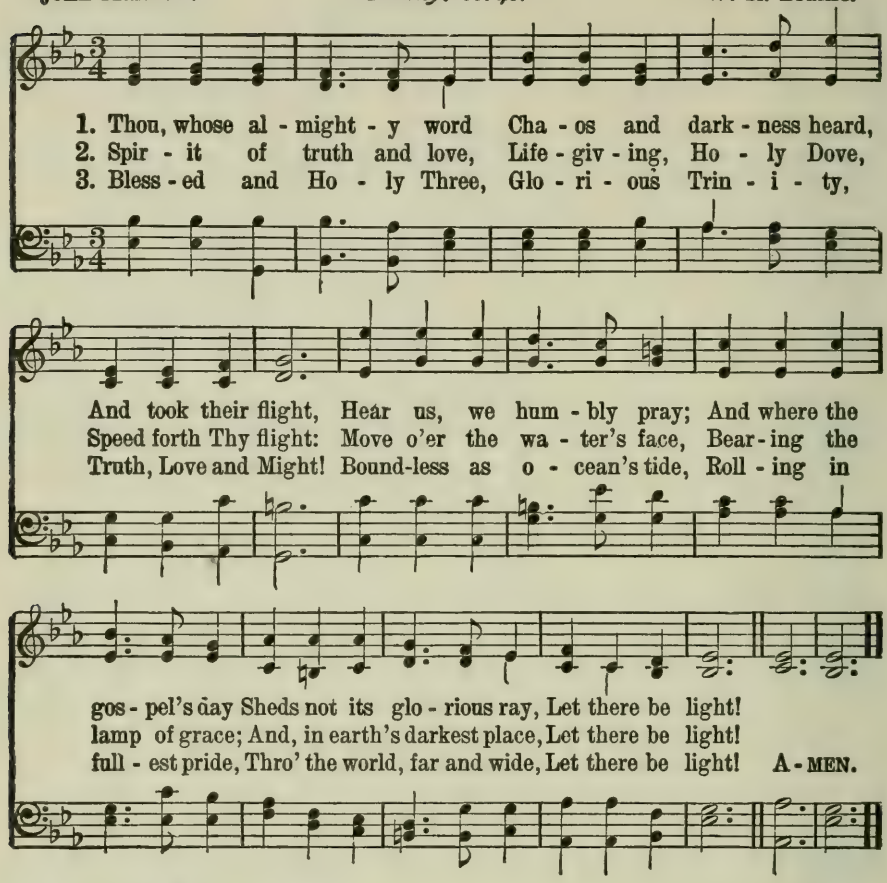
153 In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. *I Do Believe. C. M.* English Air.



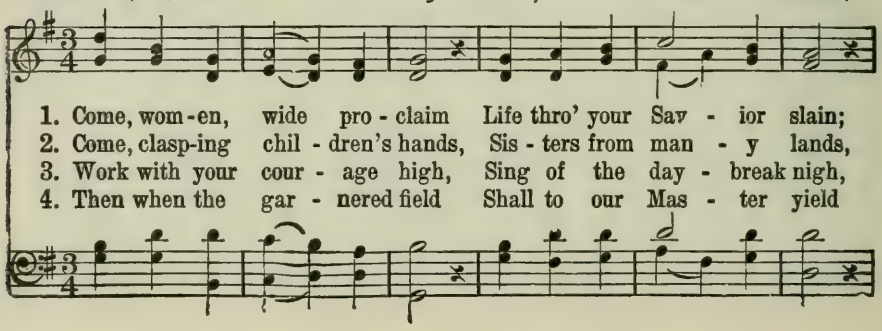
154 Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

John Marriott. *Trinity. 6s. 4s.* W. R. Braine.

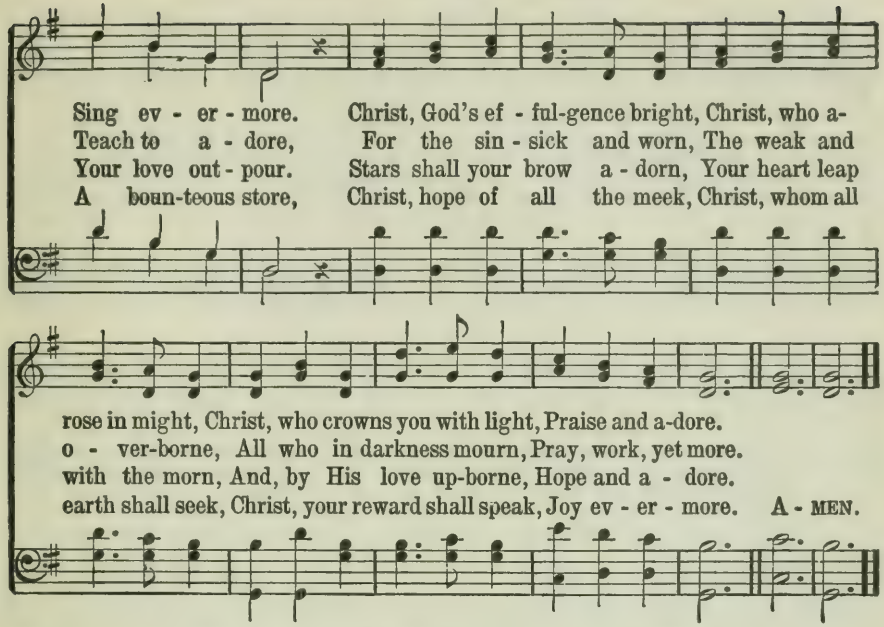


155 The Woman's Hymn.

Fannie E. S. Heck. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.

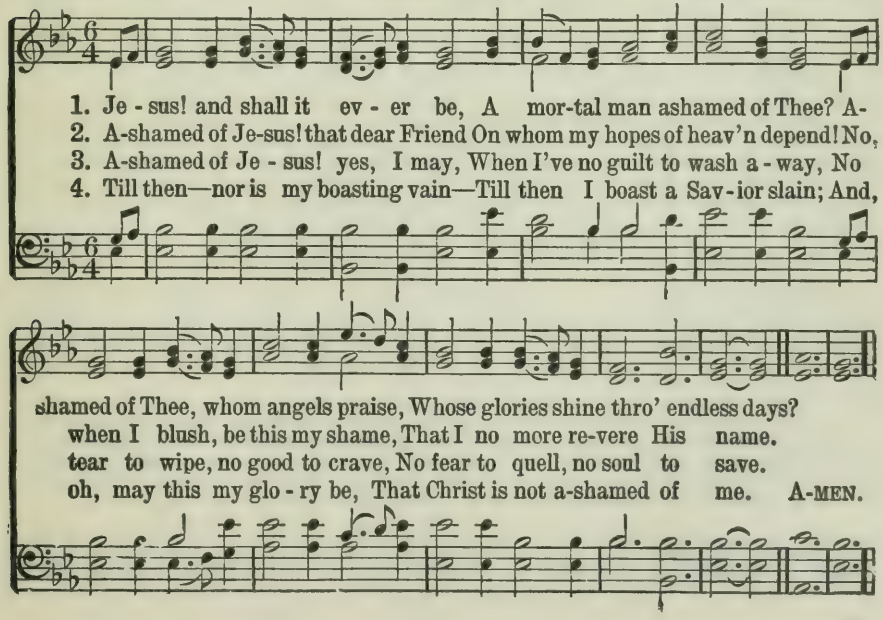


The Woman's Hymn.



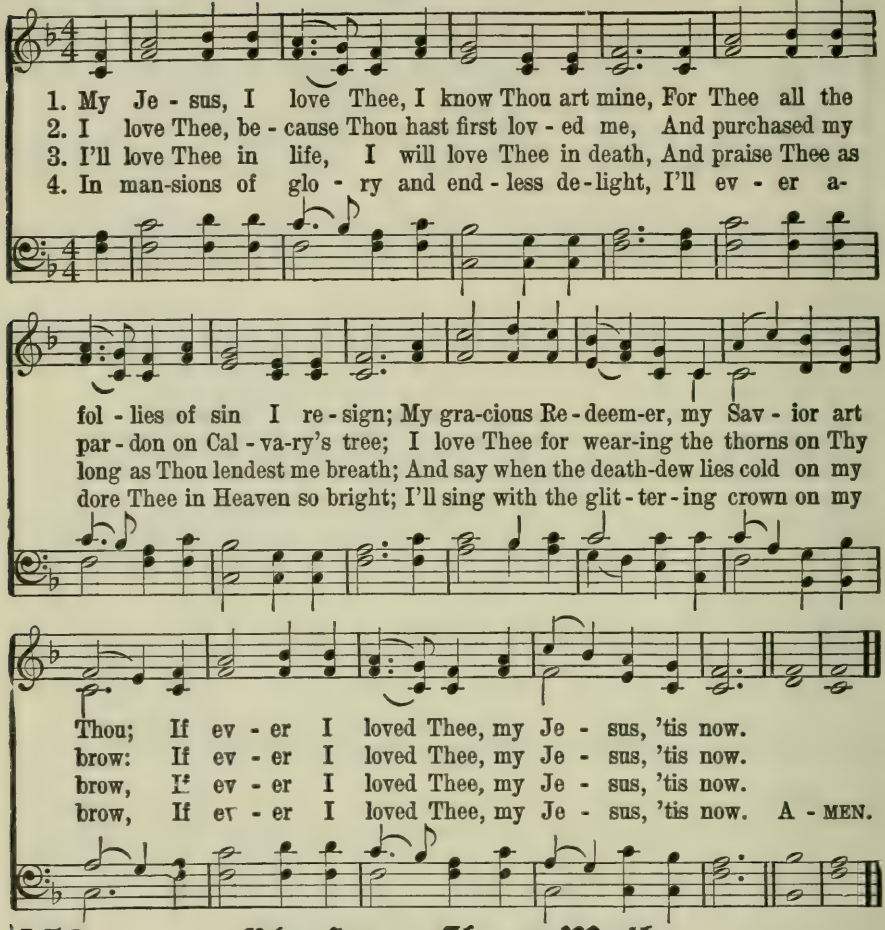
156 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg. *Woodworth. L. M.* Wm. Bradbury.



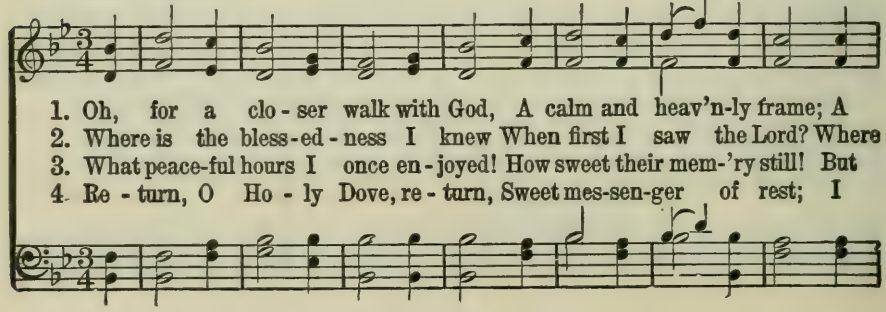
157 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anonymous. *Gordon. 11s.* A. J. Gordon.

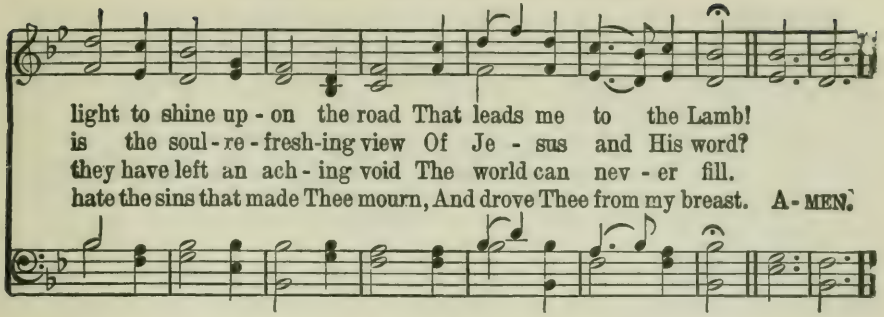


158 Oh, for a Closer Walk.

William Cowper. *Balerma. C. M.* Robt. Simpson.

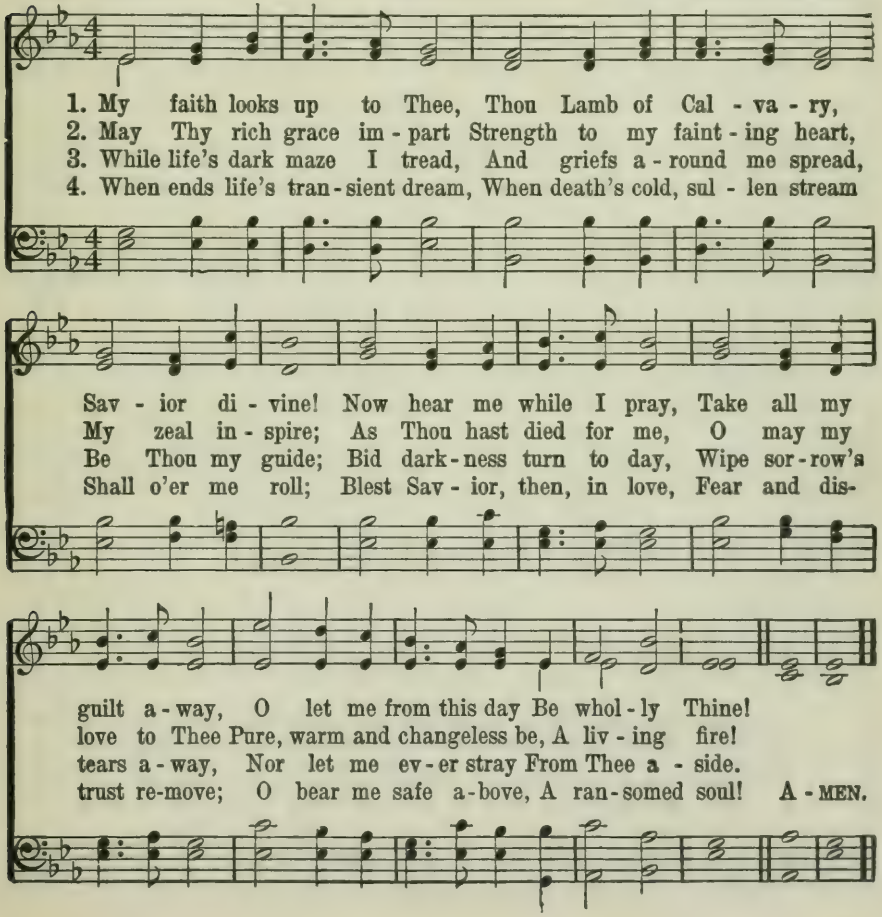


Oh, For a Closer Walk.



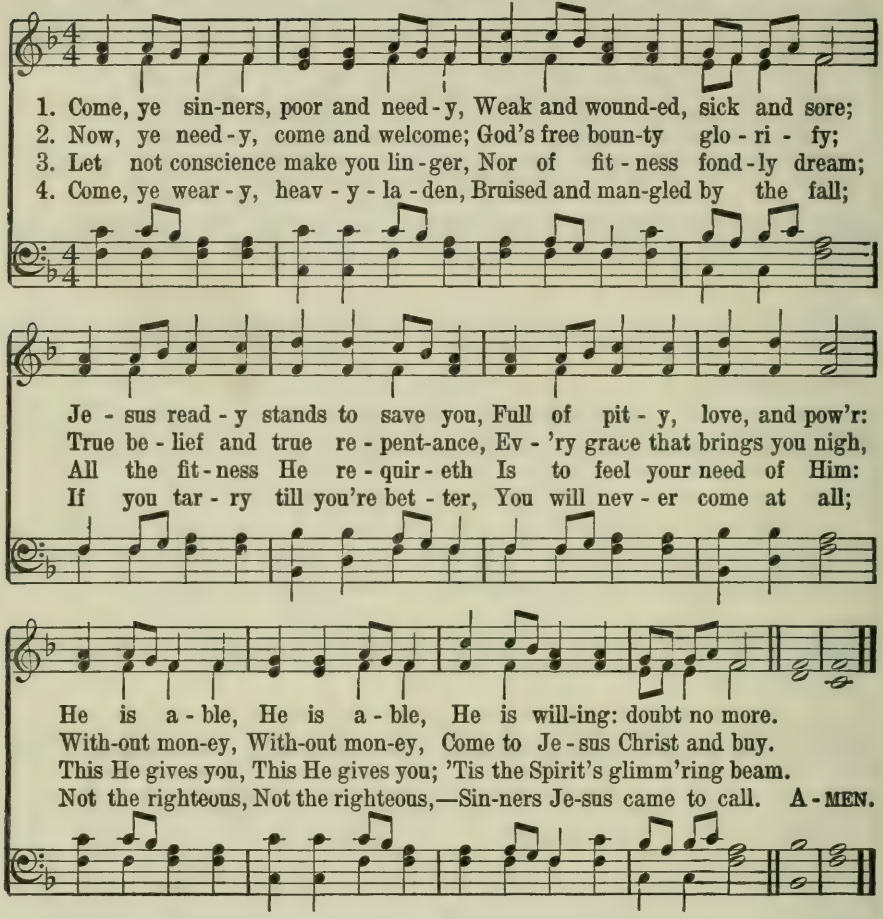
159 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. *Olivet. 6. 4.* Lowell Mason.



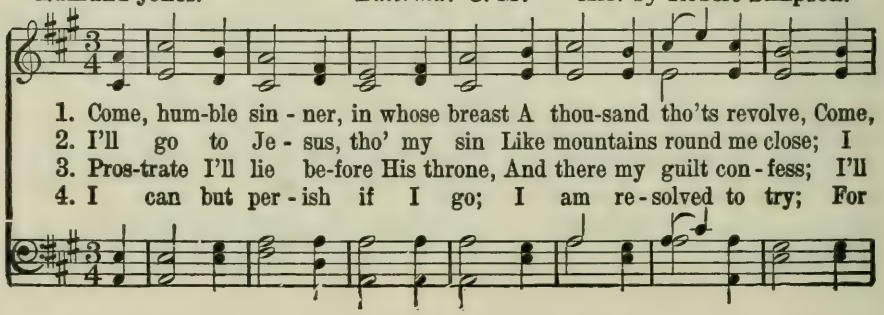
160 Come, Ye Sinners.

Joseph Hart. *Greenville. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Jean Jacques Rousseau.

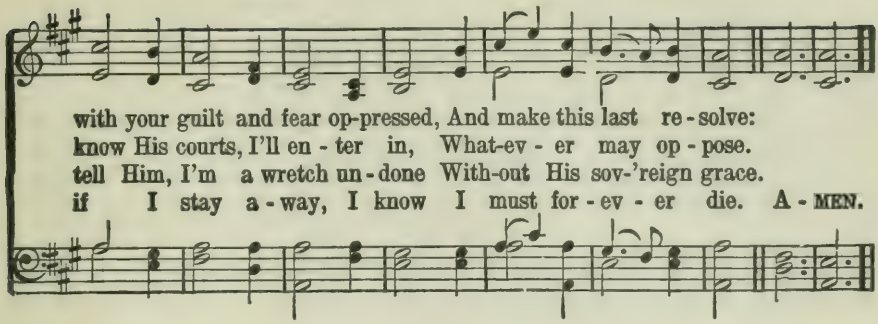


161 Come, Humble Sinner.

Edmund Jones. *Balerma. C. M.* Arr. by Robert Simpson.

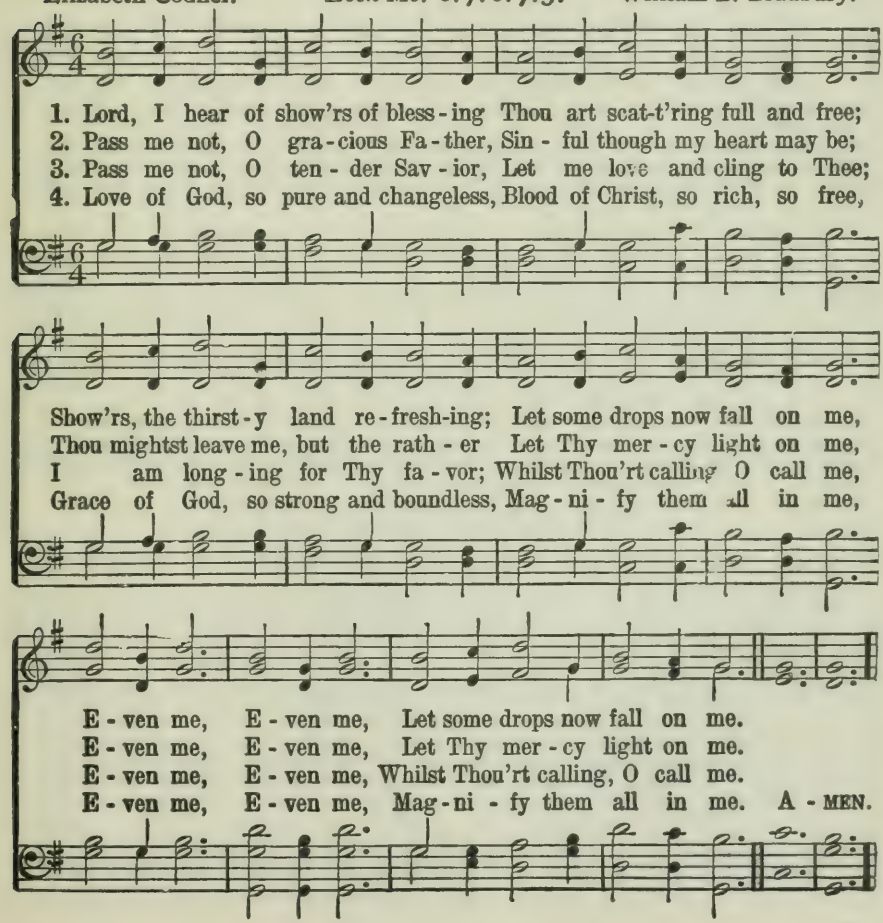


Come, Humble Sinner.



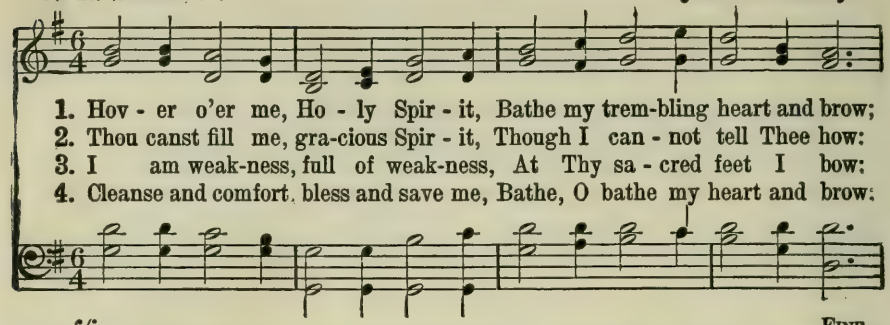
162 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. *Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.* William B. Bradbury.

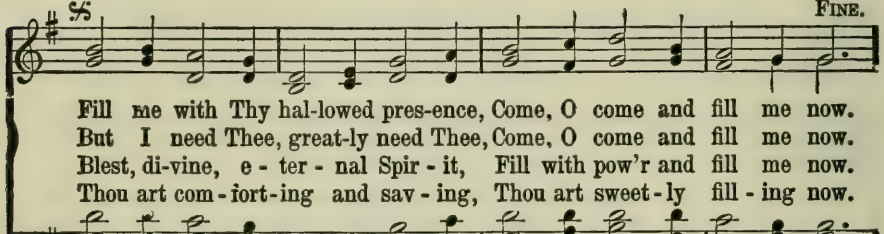


163 Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.

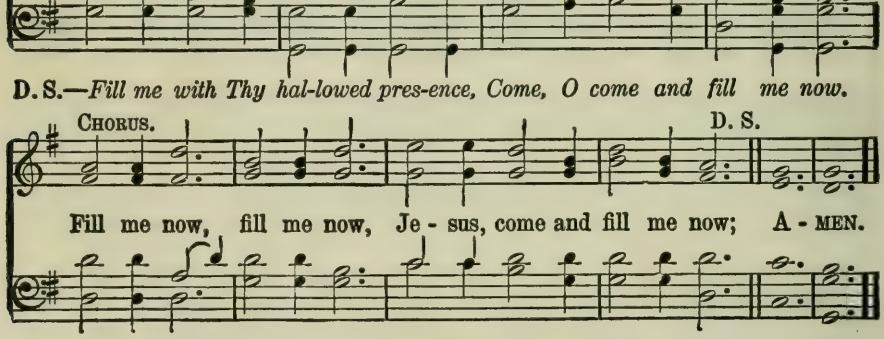


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how:
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;



Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

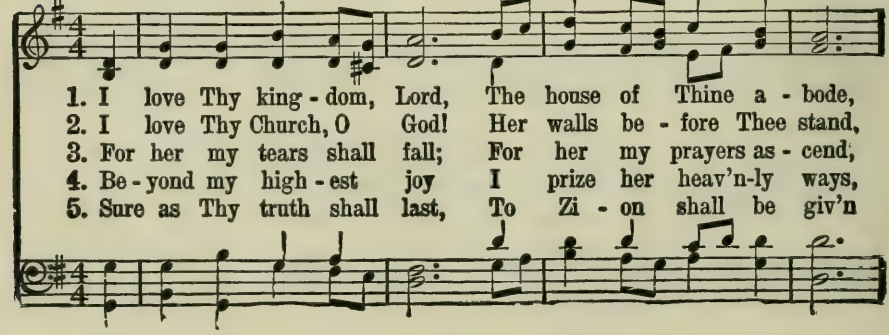
D. S.—*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*



Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now; A - MEN.

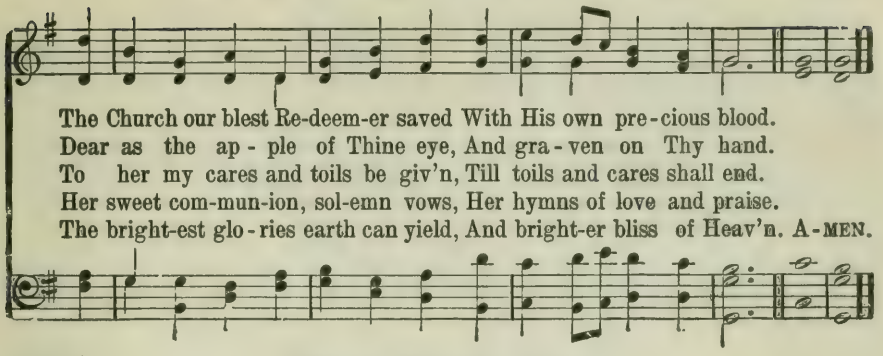
164 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.



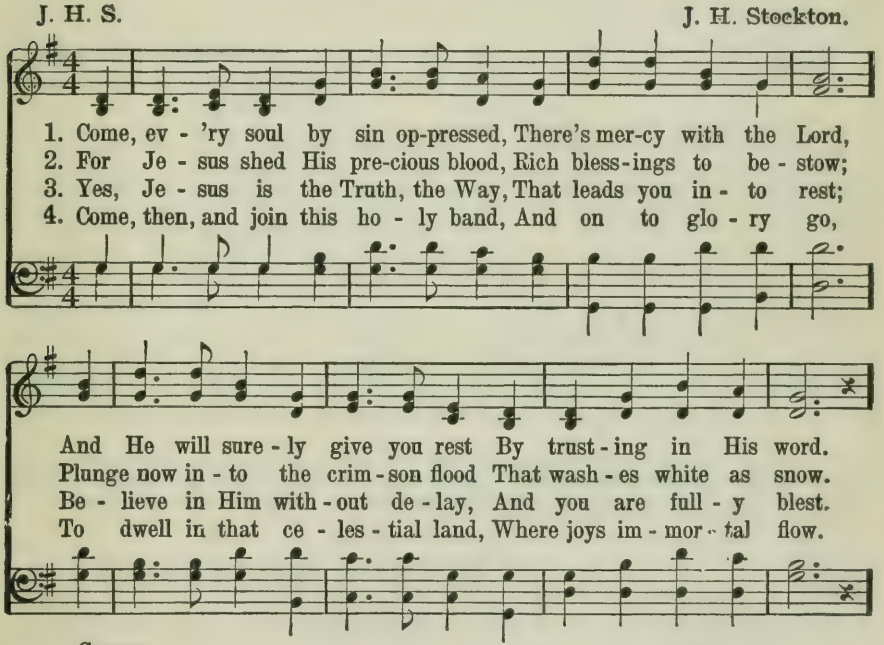
1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



165 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



166 Give Me Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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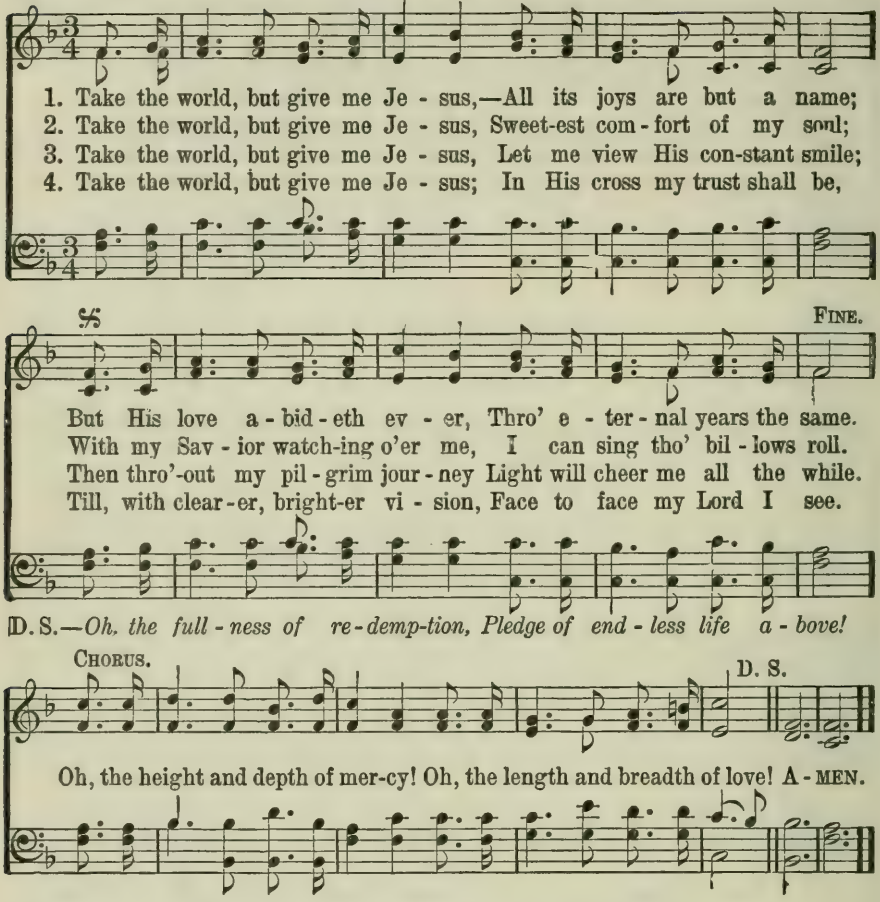
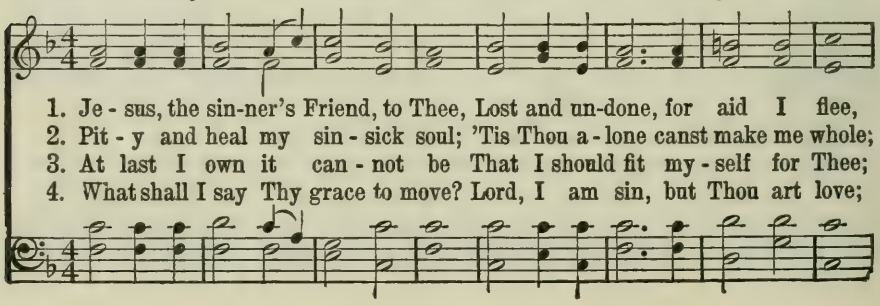
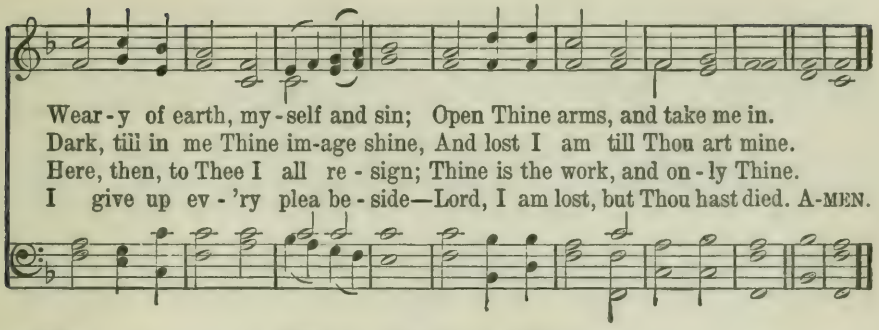


167 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

Charles Wesley. *Federal Street. L. M.* Henry K. Oliver.

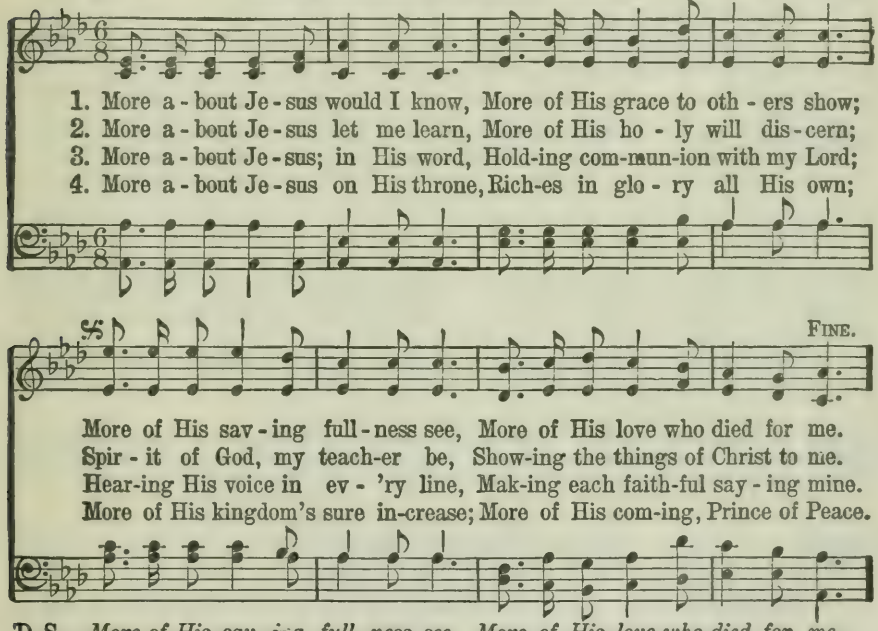


Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

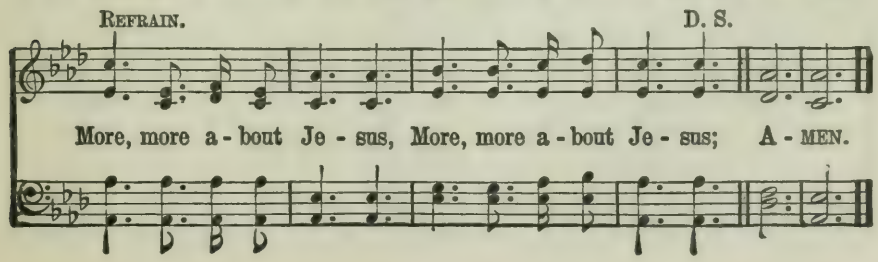


168 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX. Jno. R. Sweney.

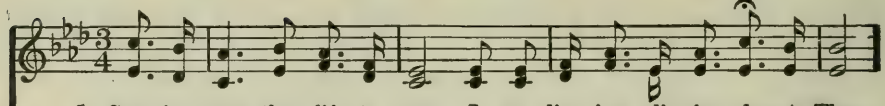


D. S.—*More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

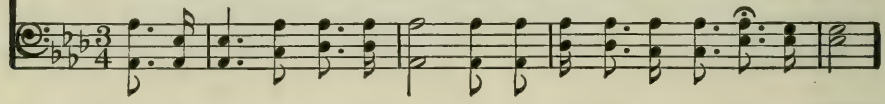


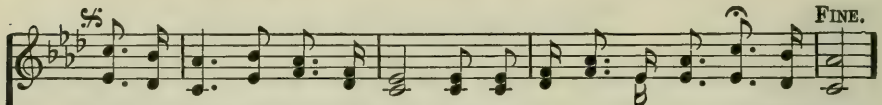
169 Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.



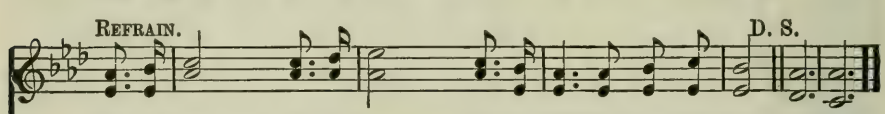
1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;



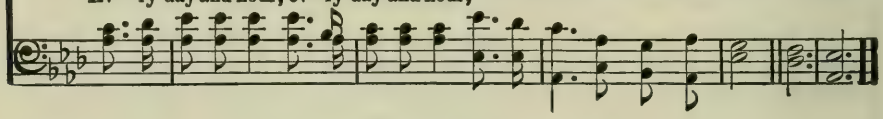


Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.

D. S.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.*

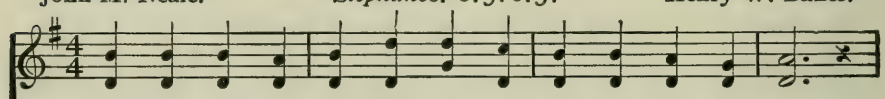


Ev - 'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,



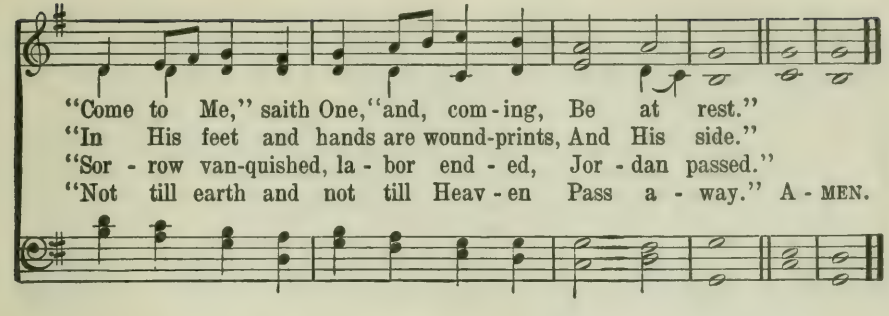
170 Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. *Stephanos. 8. 5. 8. 3.* Henry W. Baker.



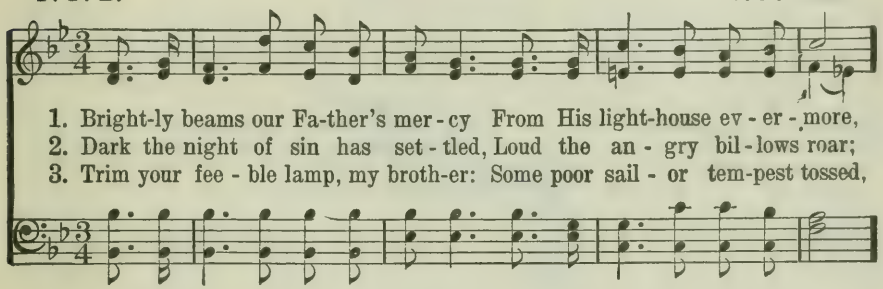
1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

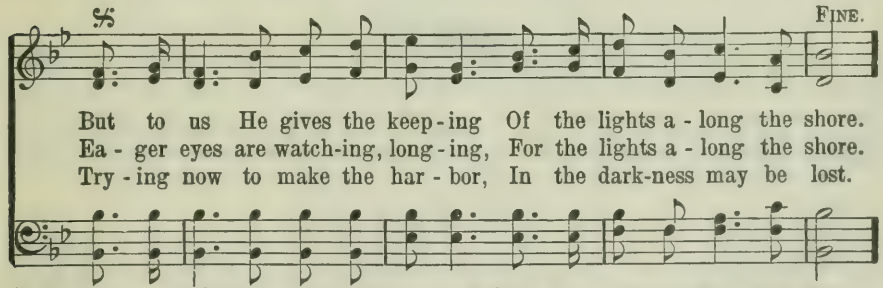
Art Thou Weary?



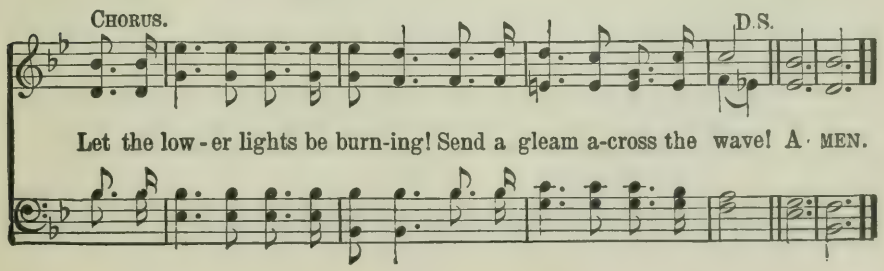
171 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.



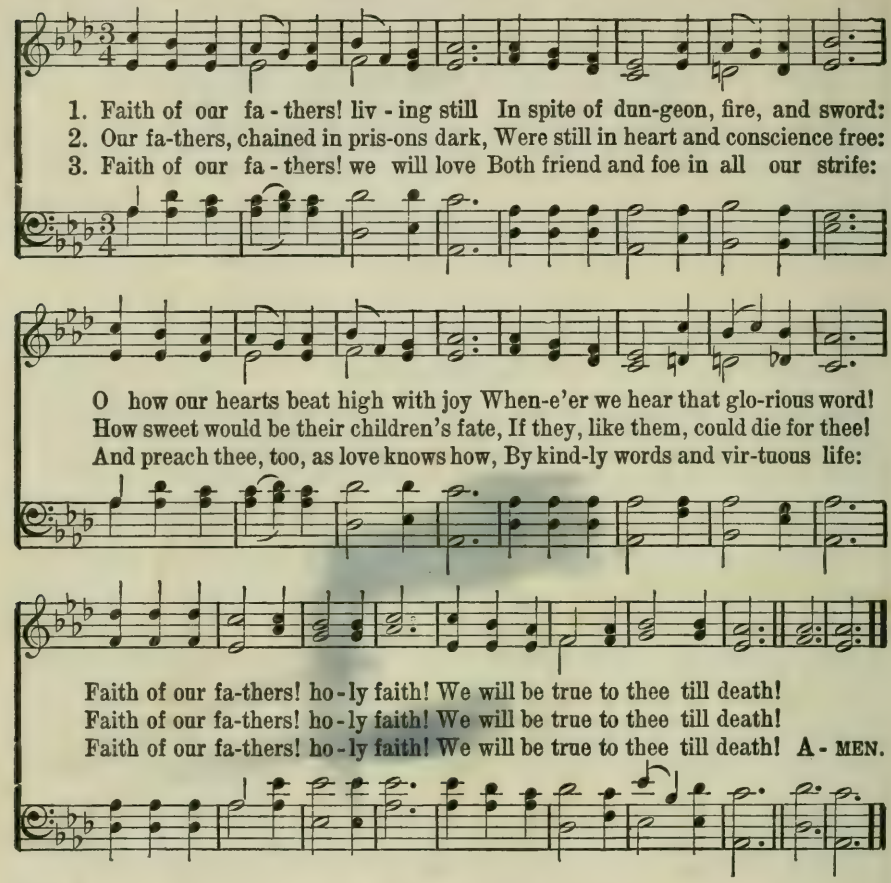


D. S.—*Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*



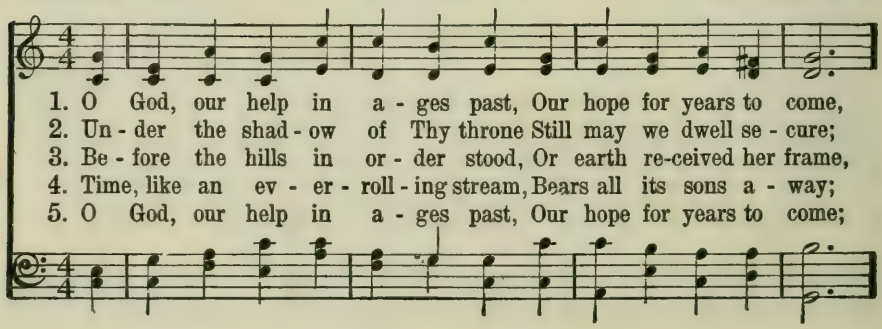
172 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. *St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.* H. F. Hemy.

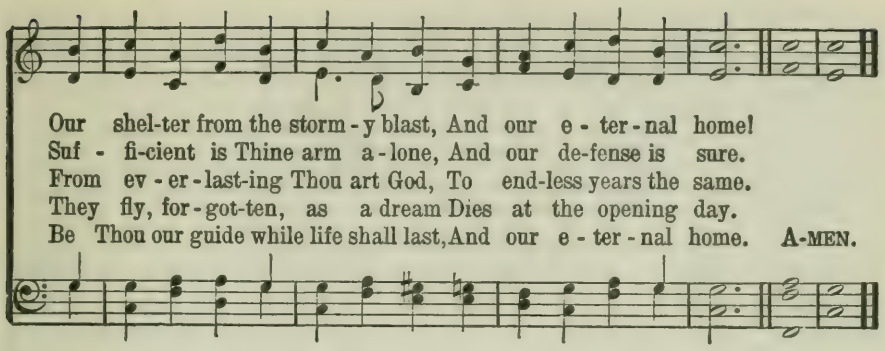


173 O God, Our Help.

Isaac Watts. *St. Anne. C. M.* William Croft.

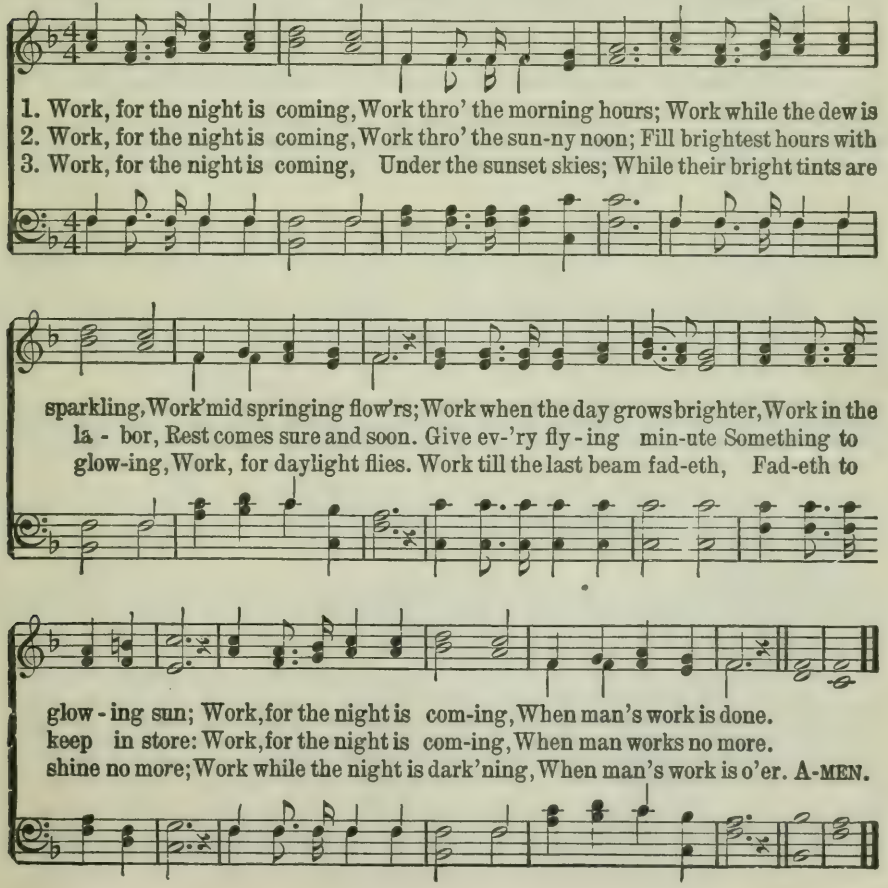


O God, Our Help.



174 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Coghill. *Work Song. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.



175 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

Geo. Atkins. *Holy Manna. 8s. 7s.* Arr.

FINE.

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ter aid - ed him;
D. C.—Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.

Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trem-bling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?

D. C.

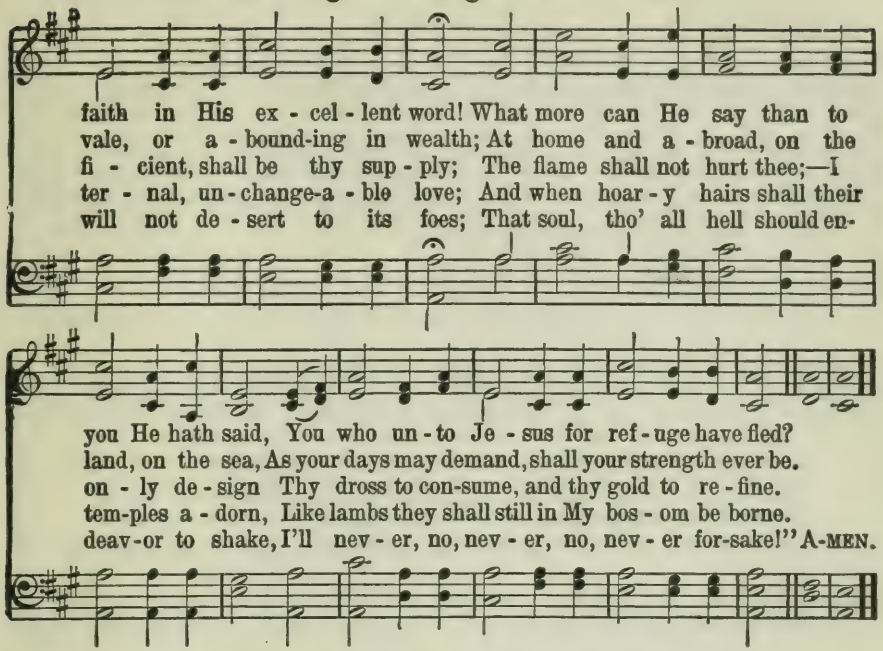
All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa-thers and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior, Tell them that He will be found; A-MEN.

176 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Foundation. 11s.* Anne Steele.

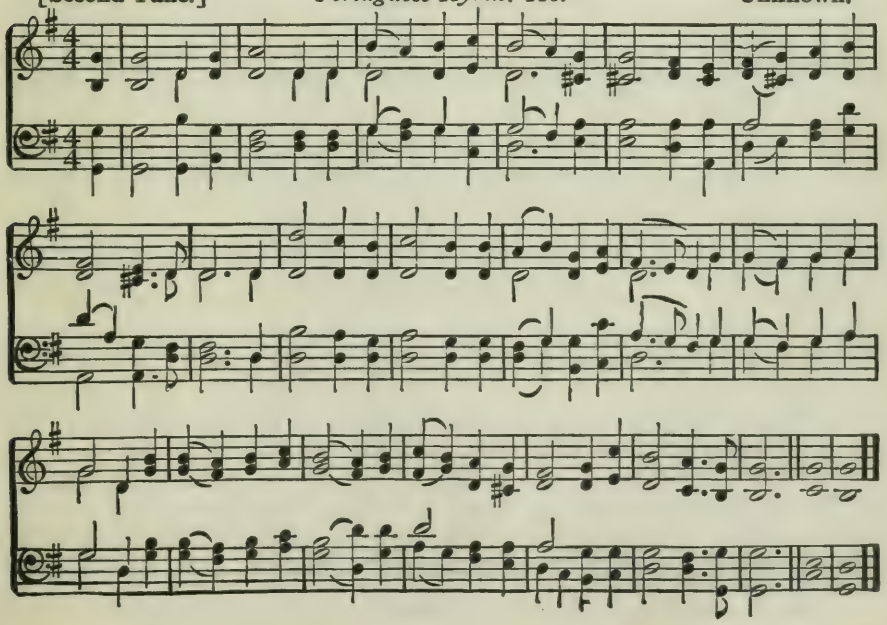
1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

How Firm a Foundation.



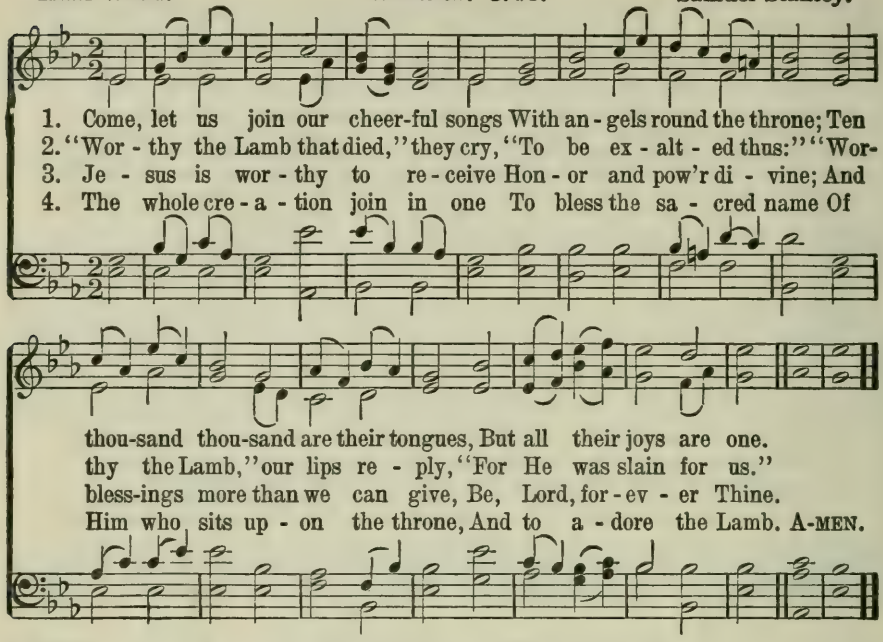
177 How Firm a Foundation.

[Second Tune.] *Portuguese Hymn. 11s.* Unknown.



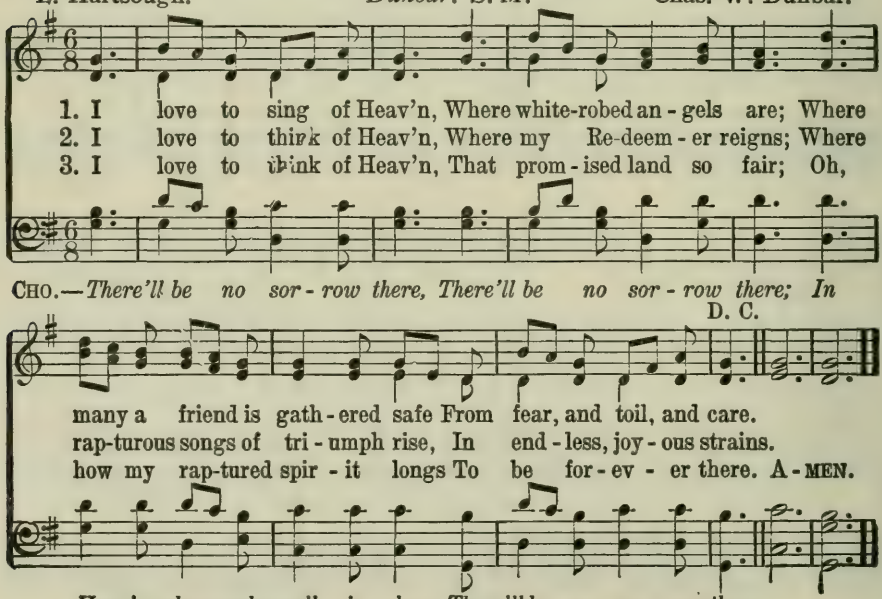
178 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

Isaac Watts. *Warwick. C. M.* Samuel Stanley.



179 I Love To Sing Of Heaven.

L. Hartsough. *Dunbar. S. M.* Chas. W. Dunbar.



180 Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Horton. 7. 7. 7. 7. Xavier Schnyder.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er haste.
Ye, by fierc - er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A-MEN.

181 Broad Is the Road.

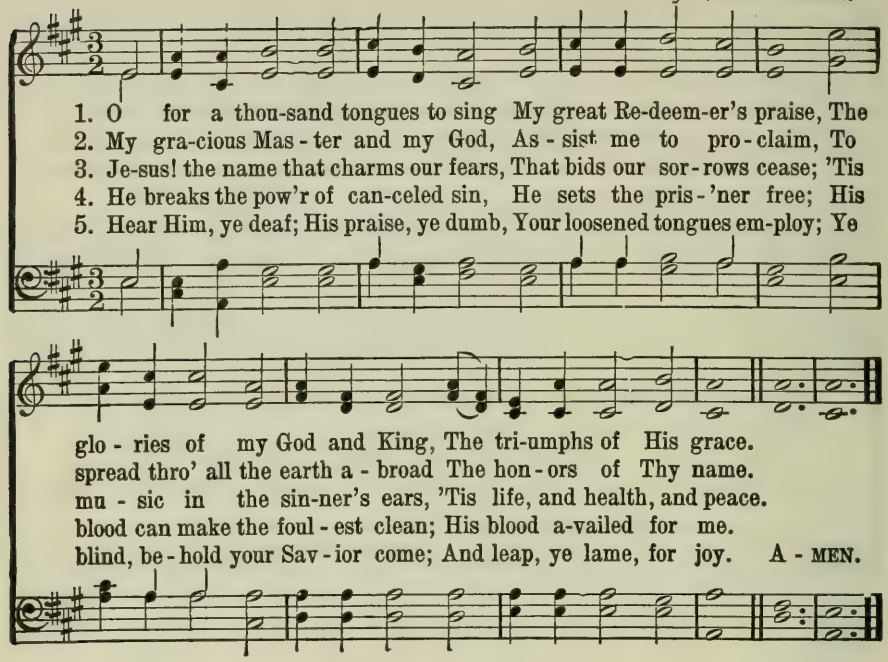
Isaac Watts. *Windham. L. M.* Daniel Read.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there;
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command:
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en - tire-ly new,—

But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er attain, Which false a-pos-tates never knew. A-MEN.

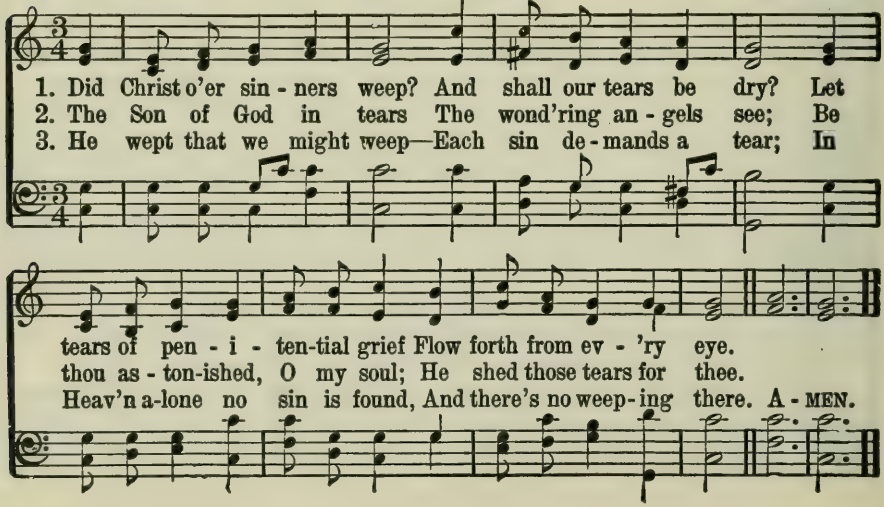
O for a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



183 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.



184 Lord, Speak to Me.

Frances R. Havergal. *Gratitude. L. M.* A. Bost.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone; As
2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee, I
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart; And
4. O fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er-flow In

Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy er - ring chil-dren lost and lone.
may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wres-tlers with the troubled sea.
wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
kin-dling tho't and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.

185 Ye Christian Heralds!

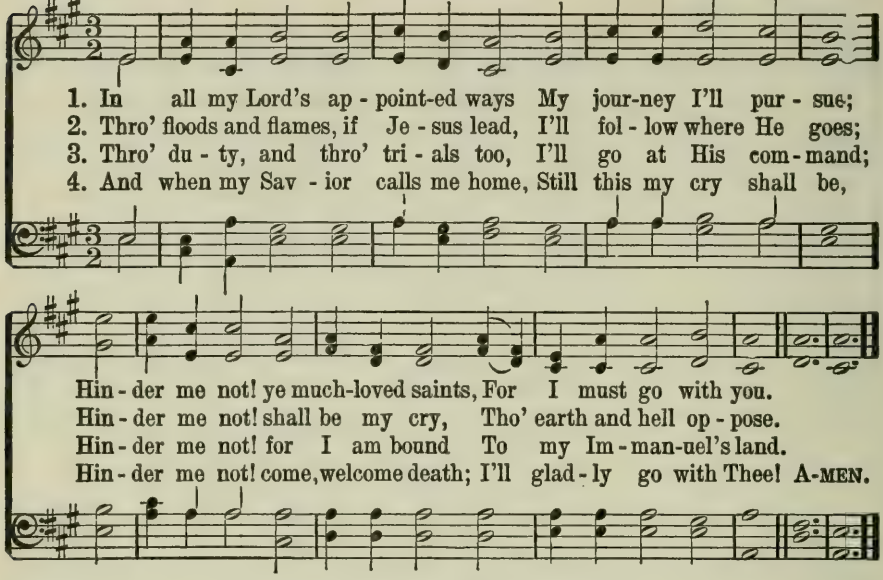
B. H. Draper. *Missionary Chant. L. M.* H. C. Zeuner.

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in-spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bo't throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - MEN.

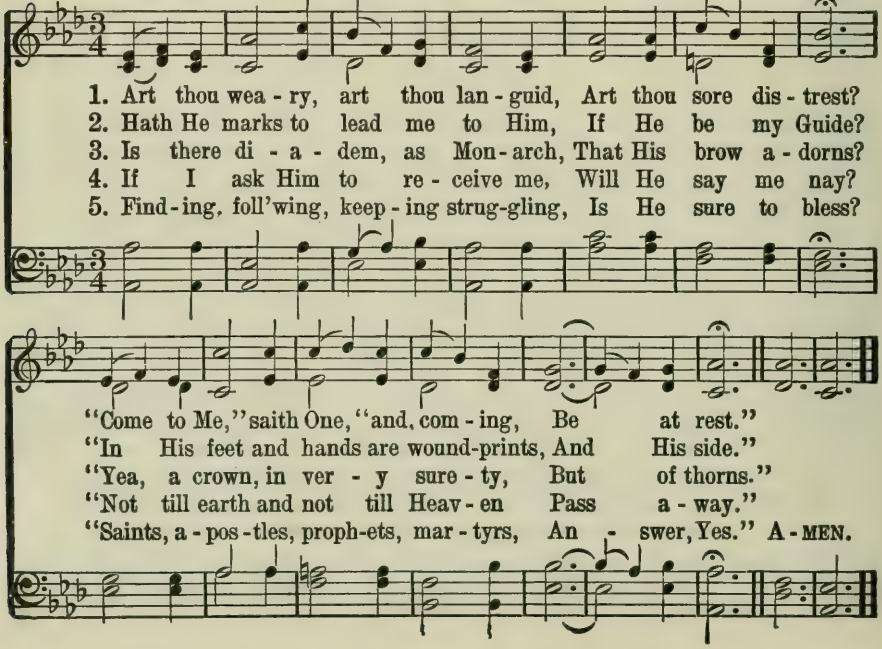
186 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.

John Ryland. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser



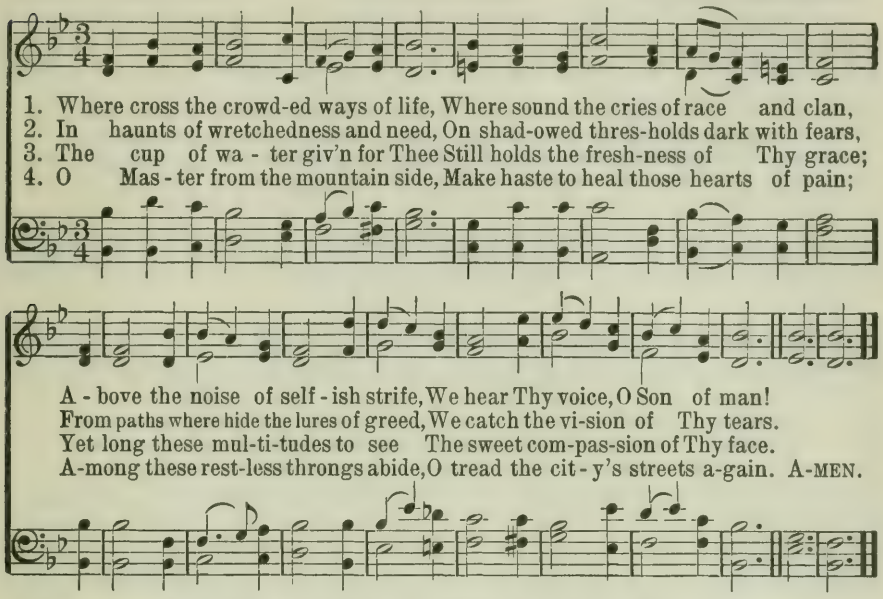
187 Art Thou Weary?

Rev. John M. Neale. *Bullinger. 8. 5. 8. 3.* Rev. W. Bullinger.



188 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

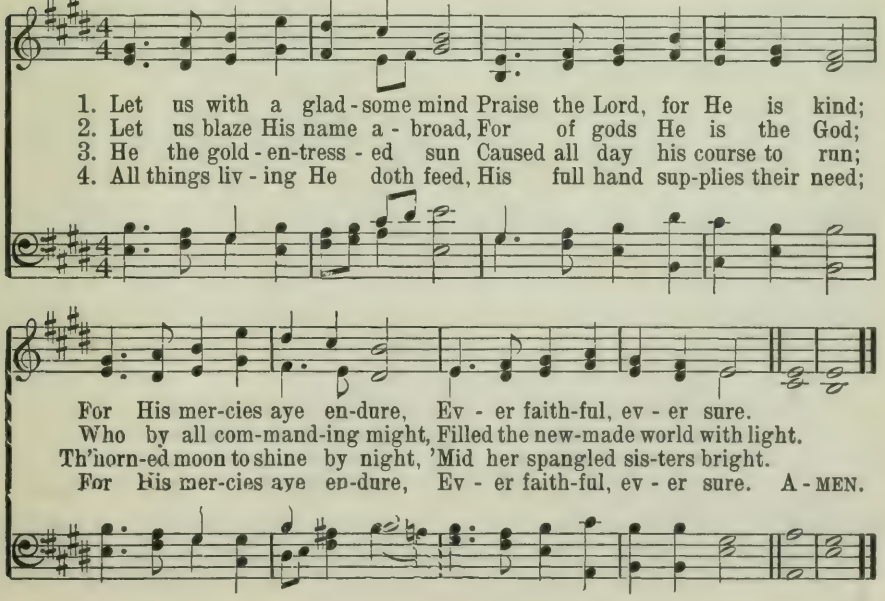
Frank Mason North. *Germany. L. M.* Arr. from Beethoven.



189 Let Us With a Gladsome Mind.

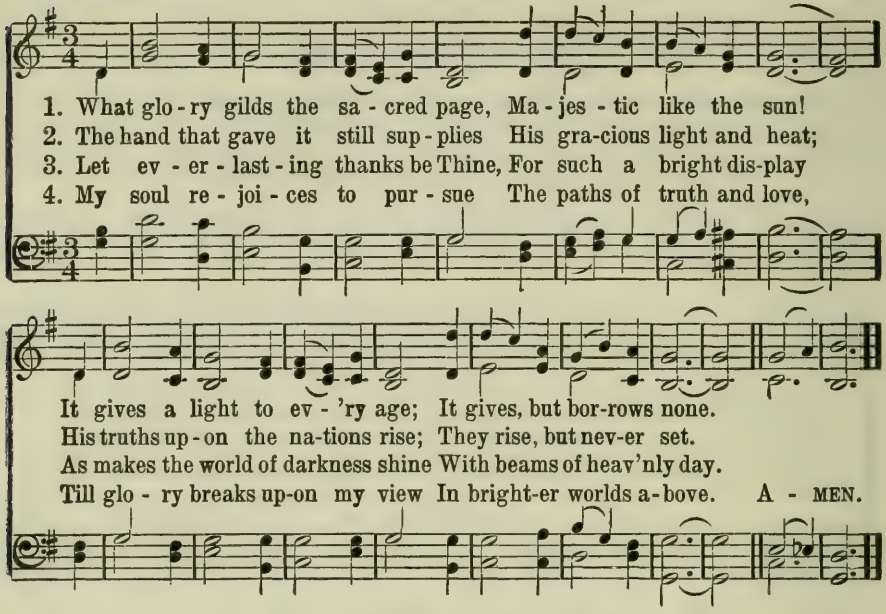
Innocents. 7, 7, 7, 7.

John Milton, 1623. Altered. Arr. from Handel, 1728.



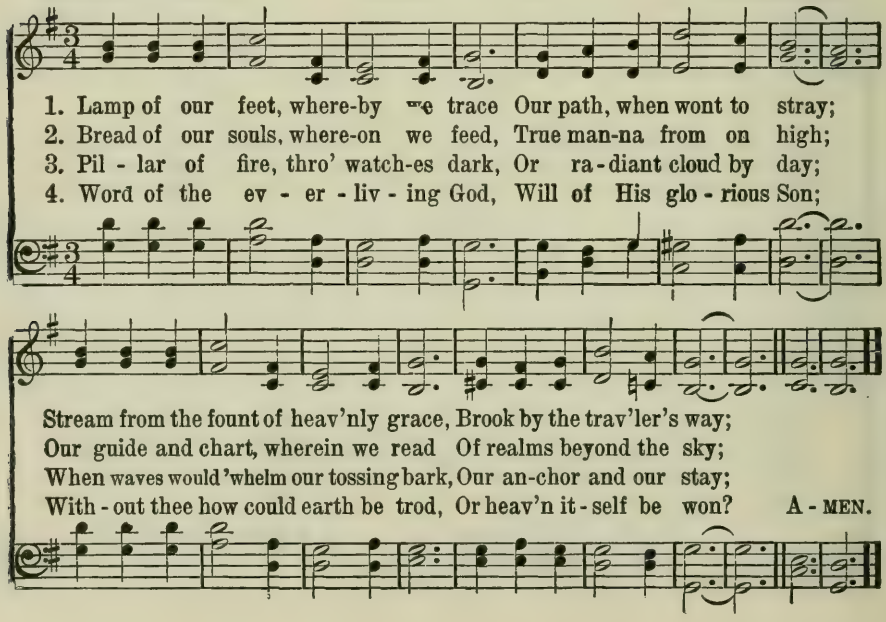
190 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* William Gardiner.



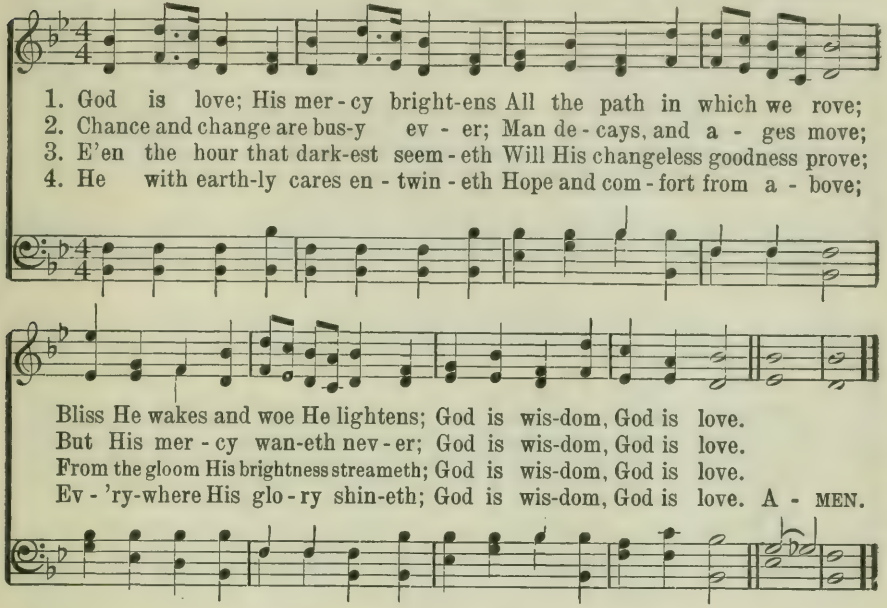
191 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

Bernard D. Barton. *Lambeth. C. M.* A. Schulthes.



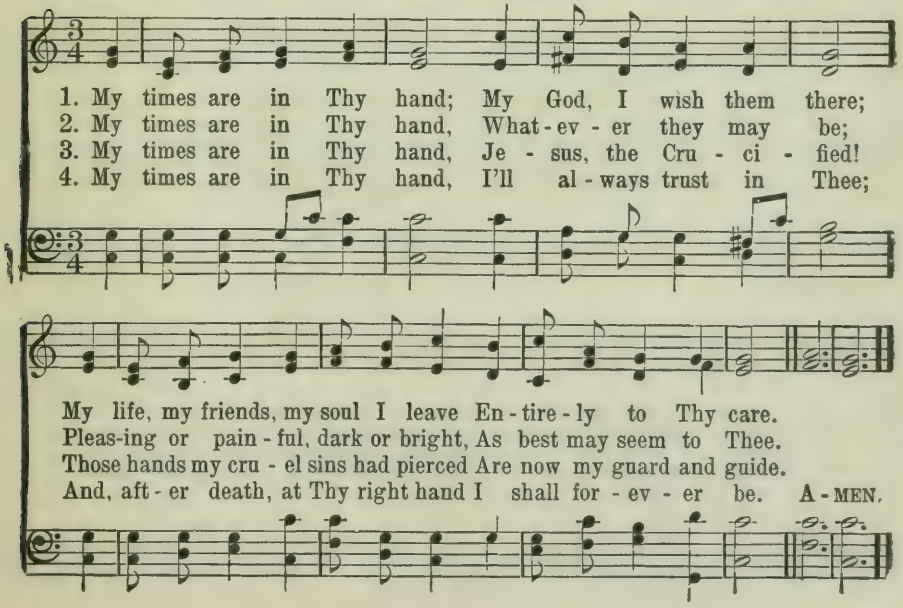
192 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.

J. Bowring. *Wilmot.* Carl Marie von Weber.



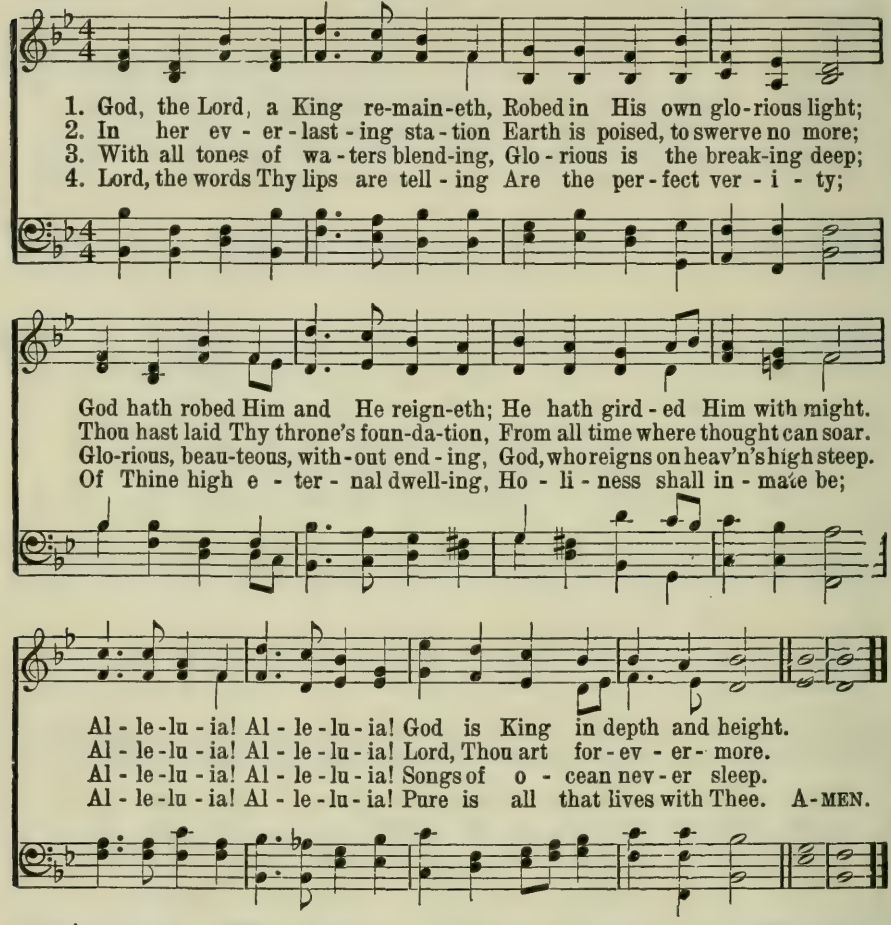
193 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

William F. Floyd. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.



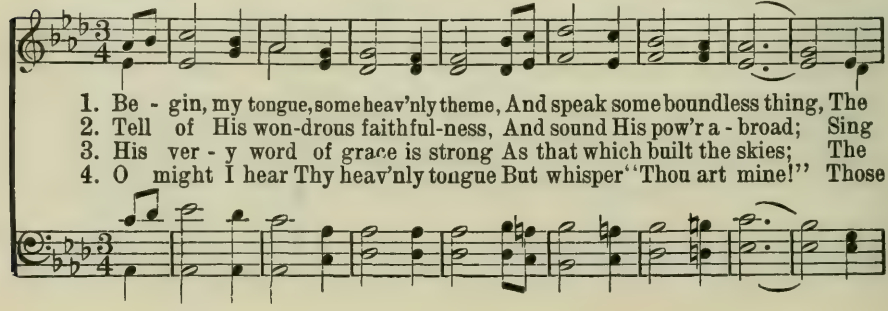
194 God, the Lord, a King Remaineth.

John Keble. *Regent Square.* Henry Smart.

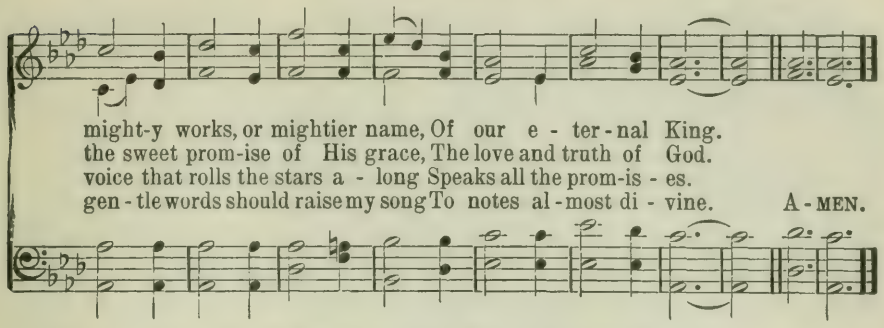


195 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.

Isaac Watts. *Manoah. C. M.* From Francis J. Haydn.

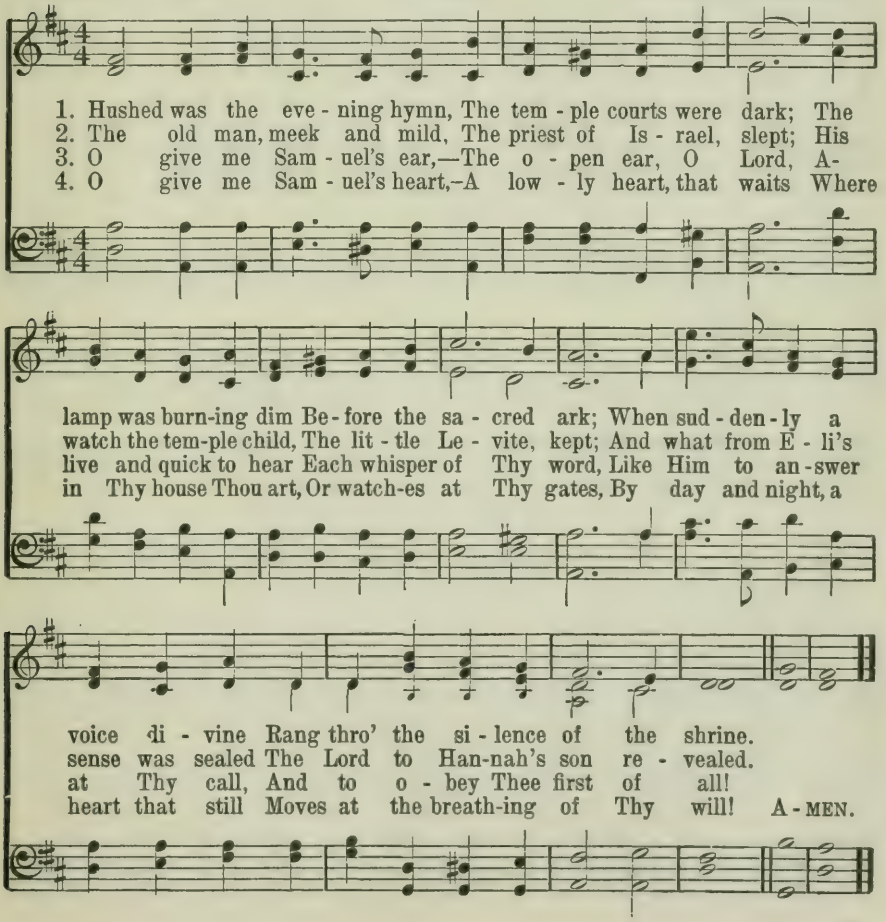


Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.



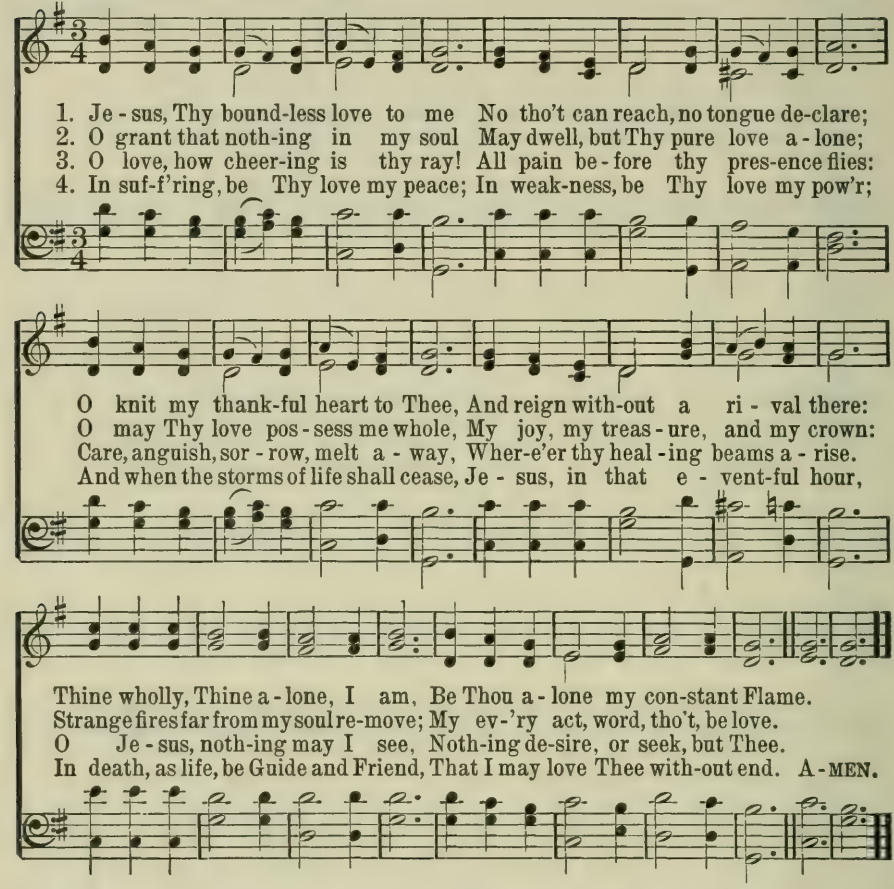
196 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

James D. Burns. *Samuel.* Arthur S. Sullivan.



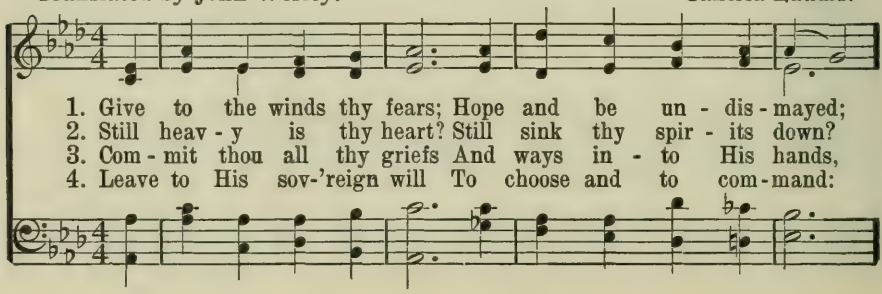
197 Jesus, Thy Boundless Love To Me.

Paul Gerhardt. *St. Catherine.* Henri F. Hemy and
Translated by John Wesley. James G. Walton.

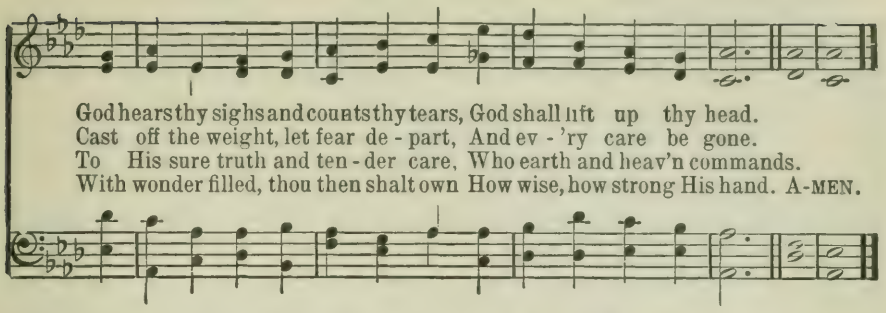


198 Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

Paulus Gerhardt. *Schumann. S. M.*
Translated by John Wesley. Cantica Laudis.



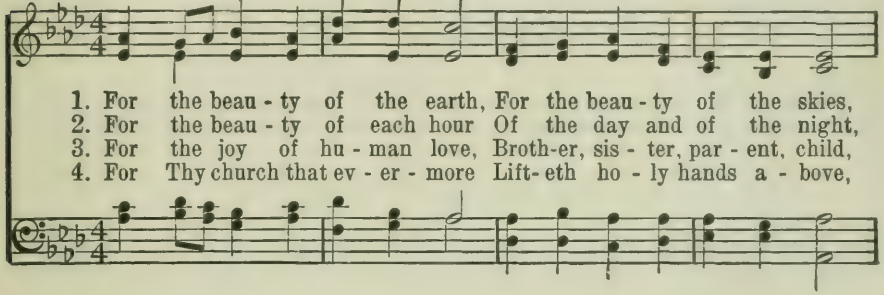
Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

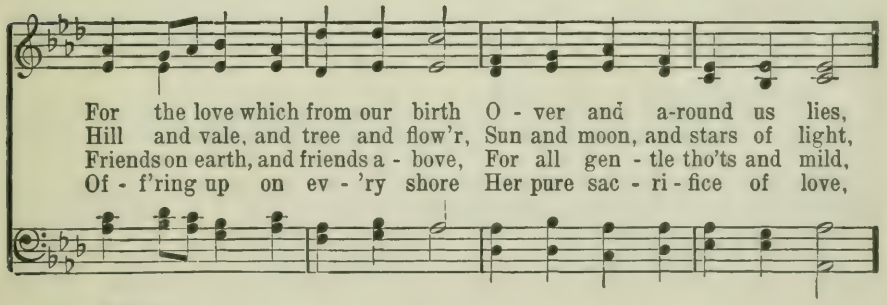


199 For the Beauty of the Earth.

Dix.

Folliott S. Pierpoint. Arranged from Conrad Kocher.





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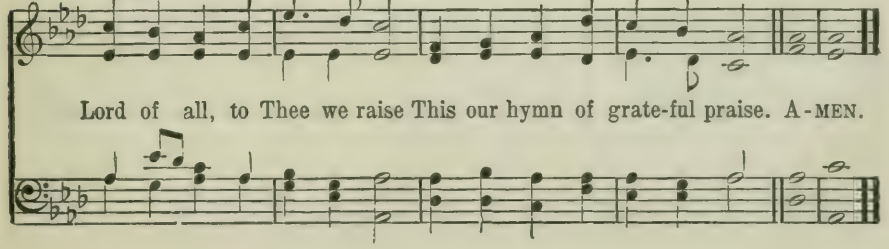
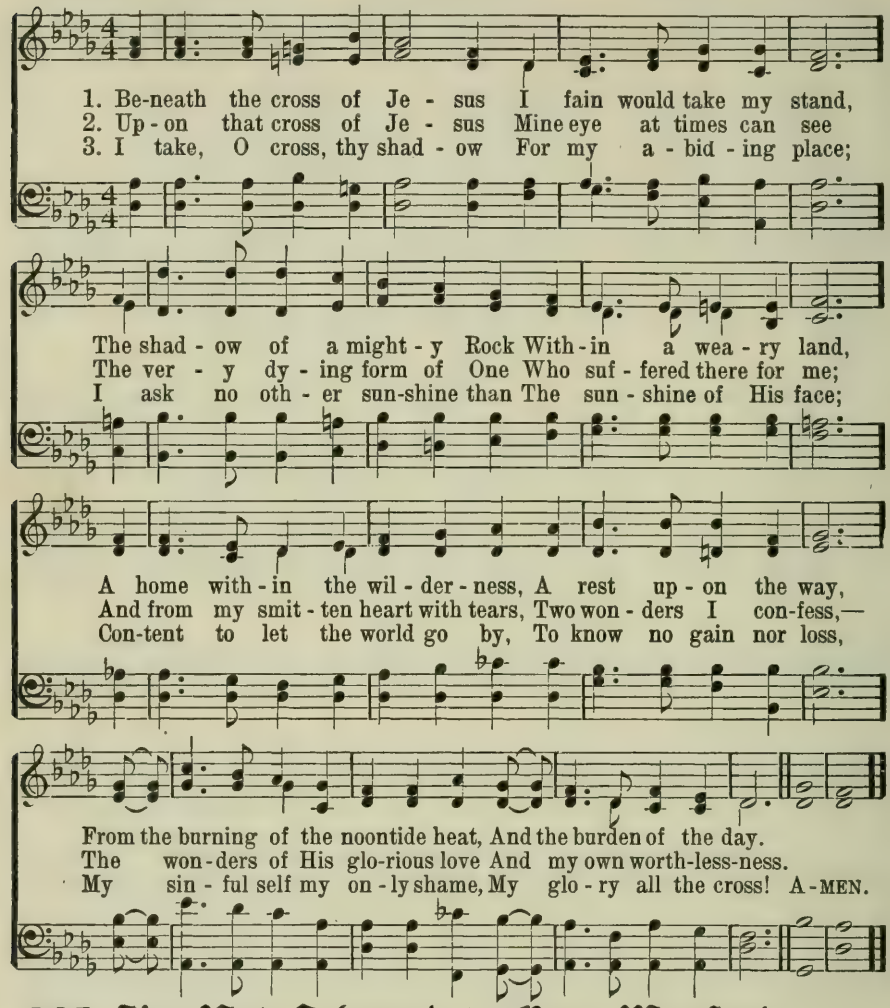


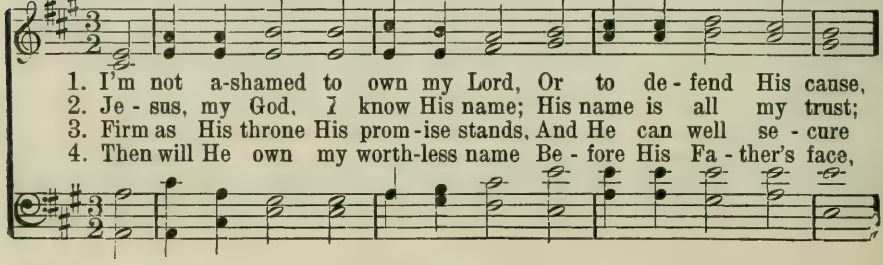
200 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. *St. Christopher.* Frederick C. Maker.

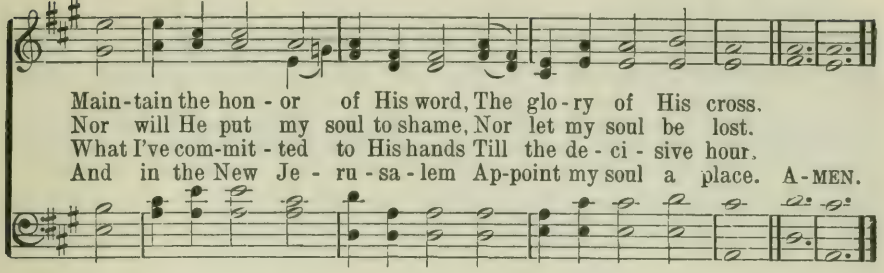


201 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

Isaac Watts. *Denfield. C. M.* Carl Glasser.

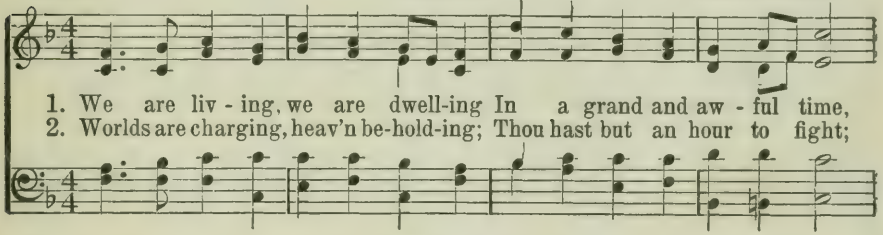


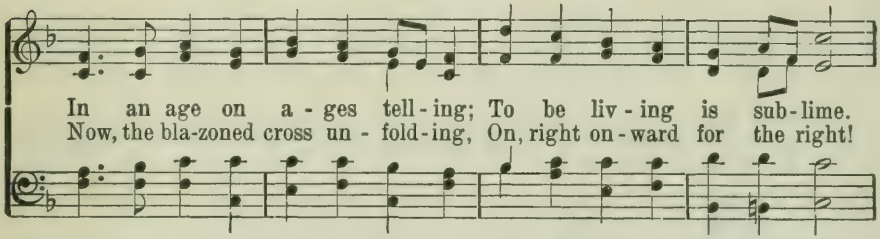
I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

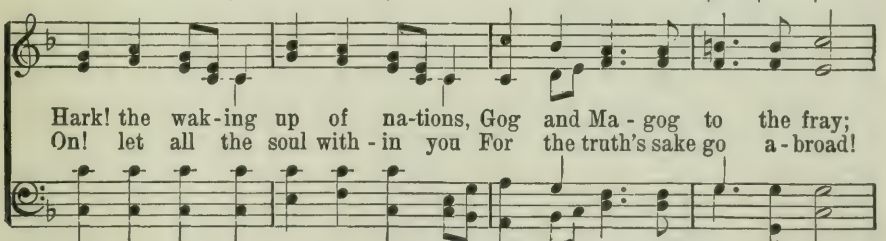


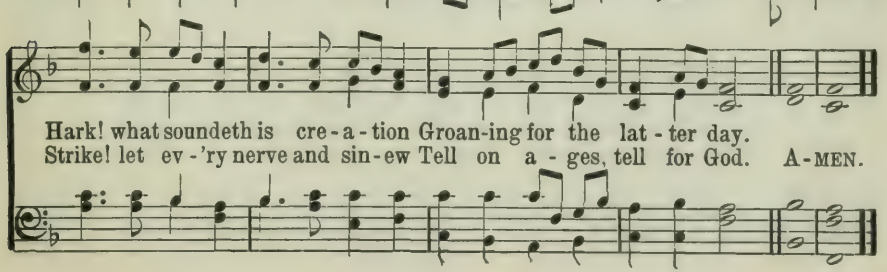
202 We Are Living, We Are Dwelling.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe. *Austria.* Franz Joseph Haydn.



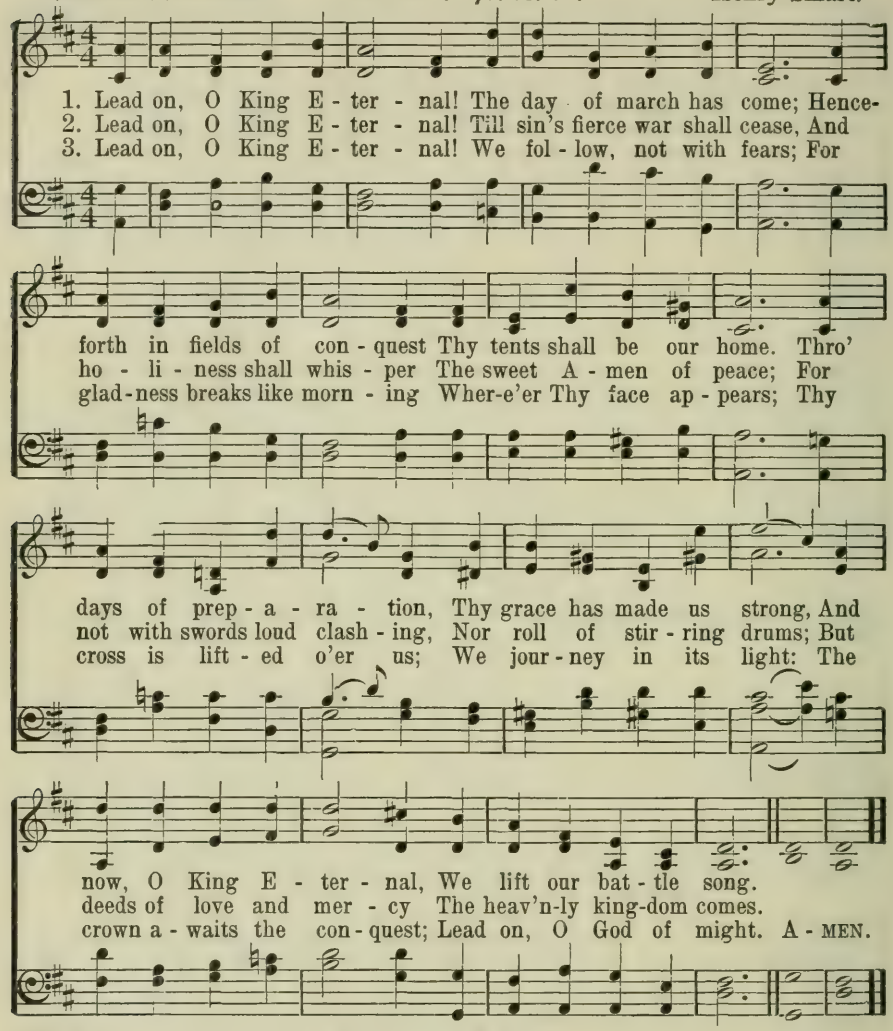






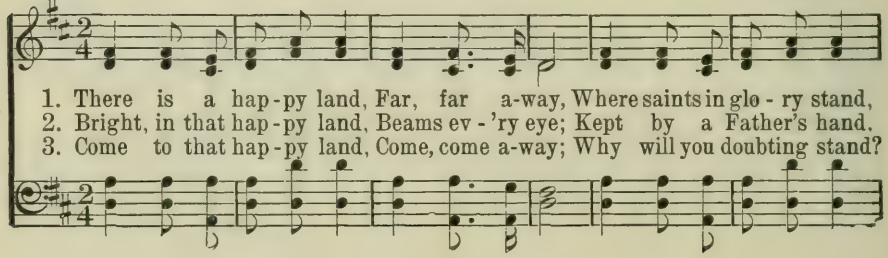
203 Lead On, O King Eternal!

Ernest W. Schurtleff. *Lancashire. 7s. 6s. D.* Henry Smart.

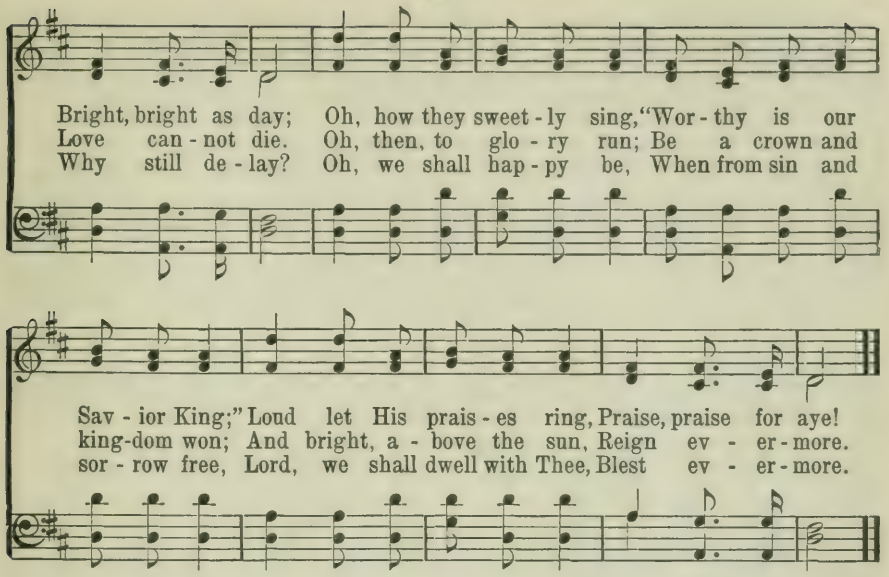


204 Happy Land.

Old Melody.

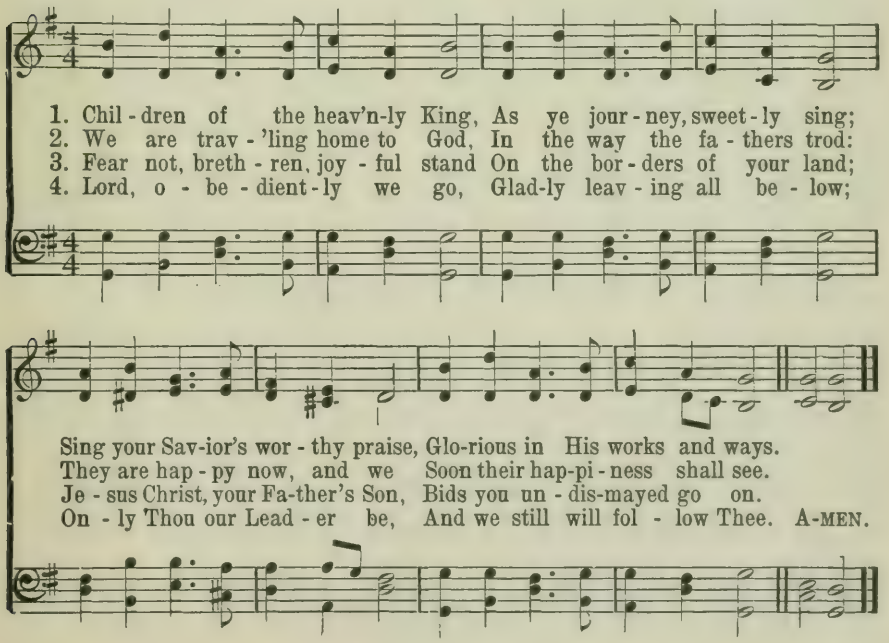


Happy Land.



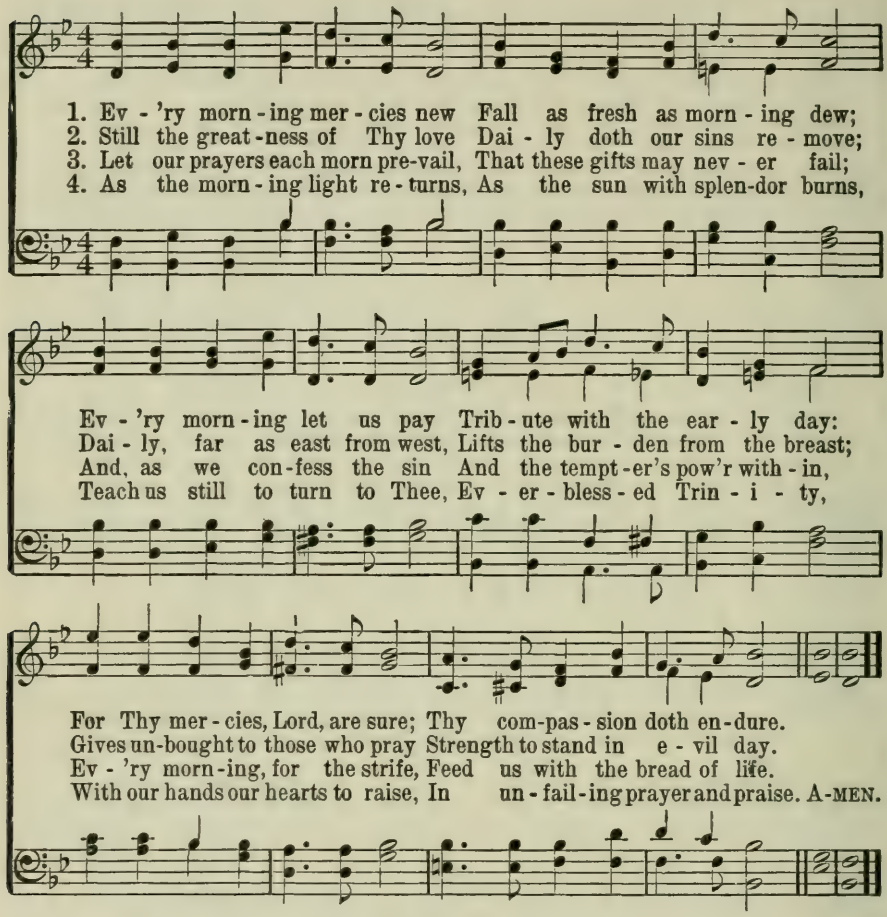
205 Children of the Heavenly King.

Rev. John Cennick. *Pleyel's Hymn.* 7s. Arr. from Ignace Pleyel.



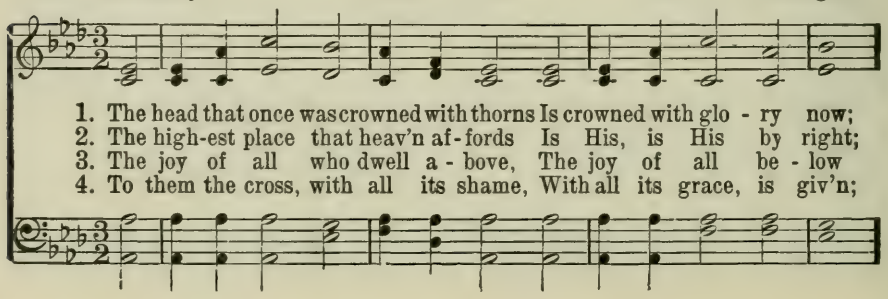
206 Every Morning Mercies New.

Greville Phillimore. *Kelso.* Edward J. Hopkins.

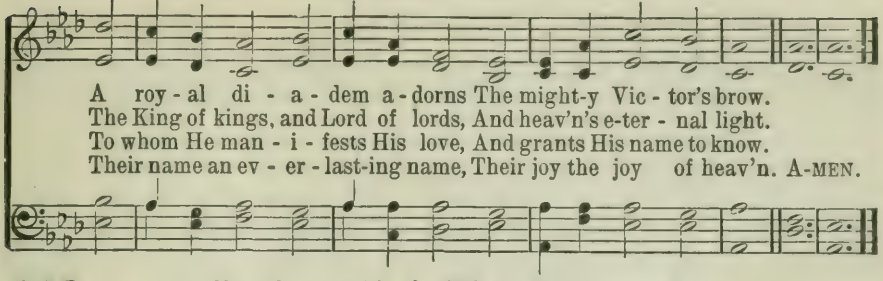


207 The Head That Once Was Crowned.

Thomas Kelley. *Evan. C. M.* Wm. H. Havergal.

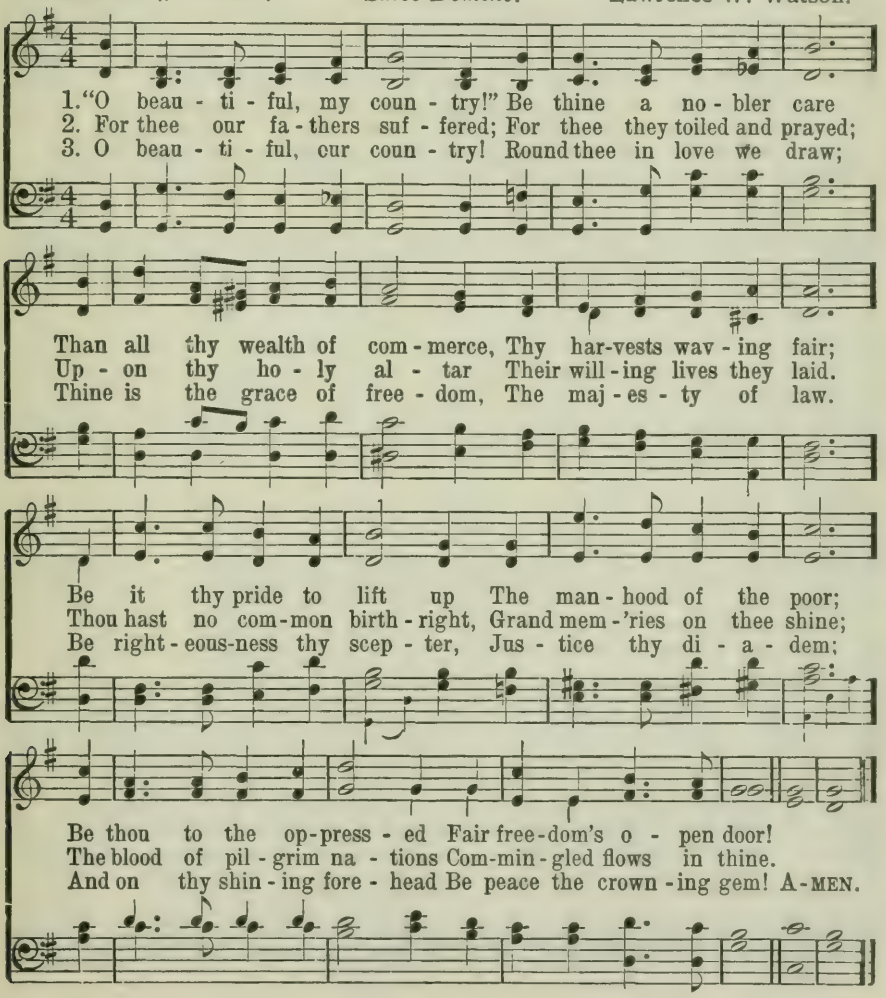


The Head That Once Was Crowned.



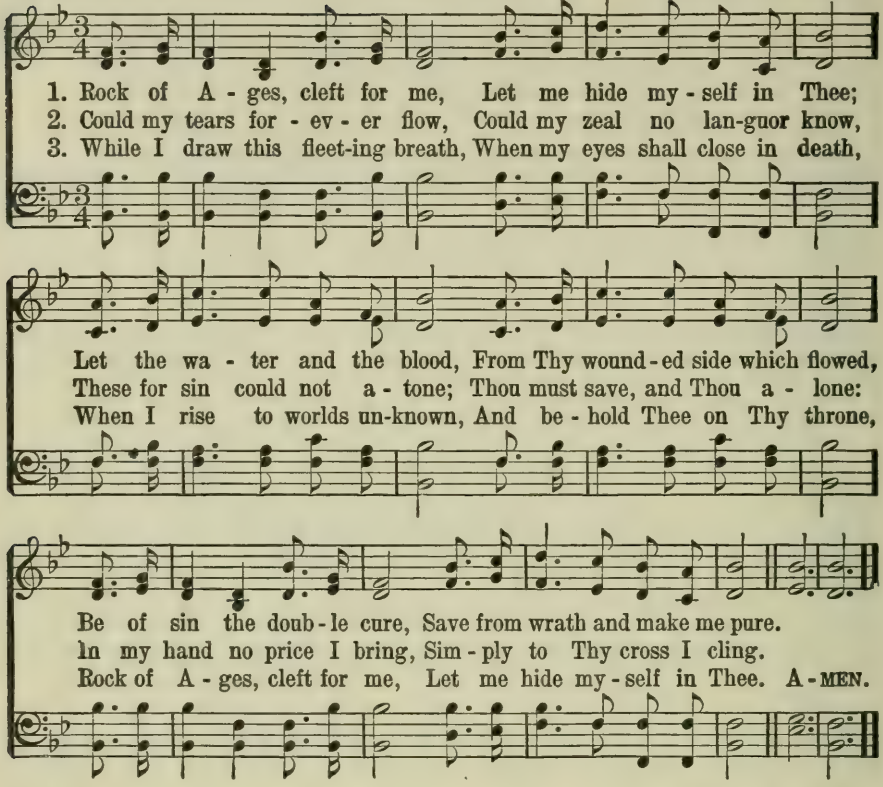
208 O Beautiful, My Country!

Frederick L. Hosmer. *Salve Domine.* Lawrence W. Watson.



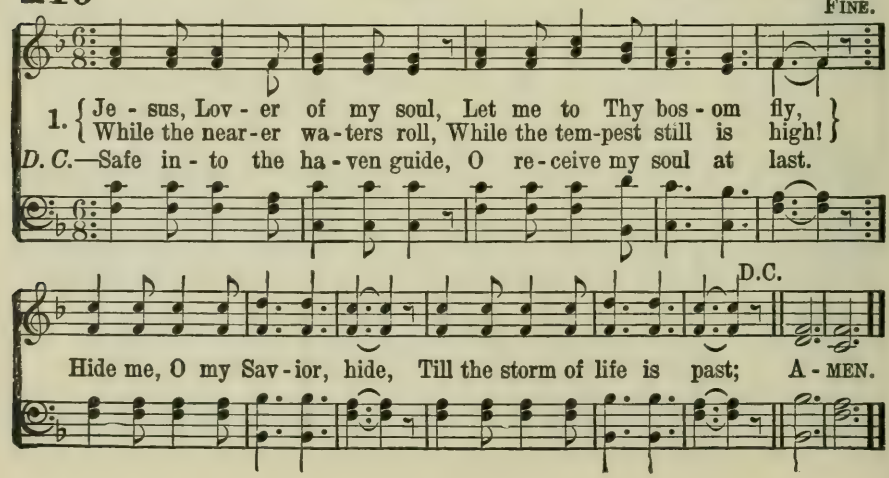
209 Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. *Toplady. 7s. 6l.* Thomas Hastings.



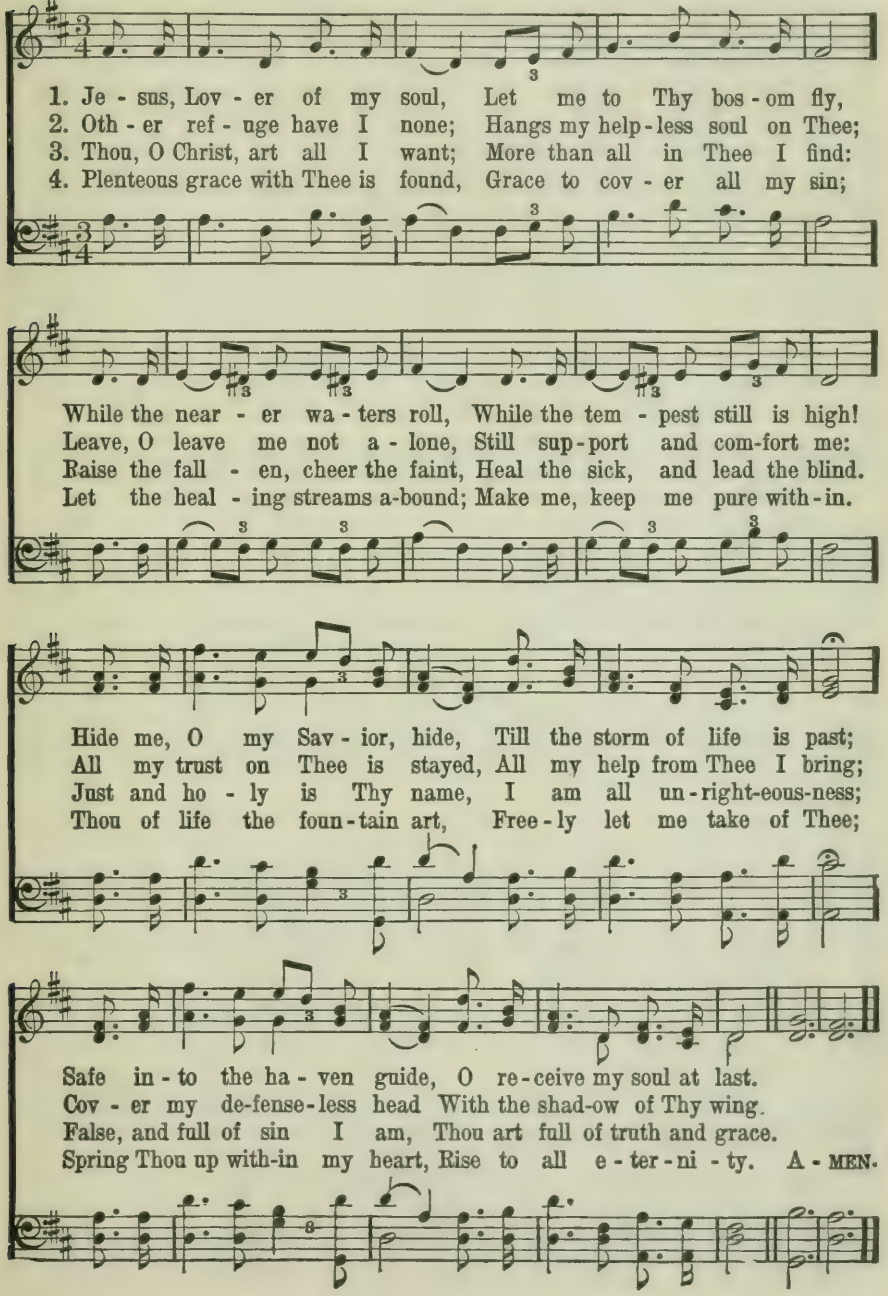
210

Martyn. 7s. D. Simeon B. Marsh.



211 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Refuge. 7s. D.* Joseph P. Holbrook.



212 All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

213

Miles' Lane. C. M. William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al

di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.

214 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. *Diadem. C. M.* James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him;

all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.
crown . . . . Him;

. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

215 Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

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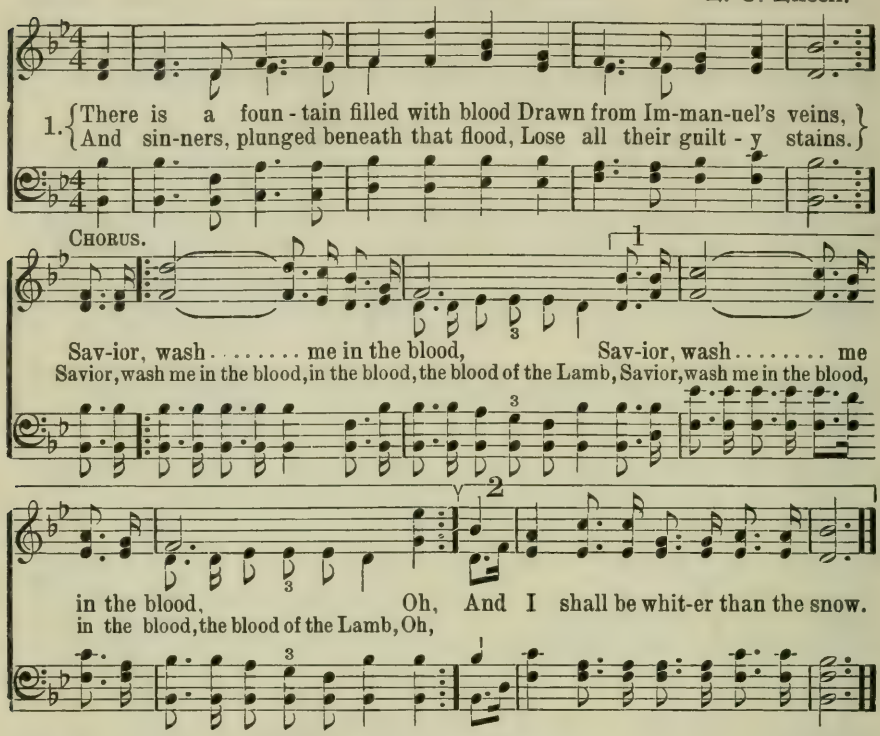
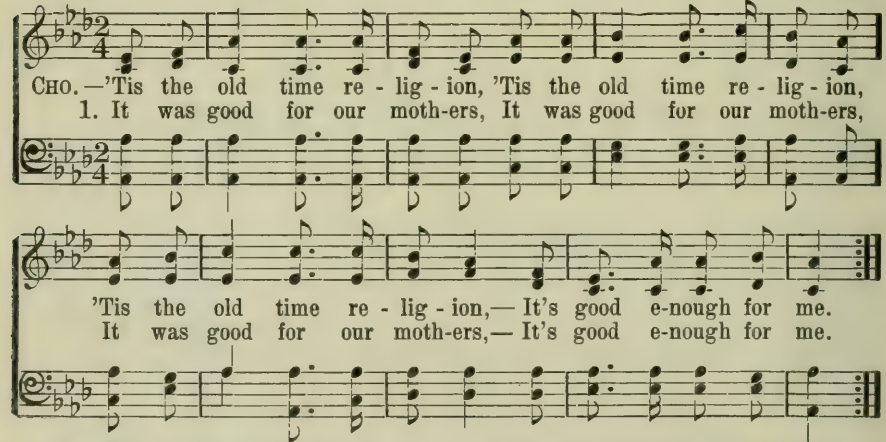
E. O. Excell.



216 Old Time Religion.

Arranged.



2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has sav-ed our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It can take us all to heaven.

217 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

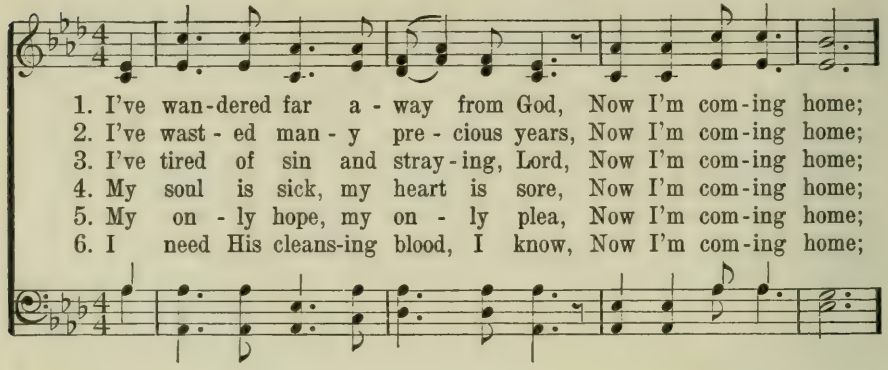
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When

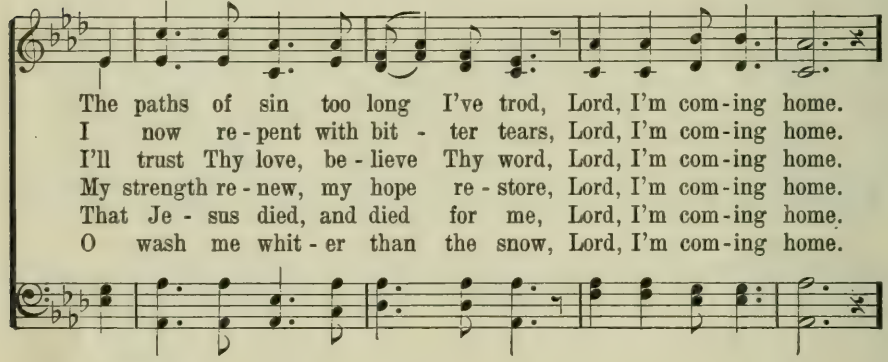
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

218 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Copyright, 1920. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

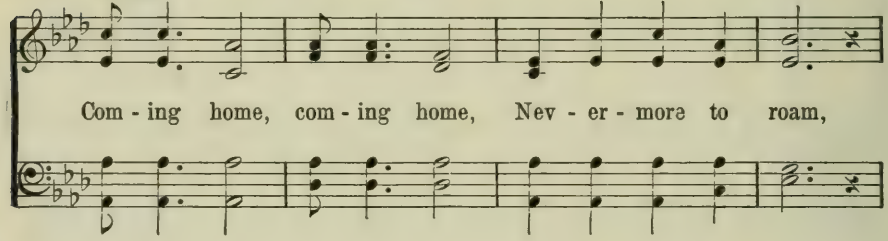


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

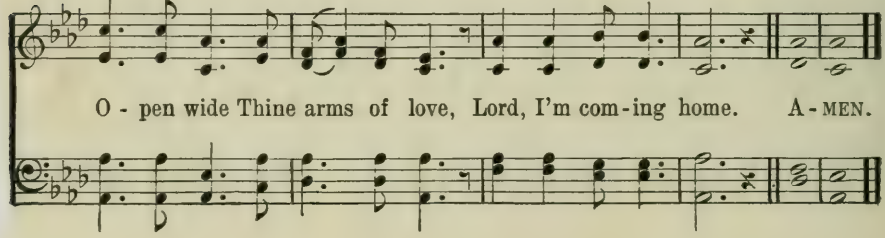


The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.



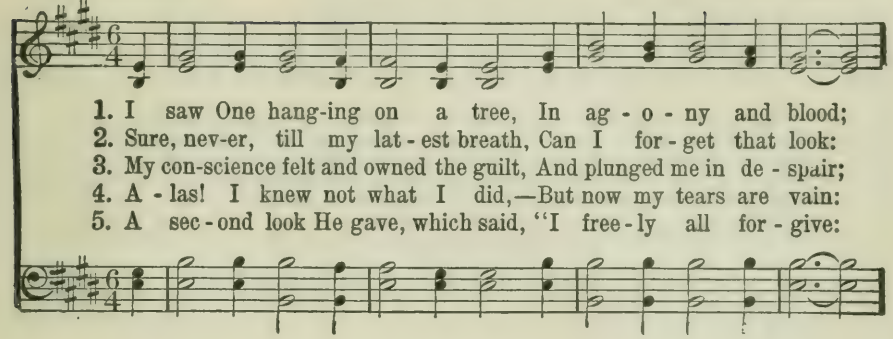
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,



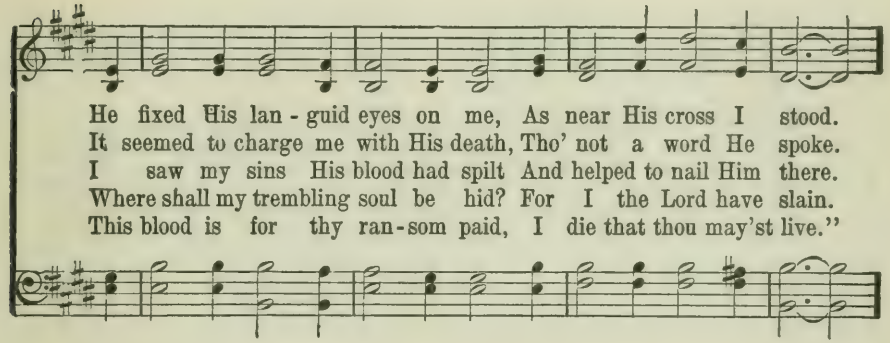
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home. A - MEN.

219 He Died For Me.

John Newton. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

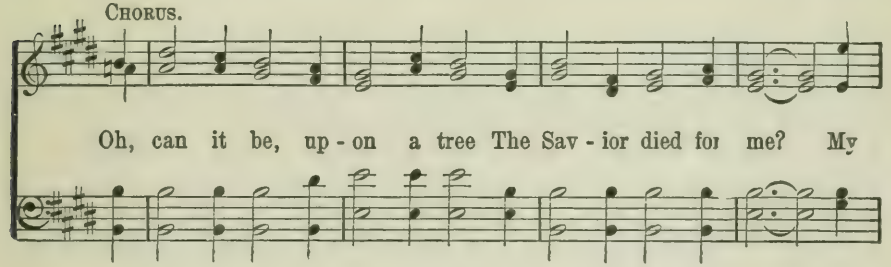


1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My con-science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:

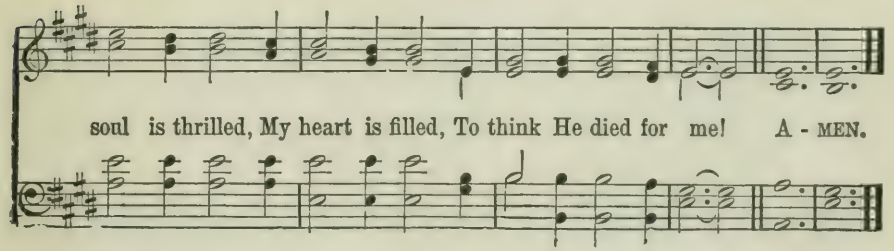


He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

CHORUS.



Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me? My



soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me! A - MEN.

220 He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

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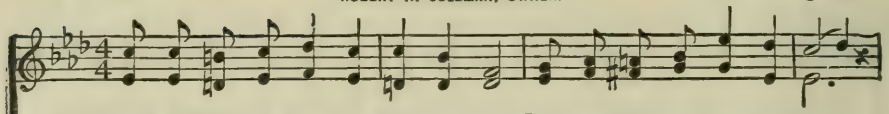
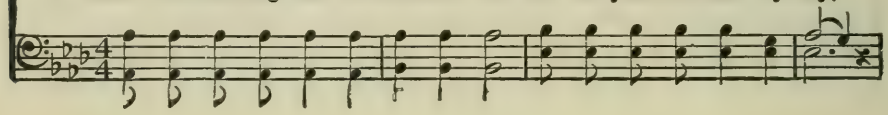
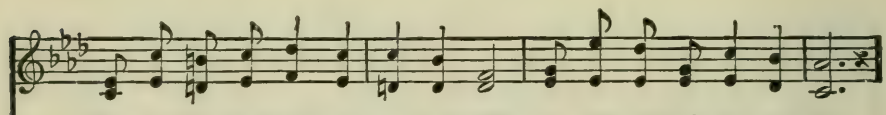
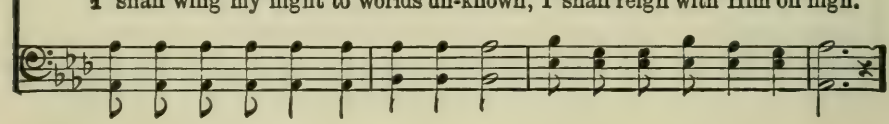


1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;

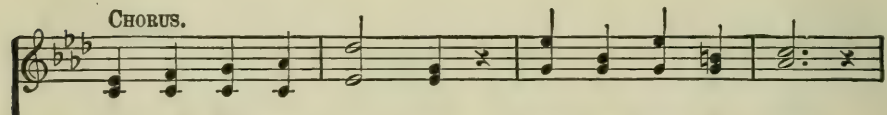




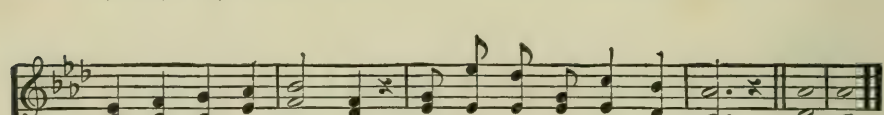
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



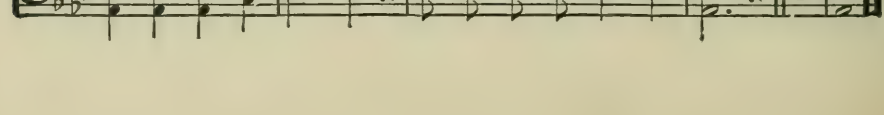
CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.

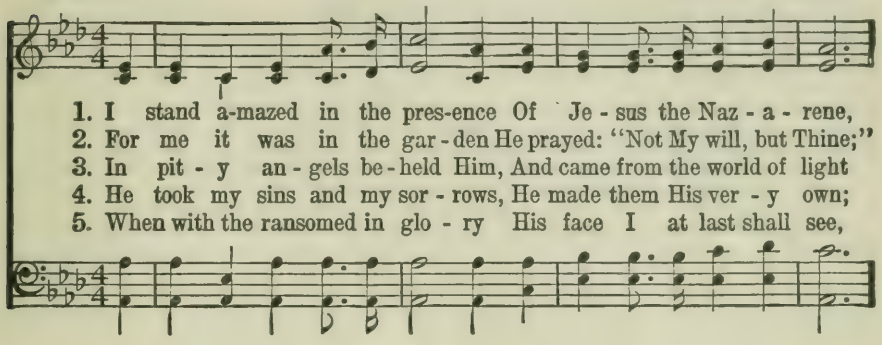


221 My Savior's Love.

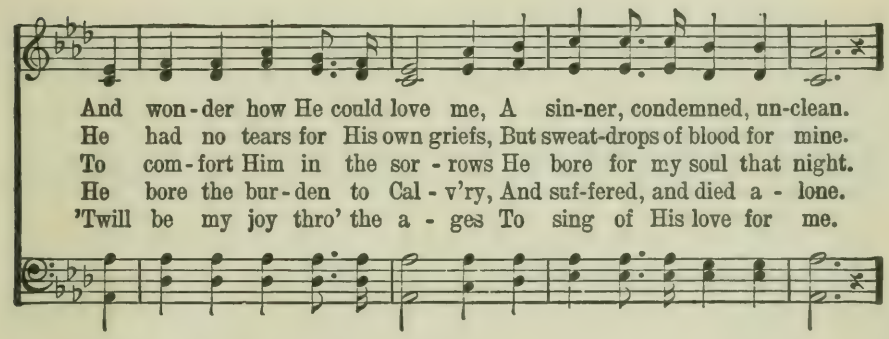
C. H. G.

Copyright, 1905. By Chas. H. Gabriel.
Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

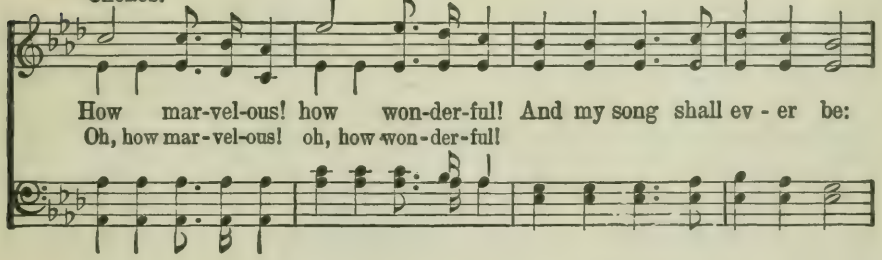


1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

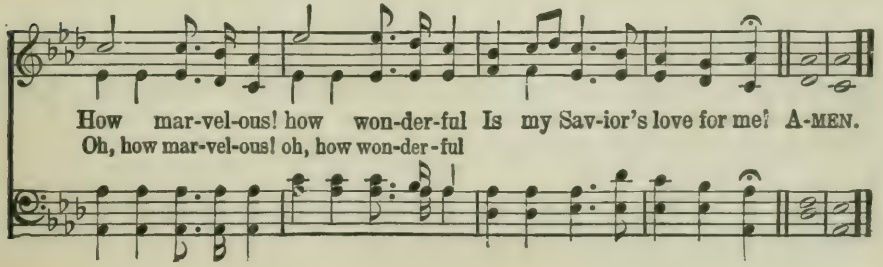


And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-MEN.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

222 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
RENEWAL, 1914, BY P. P. BILHORN.

F. H. Rowley. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry,

Christ..... who died for me, ... Sing it with... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

glo - - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.
the saints in glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys - tal sea, the crys-tal sea.

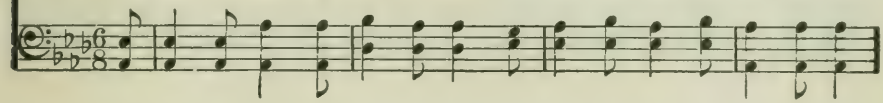
223 Memories of Mother.

Fred P. Morris.

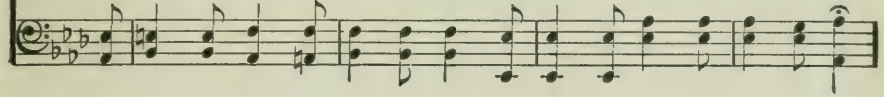
Copyright, 1910. By Chas. M. Alexander.
Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

Robert Harkness.

1. My moth-er's hand is on my brow, Her gen-tle voice is plead-ing now;
2. Once more I see that look of pain, The an-guish in those eyes a-gain;
3. While oth-ers scorned me in their pride She gen-tly drew me to her side;
4. The mem-o-ries of by-gone years, My moth-er's love, my mother's tears,
5. I'm com-ing home, by sin be-set, For Je-sus loves me e-ven yet;

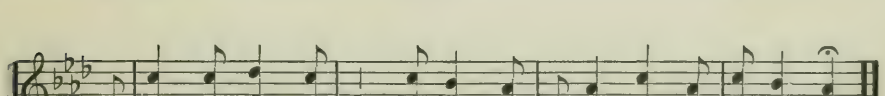


A-cross the years so marred by sin What mem-o-ries of love steal in!
My heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bit-ter woe.
When all the world had turned a-way My moth-er stood by me that day.
The tho't of all her con-stant care Doth bring the an-swer to her prayer.
My moth-er's love brings home to me The great-er love of Cal-va-ry.

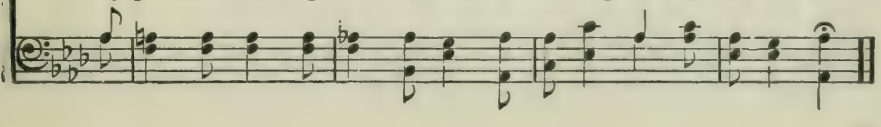


CHORUS.

O moth-er, when I think of thee, 'Tis but a step to Cal-va-ry;



Thy gen-tle hand up-on my brow Is lead-ing me to Je-sus now.



224 I Am Praying For You.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

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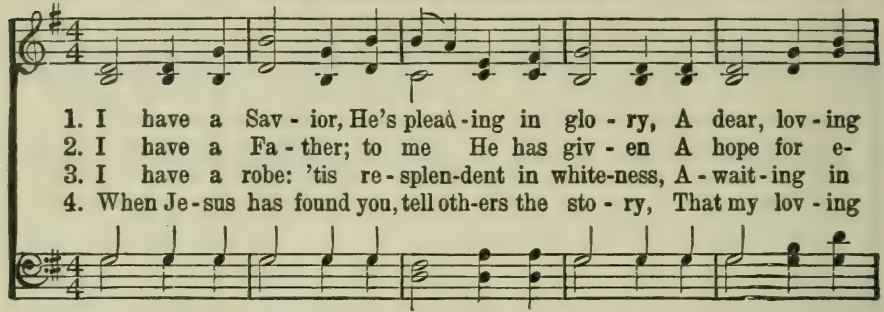
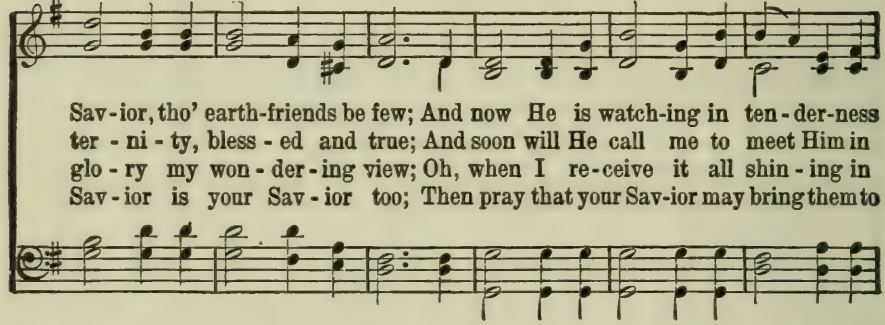
Ira D. Sankey.

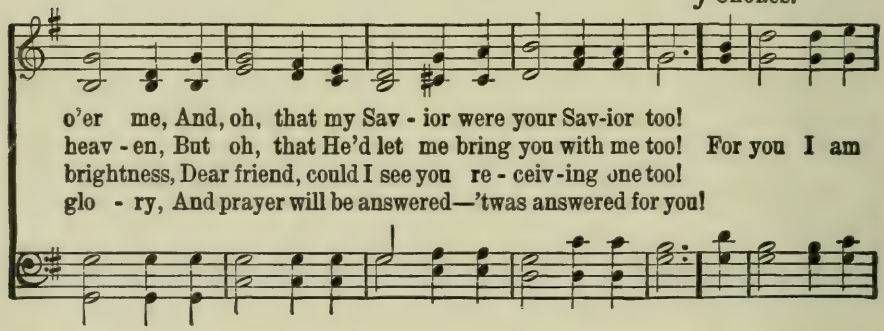


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing



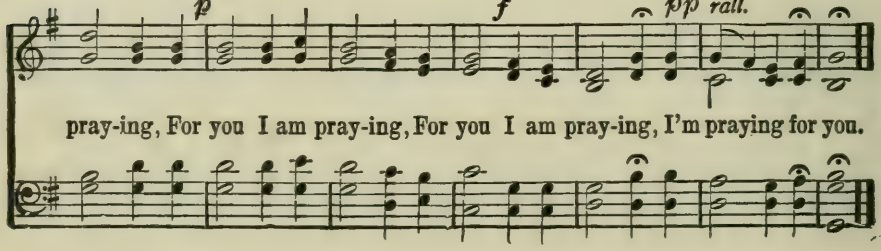
Sav - ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
Sav - ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to

f CHORUS.



o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior too!
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

p *f* *pp* *rall.*



pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm praying for you.

225 Throw Out the Life-Line.

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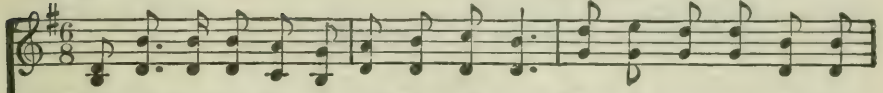
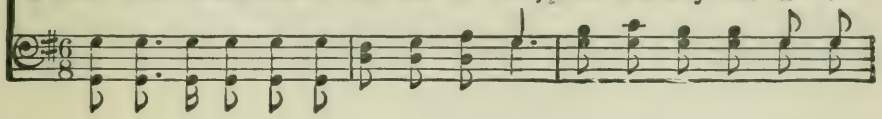
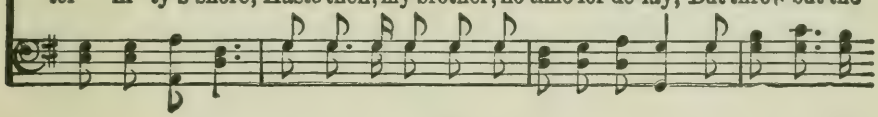
Edward S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford.
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.



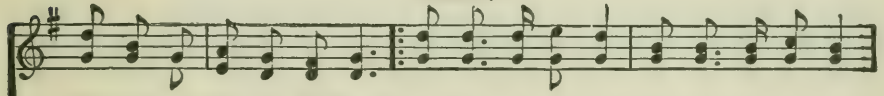
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



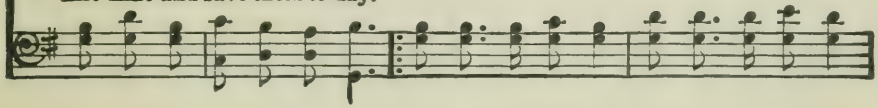
some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the

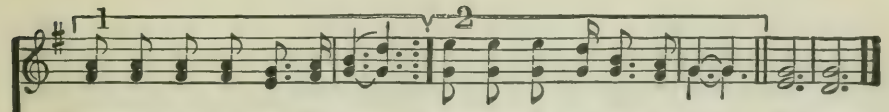


CHORUS.

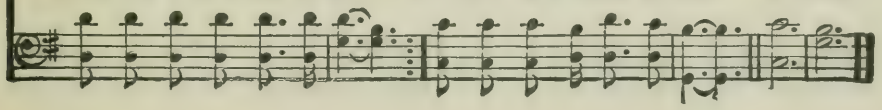


Life-Line, his per - il to share?
Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa-ters flow.
Life-Line and save them to-day.





Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - MEN.



226 The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour.

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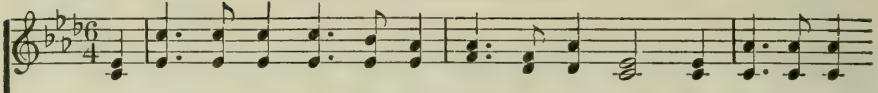
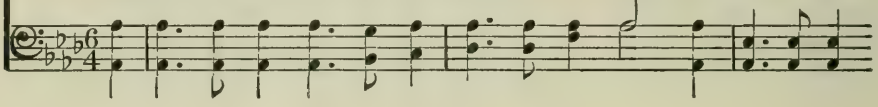
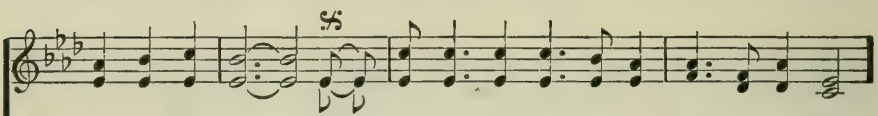
RENEWAL, H. L. GILMOUR, OWNER.

George D. Moore.

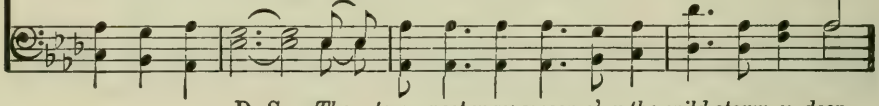


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with
2. I yield-ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His



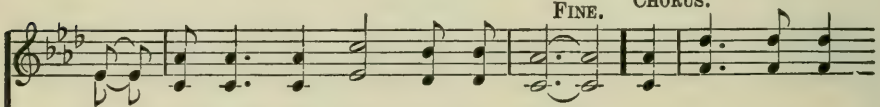


sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an-chored my soul:
sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
pow-er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,

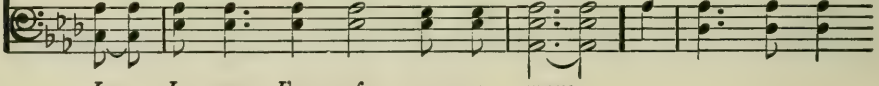


D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep,*

FINE. CHORUS.

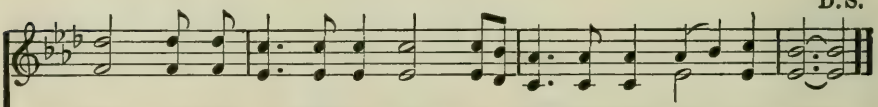


And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

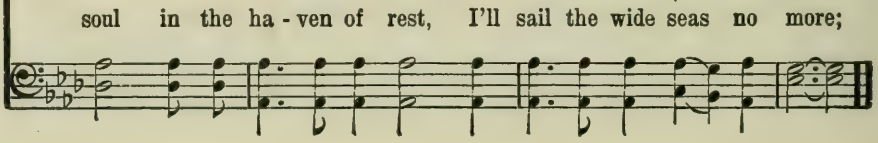


In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D.S.



soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



227 Nothing Between.

Words and Music by
C. A. Tindley.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab-its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta - tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-

lu - sive dream: I have renounced all sin - ful pleas-ure, Je-sus is
harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,— He is my
not in - ter-vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib-u - la - tion, I am re-
gainst me convene; Watching with prayer and much self-de-ni - al, I'll tri-umph at

D. S.—*the least of His fa - vor, Keep the way*

FINE. CHORUS.

mine; let noth-ing be-tween.
all, let noth-ing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior,
solved, let noth-ing be-tween.
last, with noth-ing be-tween.

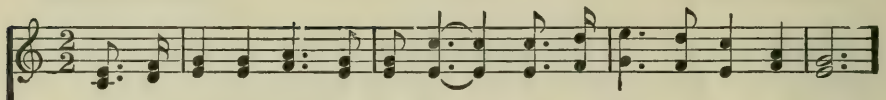
clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

D. S.

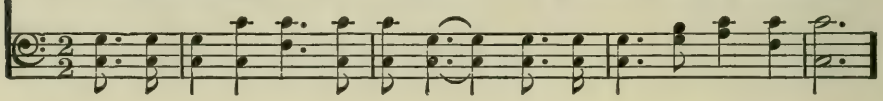
So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing A-MEN.

Rest For the Weary.

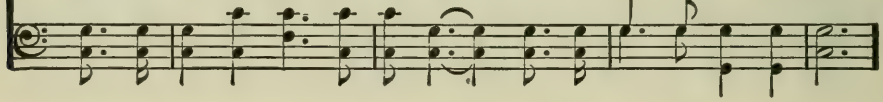
William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.



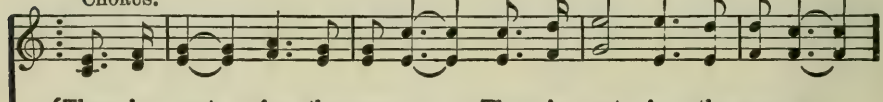
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;



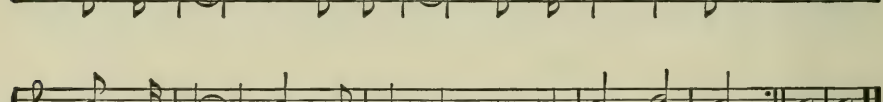
There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.



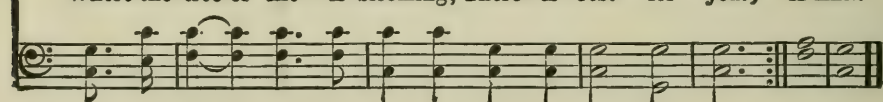
CHORUS.



{There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y,
{On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

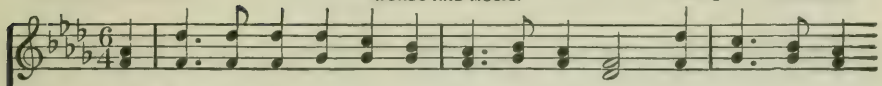


There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.}
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.} A-MEN.

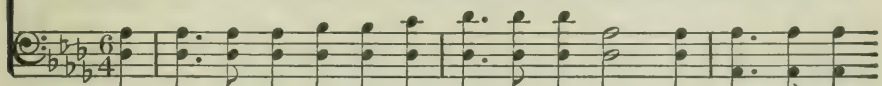


229 Pardon On Calvary.

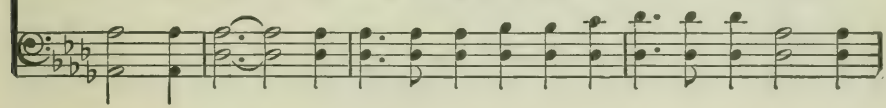
Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.



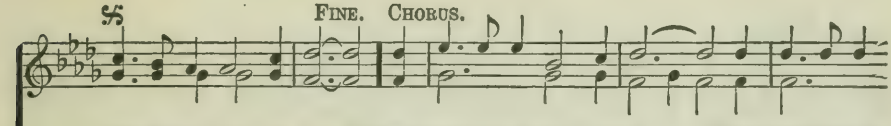
1. O ye who have wan-dered in sor - row a-way,—There's par - don on
2. Since Je - sus has died on the cross for us all, There's par - don on
3. His hand is held out in com - pas - sion to you, There's par - don on
4. O has - ten to lay all your sin at His feet, There's par - don on



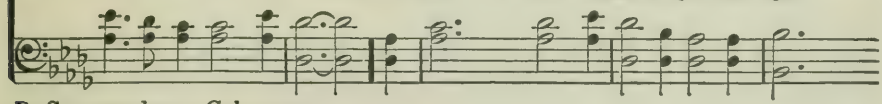
Cal - va - ry; A par - don to sin - ners is of - fered to - day; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your hearts can be cleansed if you come at His call; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your long wast-ed lives He in love will re - new; There's
Cal - va - ry; Come now and ac - cept His re-demption complete; There's



FINE. CHORUS.

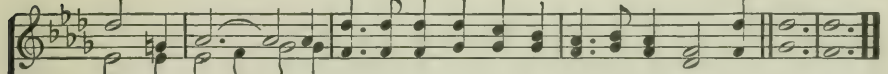


par-don on Cal - va - ry. There's par-don on Cal - va - ry, . . . There's pardon on
There's par - - don on Cal-va-ry, There's par-



D. S.—*par-don on Cal - va - ry.*

D.S.



Cal - va - ry; . . . . A par-don of love from the Fa-ther a-bove, A A - MEN.
don on Cal - va - ry;

230 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

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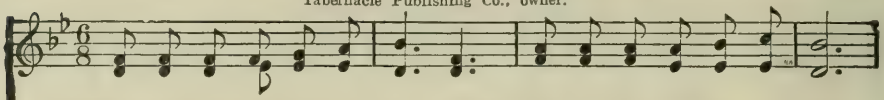
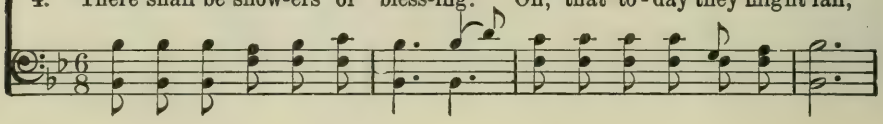
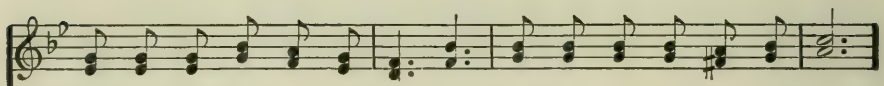
James McGranahan.

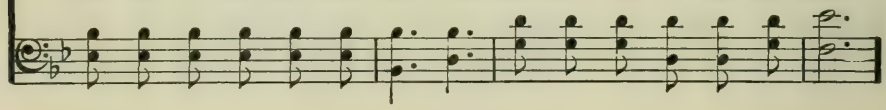


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,

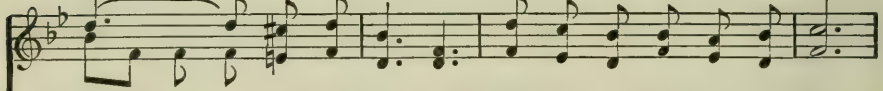




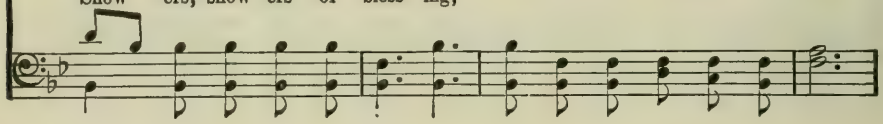
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

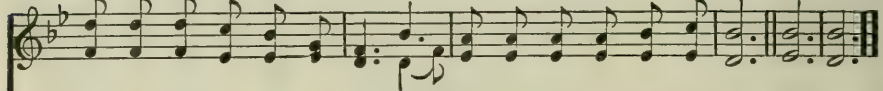


CHORUS.

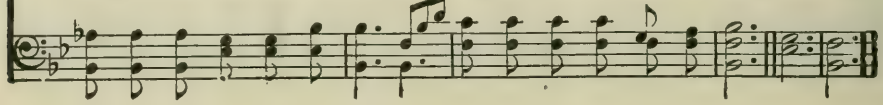


Show - - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing,



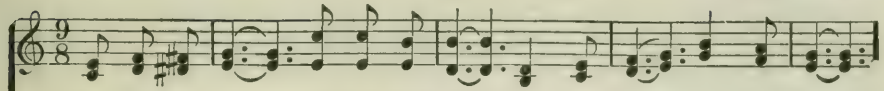


Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead. A-MEN.

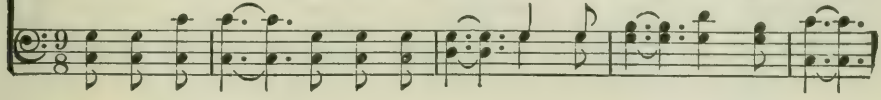


231 Some Sweet Day.

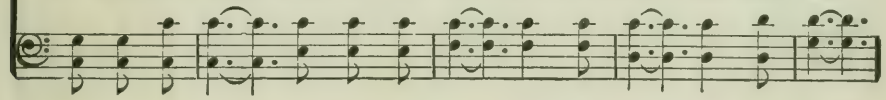
I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. I. E. Reynolds.



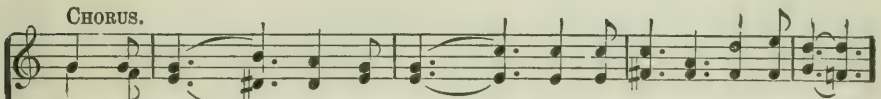
1. There is a land our eyes shall see, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. From care and toil we shall be free, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. A - round the throne we'll sing His praise, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
4. We'll meet the loved ones gone be - fore, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



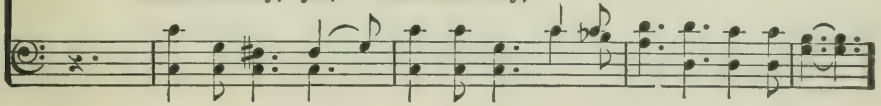
Where we shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
E - ter - nal joy in Heav'n 'twill be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
A - loud the great ho - san - nas raise, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
To know and greet them as of yore, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



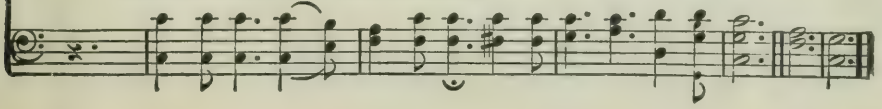
CHORUS.



Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . We shall dwell in "Glo-ry-Land;"
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,



Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . With the ransomed we shall stand. A-MEN.
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,



No Night There.

John R. Clements.

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H. P. Danks.

1. In the land of fade - less day Lies the "cit - y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit - y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that "cit - y four-square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS.

mf

God shall wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fear

f *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there." A - ME
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night... there."

Saved By Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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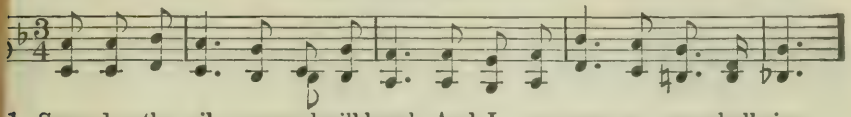
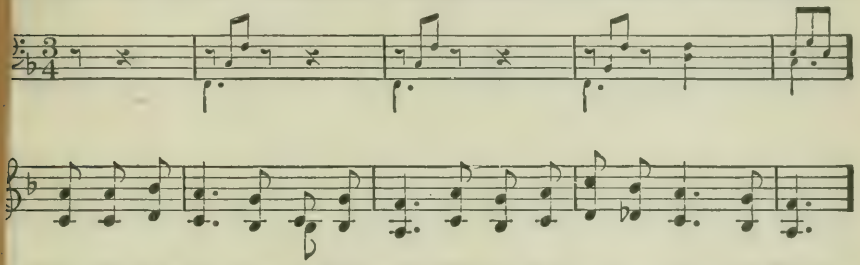
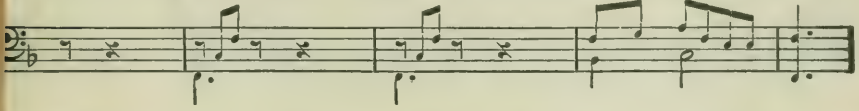
Geo. C. Stebbins.



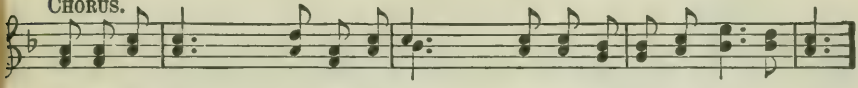
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



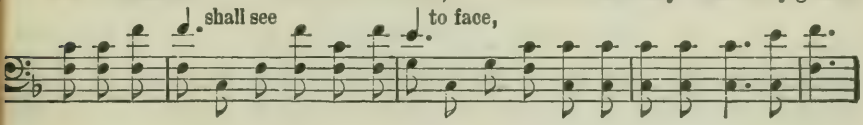
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

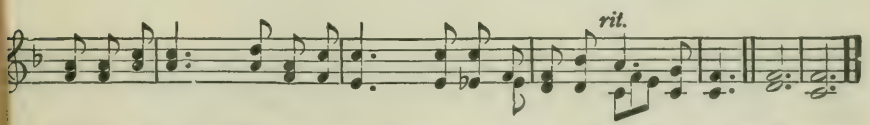


CHORUS.

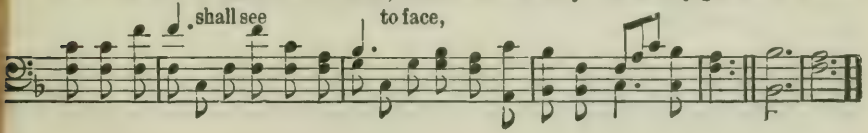


And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace:



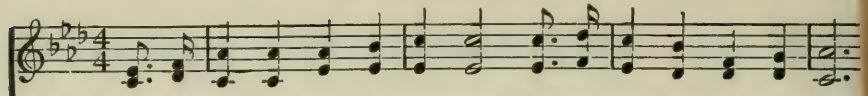


And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace. A-MEN.

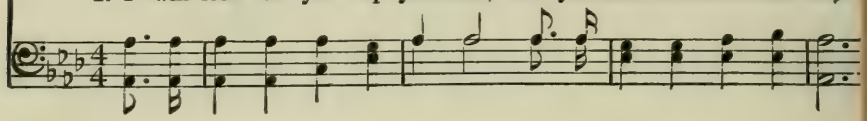


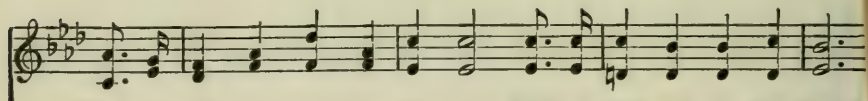
234 At the Roll Call.

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. B. D. Ackley.

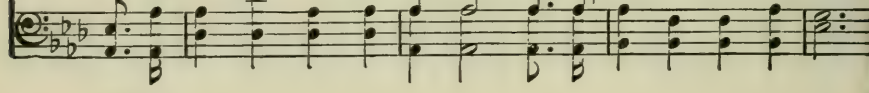


1. I will look for you up yon - der, When my days down here are o'er;
2. I will look for you up yon - der, On that won - der - ful great day,
3. I will look for you up yon - der, In the cit - y of the King,
4. I will look for you up yon - der, Will you meet me there that day?



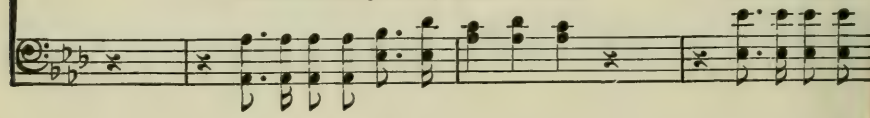


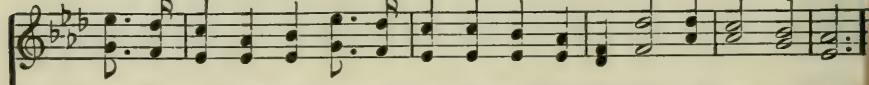
When the roll is called in glo - ry, Will you meet me on that shore?
When we wake at call of Je - sus, And the earth shall pass a - way.
Thro' e - ter - ni - ty's glad a - ges, There the praise of Him to sing.
Will we meet with Christ the Sav - ior, For - ev - er - more there to stay?



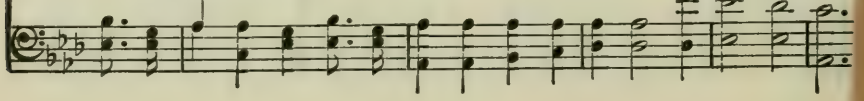
CHORUS.

At the roll call I will look for you, At the roll call
At the roll call you may look for me, At the roll call





up a - bove the blue, When the roll is called in glo - ry, will you be there?
I will look for you, Yes, I'll be there.



35 I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY FILLMORE BROS. CO.
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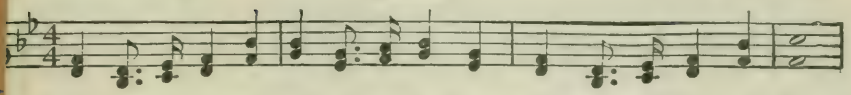
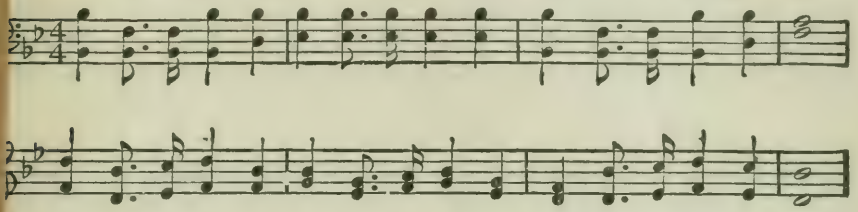
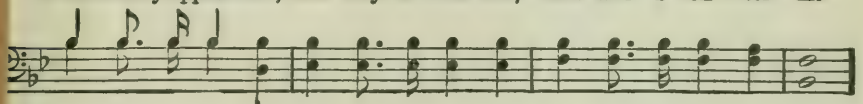


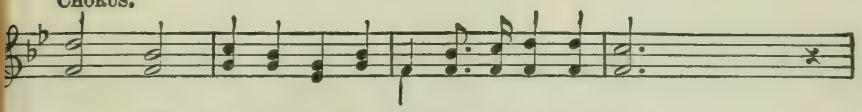
1. I am resolved no lon-ger to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;



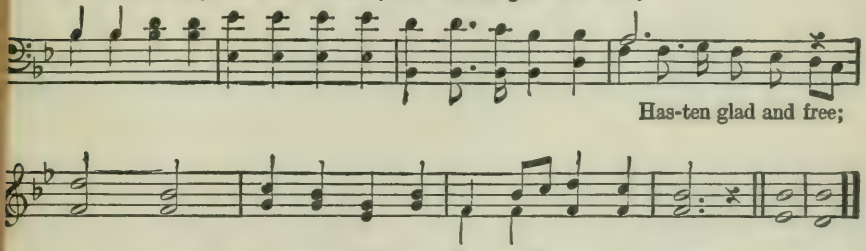
Things that are higher, things that are no-bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.



CHORUS.

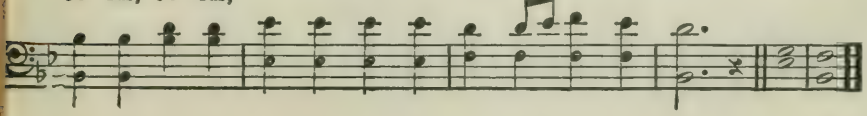


I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
I will has-ten, has-ten to Has-ten so glad and free;



Has-ten glad and free;

Je-sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-MEN.
Je-sus, Je-sus,



236 Man of Sorrows.

B. B. McK.

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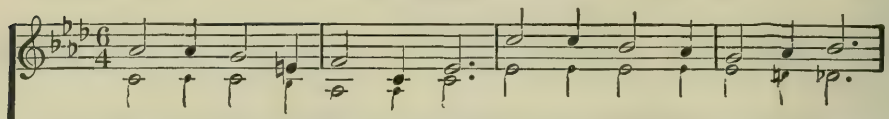
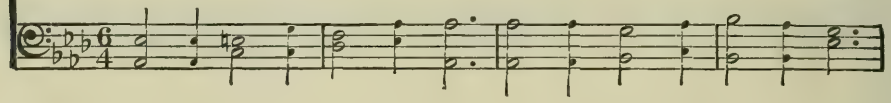
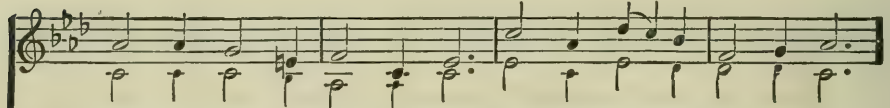
B. B. McKinney.

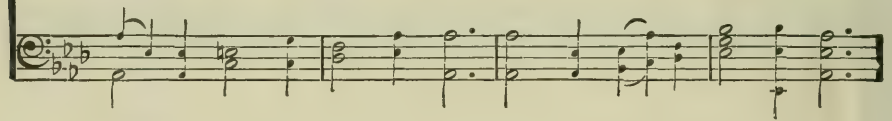


1. Man of Sor - rows kneel-ing down 'Neath the Fa - ther's aw - ful frown,
2. Man of Sor - rows with the cross, Bear - ing all its shame and loss.
3. Man of Sor - rows on a tree, Hang-ing there in ag - o - ny,
4. Man of Sor - rows rose a - gain, "Vic - tor o'er the dark do - main;"

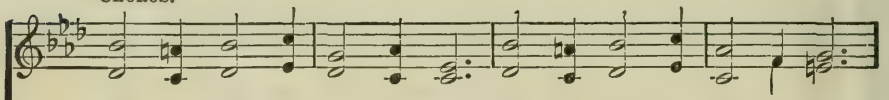




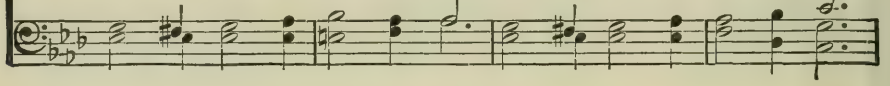
Hear Him pray, "Thy will be done," In Geth - sem - a - ne a - lone.
See Him stag - ger, faint and fall 'Neath the curse He bore for all.
It is fin-ished!" now He cries, As He bows His head and dies.
King of Glo - ry! lives on high, He is com-ing by and by.

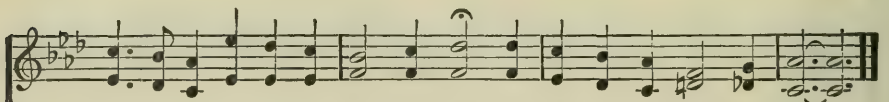


CHORUS.

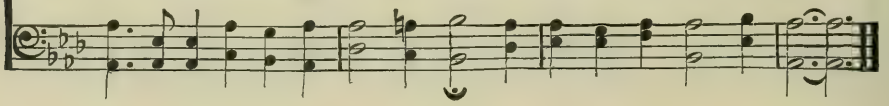


Man of Sor - rows bore my blame, Man of Sor - rows took my shame,





Won-der-ful Sav-ior, Thy love for me Has saved me, and set me free.



237 I Know the Bible Is True.

Gene Routh.

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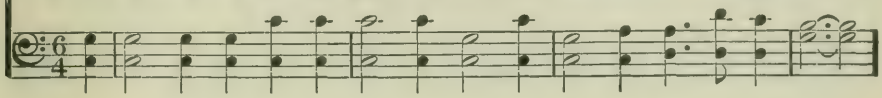
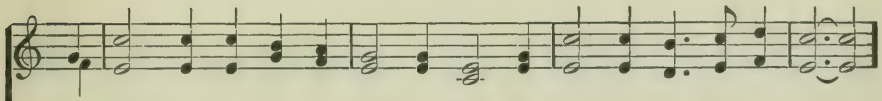
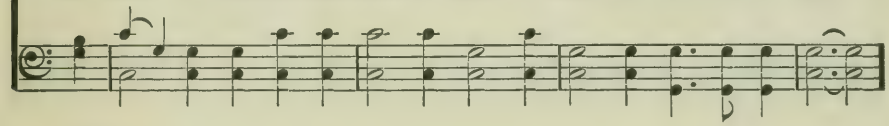
B. B. McKinney.

1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vir - gin, glo - ri - ous birth,
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - in;
4. Tho' foes de - ny with a spir - it bold The mes-sage old, but still new,

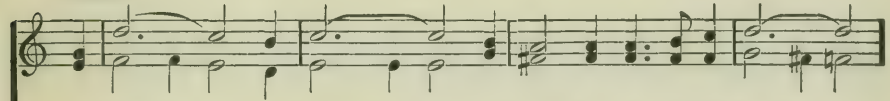




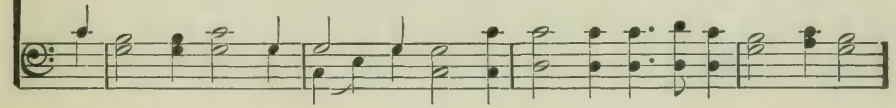
In - spired and ho - ly, the liv - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true.
His life, His death, and the o - pen tomb, And His re-turn to the earth.
It finds me, com-forts me day by day, And gives me vic - t'ry o'er sin.
Its truth is sweet-er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.

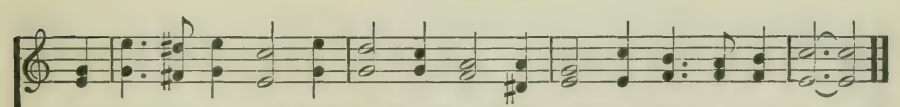


CHORUS.

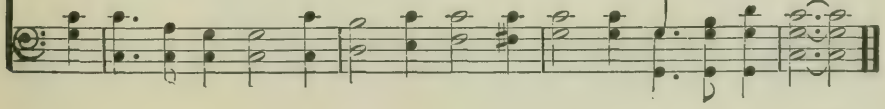


I know, . . . I know, ... I know the Bi - ble is true; . . .
I know, I know, is true;



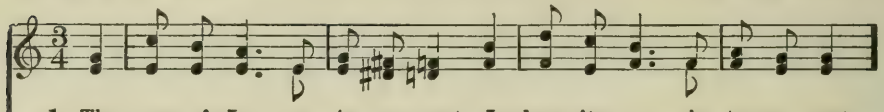


Di - vine - ly in-spired the whole way thro', I know the Bi - ble is true.

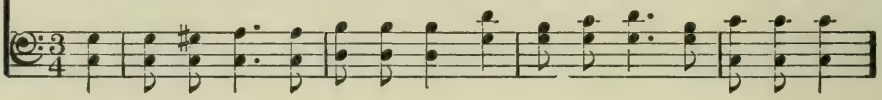


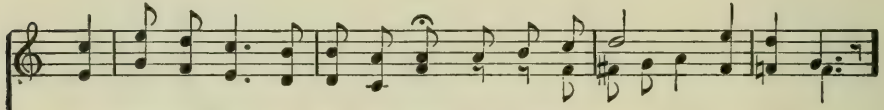
238 The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Renewal secured. E. S. Lorenz.

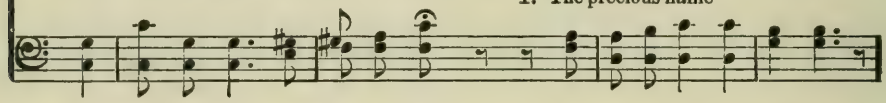


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

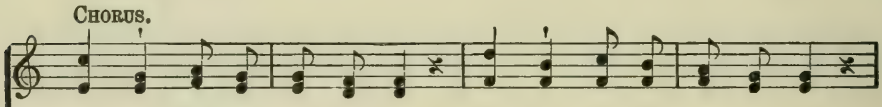




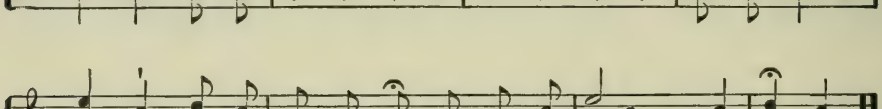
It makes my joys full and com-plete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx-ious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu-sic dries the fall - en tear: Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
1. The precious name



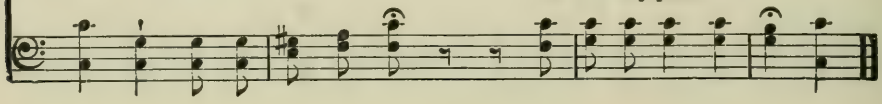
CHORUS.



"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je - sus," let all saints pro-claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise



239 Near the Cross.

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Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

A. C. F.

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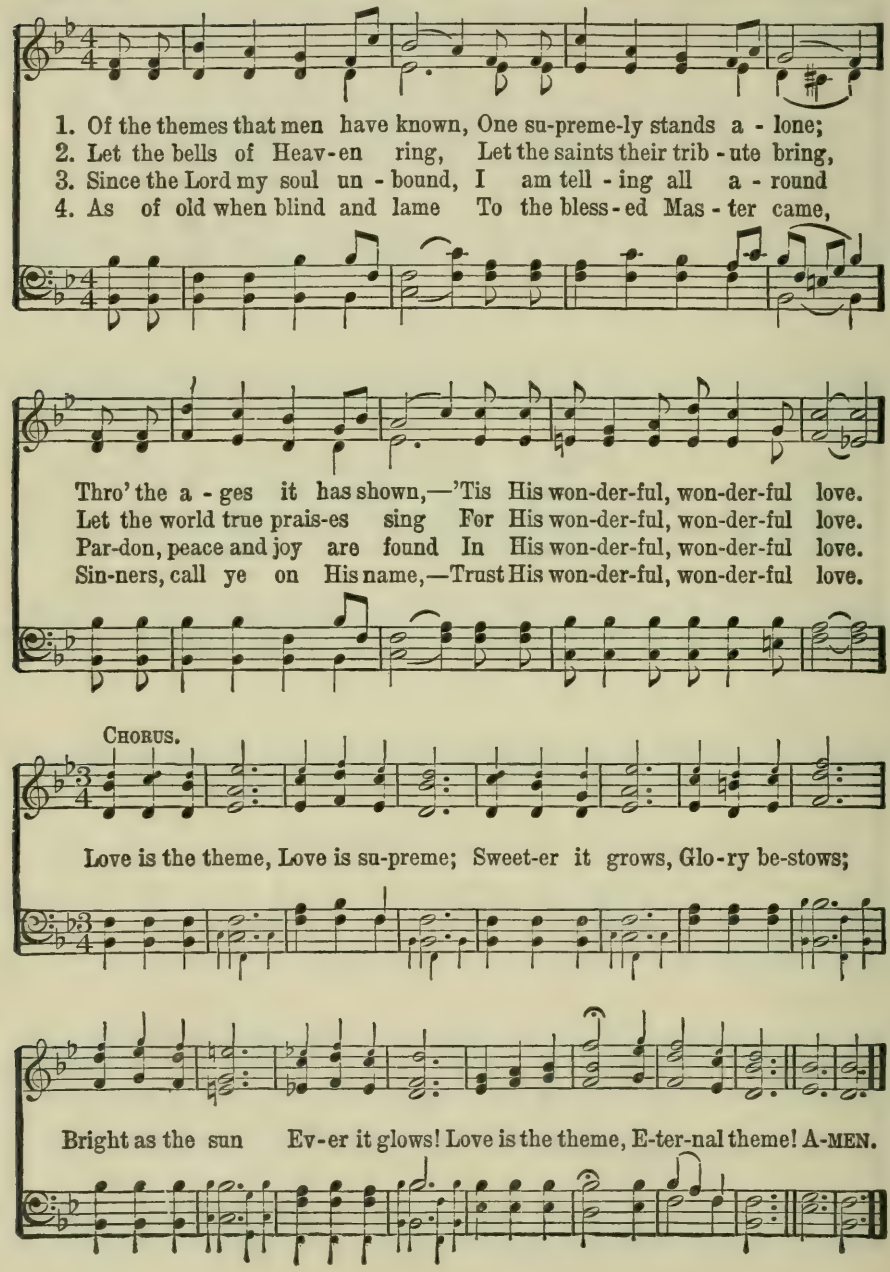
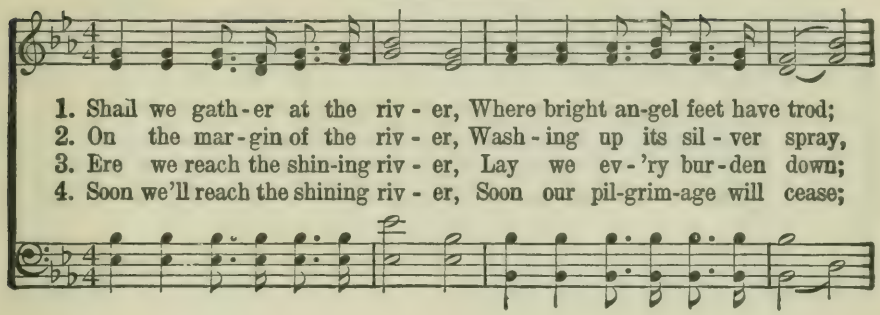
Albert C. Fisher.

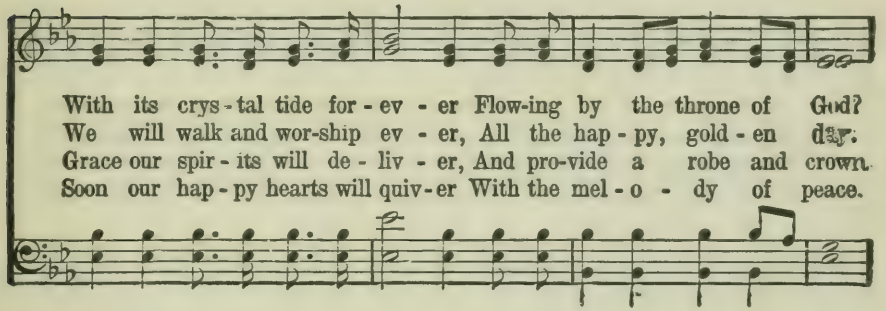


241 Beautiful River.

Robert Lowry. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

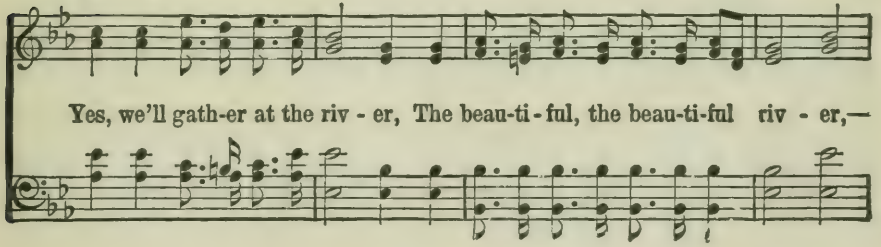


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

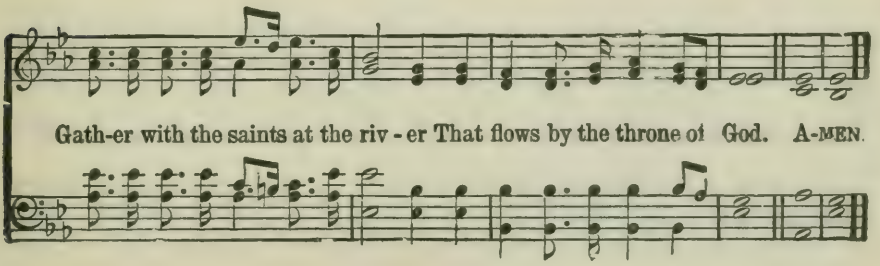


With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—



Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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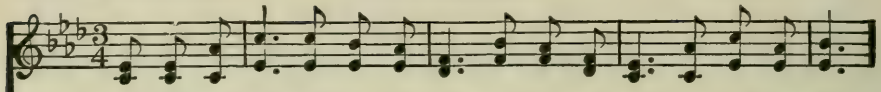
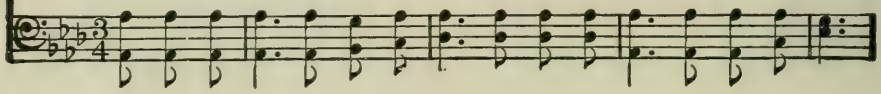
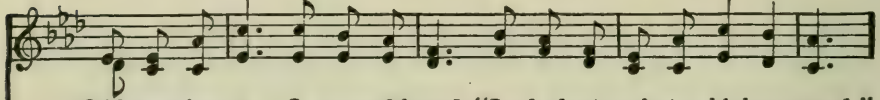
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

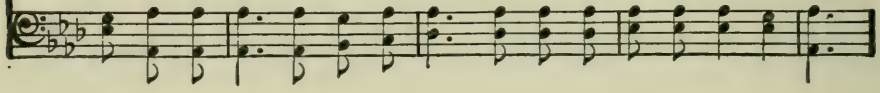


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

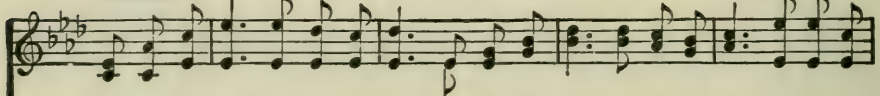




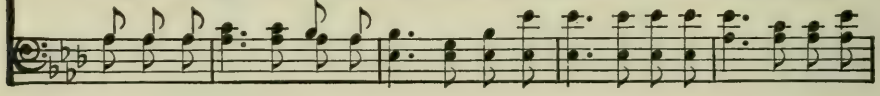
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

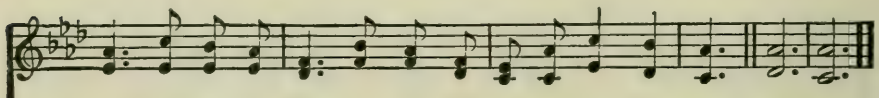


CHORUS.

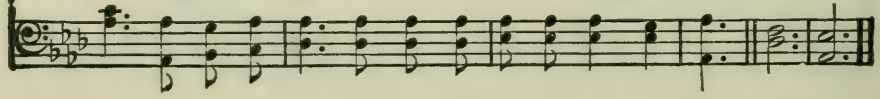


Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er





plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground. A - MEN.



243 He Lifted Me.

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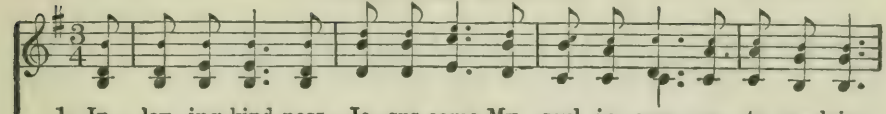
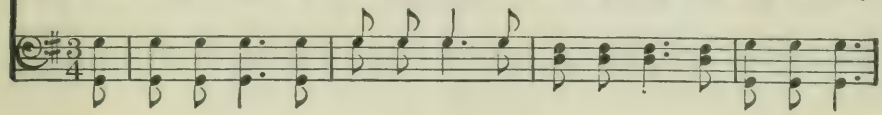
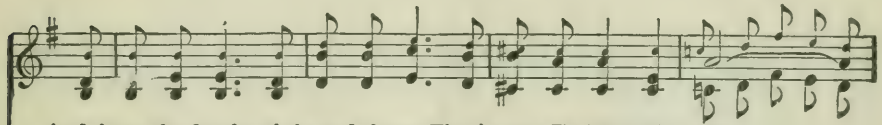
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

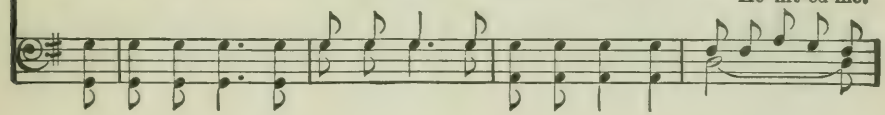


1. In lov - ing-kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

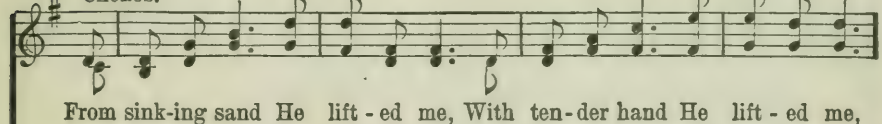




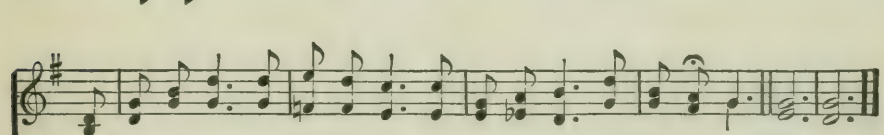
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.



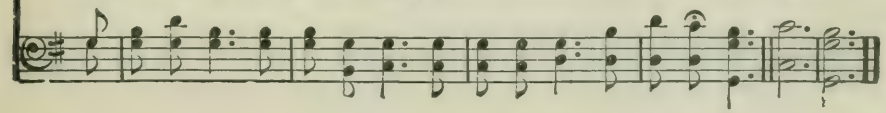
CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten-der hand He lift - ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.



244 Let Others See Jesus in You.

B. B. McK.

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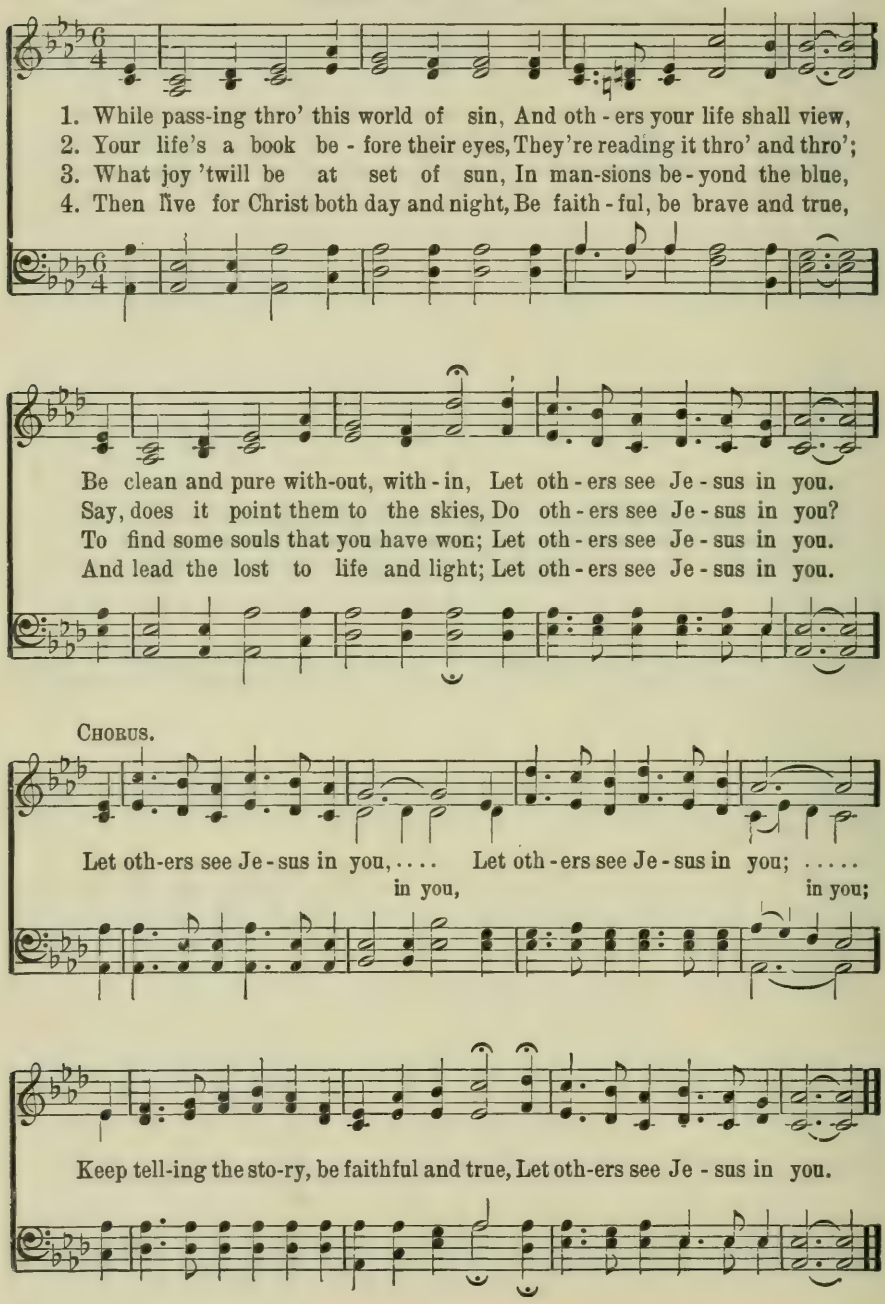
B. B. McKinney.



245 Pray Your Troubles Away.

B. B. McK. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT, H. COLEMAN.
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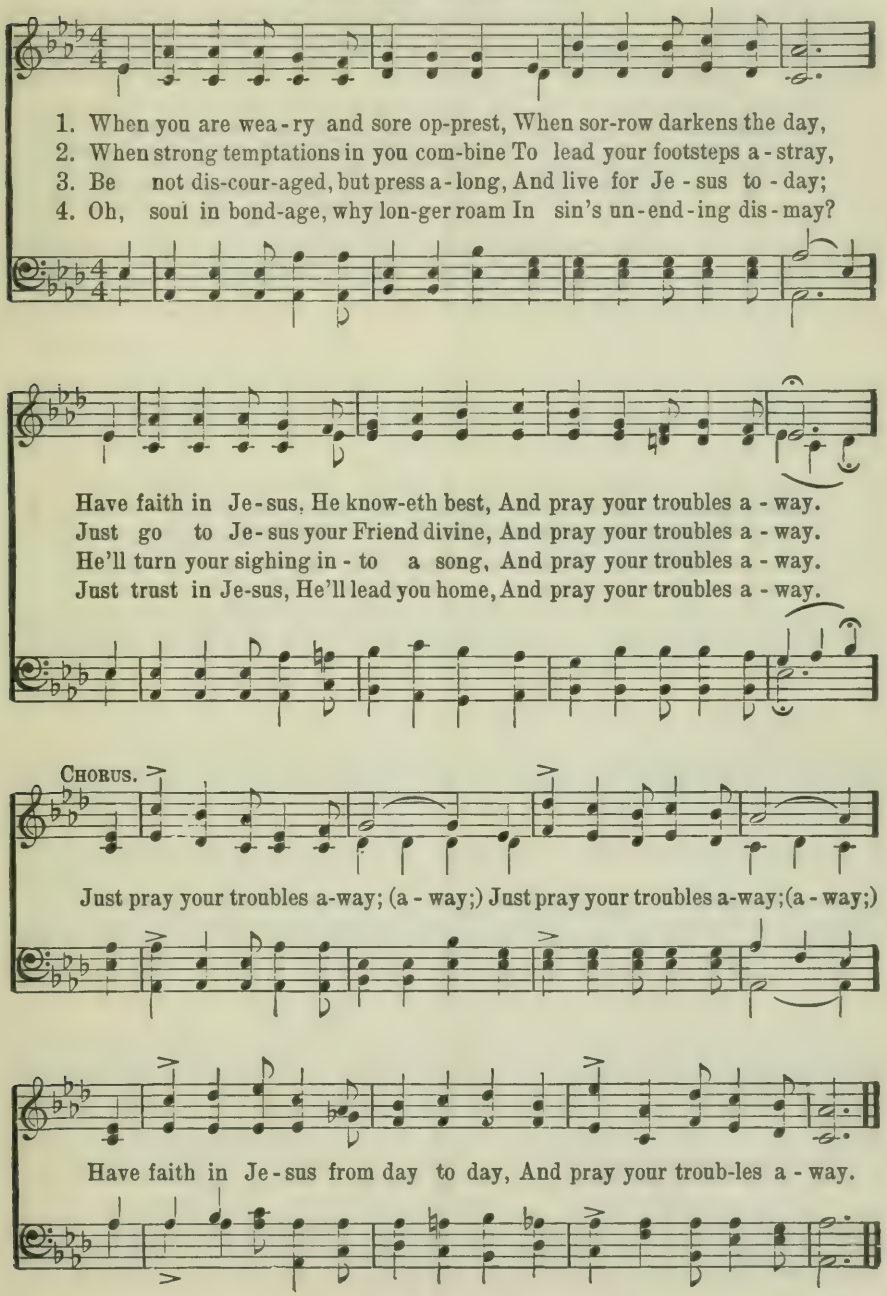
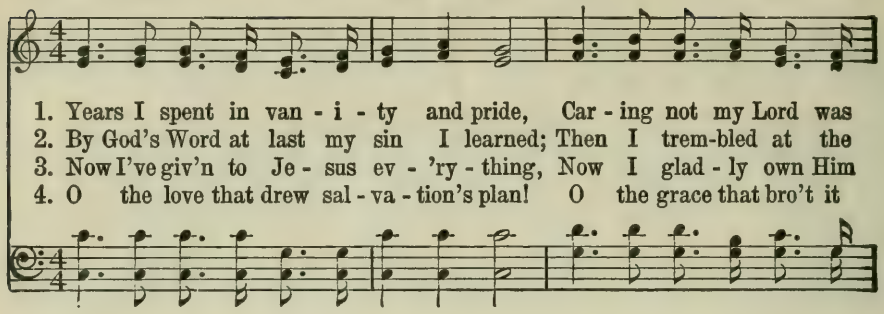
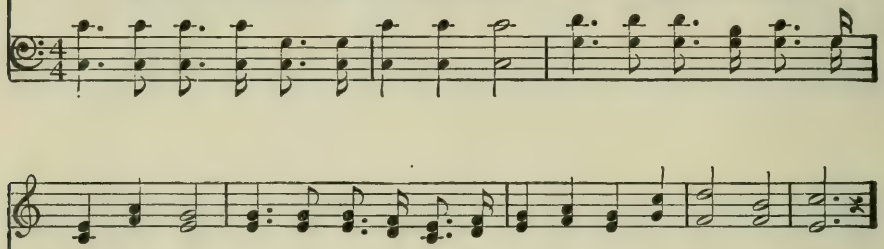


246 At Calvary.

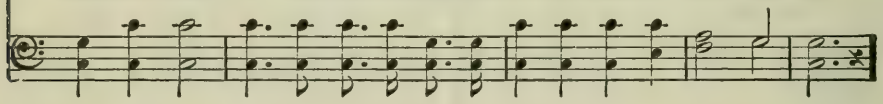
Wm. R. Newell. Copyright, 1923. By D. B. Towner. Renewal. Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner. D. B. Towner.



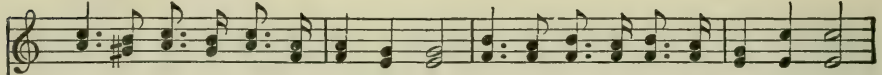
1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. O the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! O the grace that bro't it



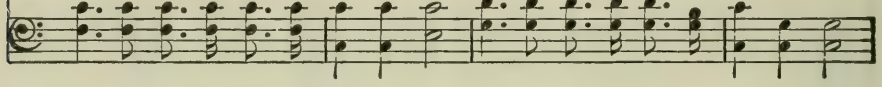
cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

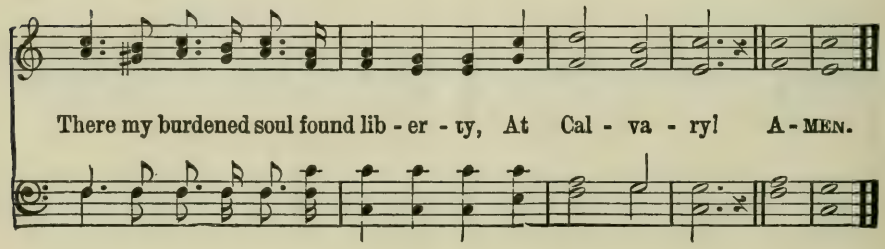


CHORUS.



Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was mul-ti-plied to me;

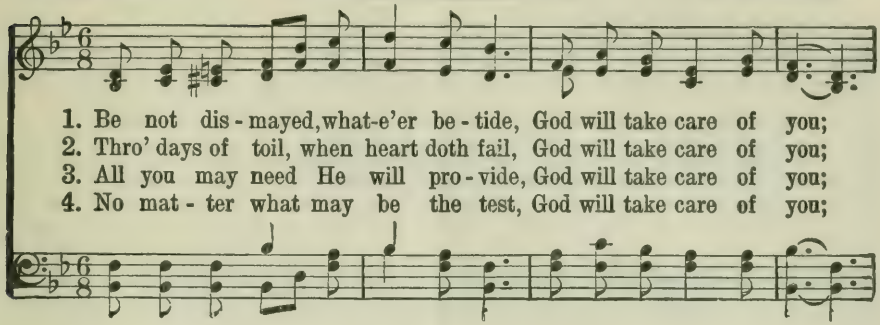




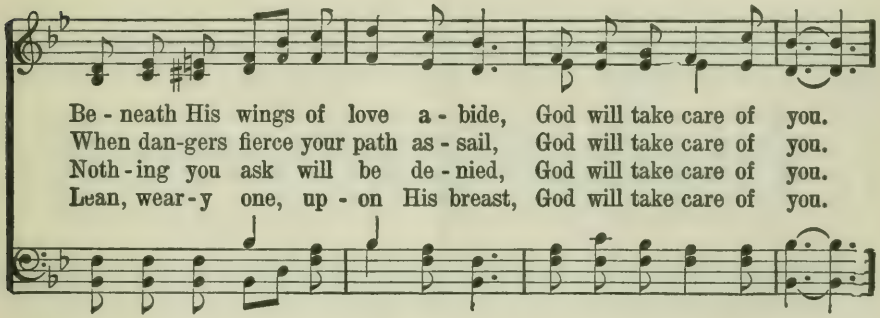
There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry! A - MEN.

247 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION. W. S. Martin.

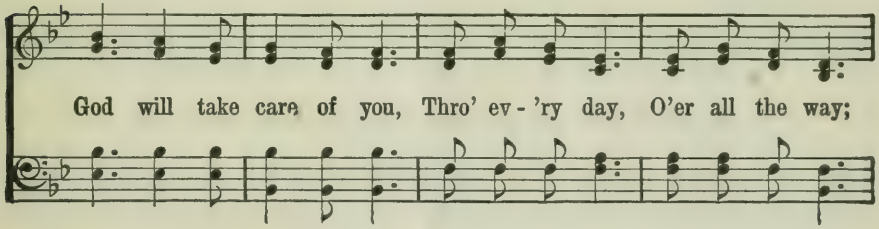


1. Be not dis - mayed, what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

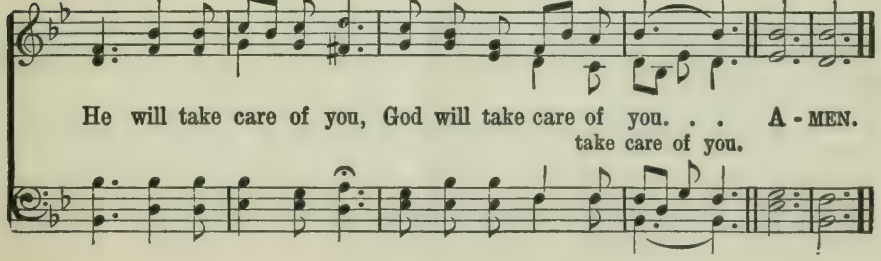


Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
take care of you.

Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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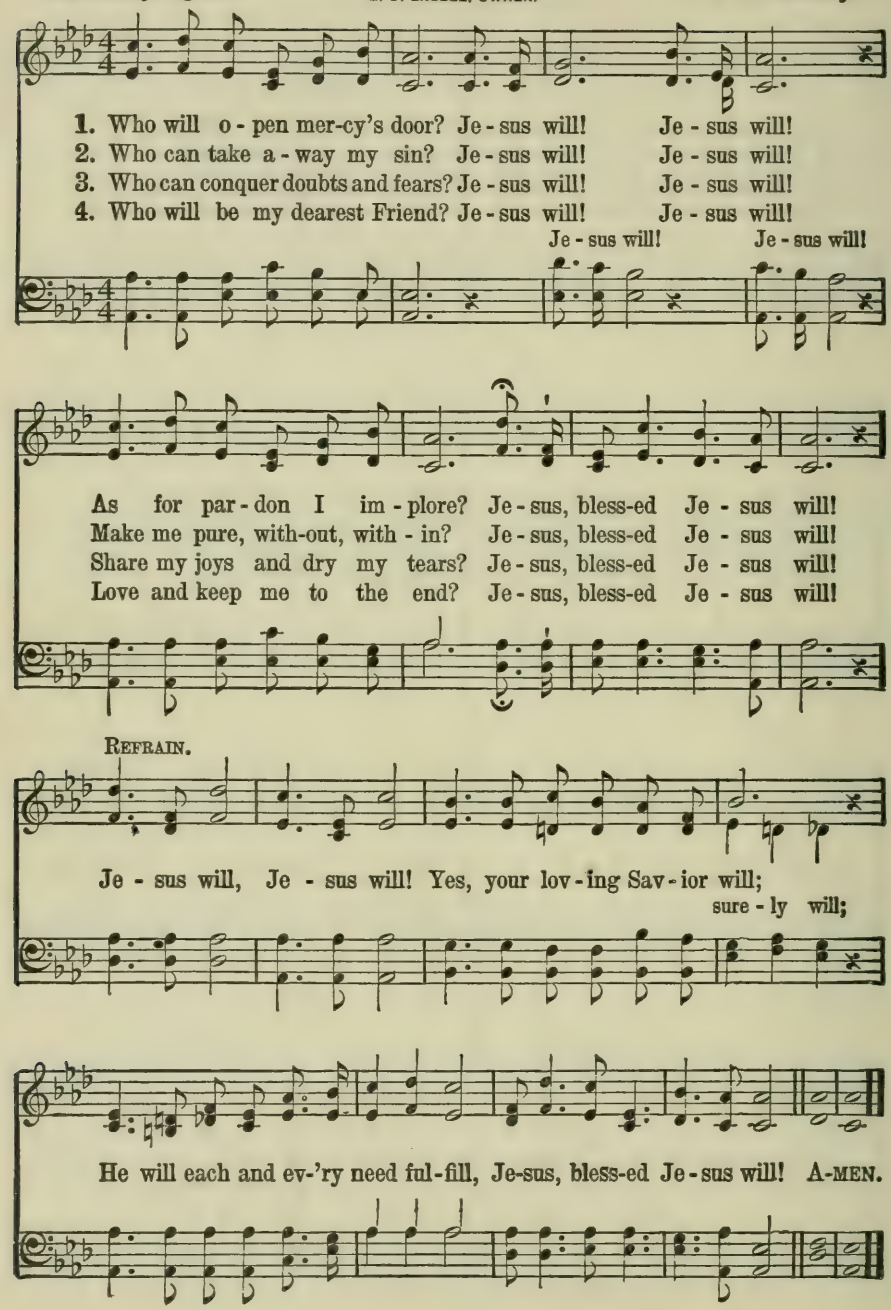
B. D. Ackley.



249 Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod - y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heaven should start, Help some-bod - y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod - y to - day, . . Some-bod - y a - long life's way; . . Let
to-day, home-ward way;

sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - MEN.

250 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment

let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God. A - MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

251 Only a Sinner.

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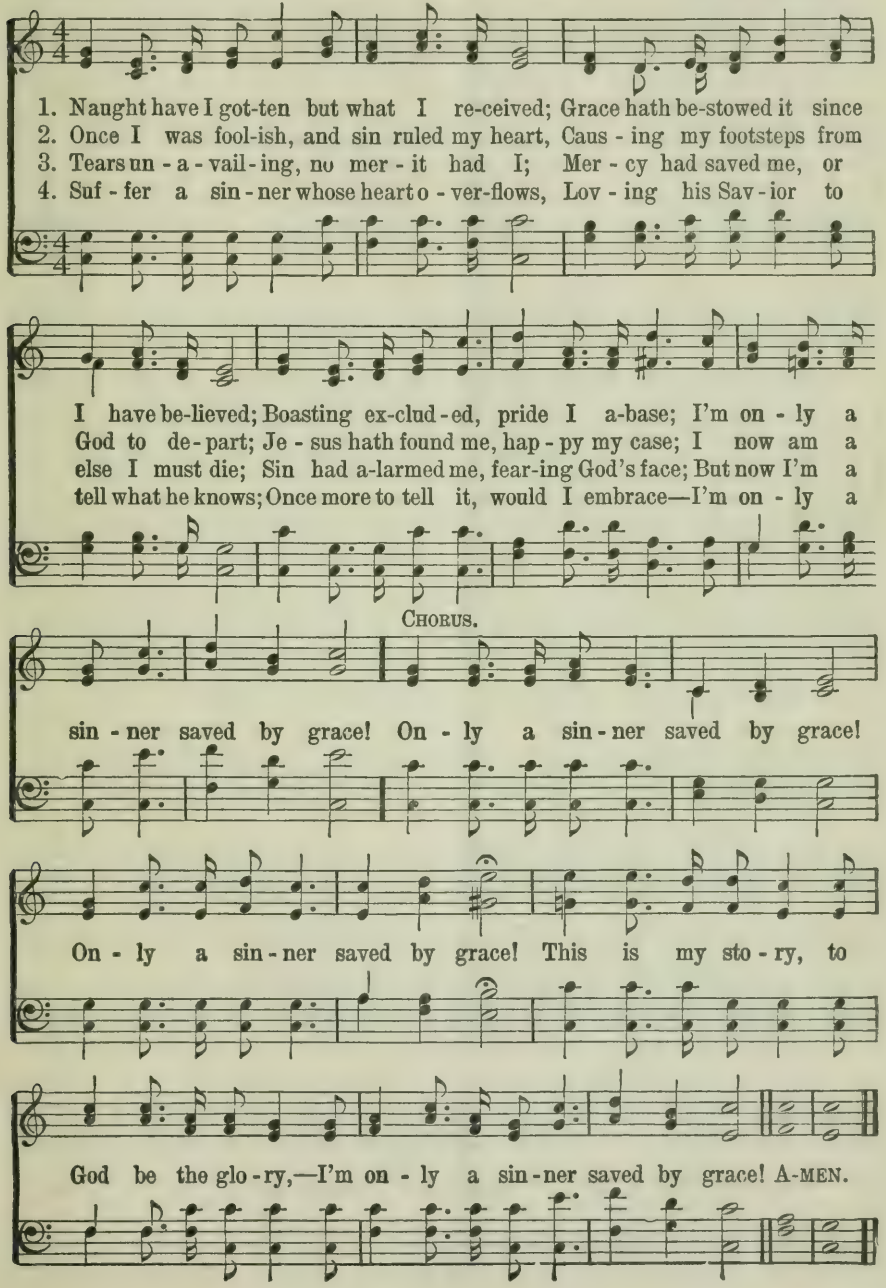
James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

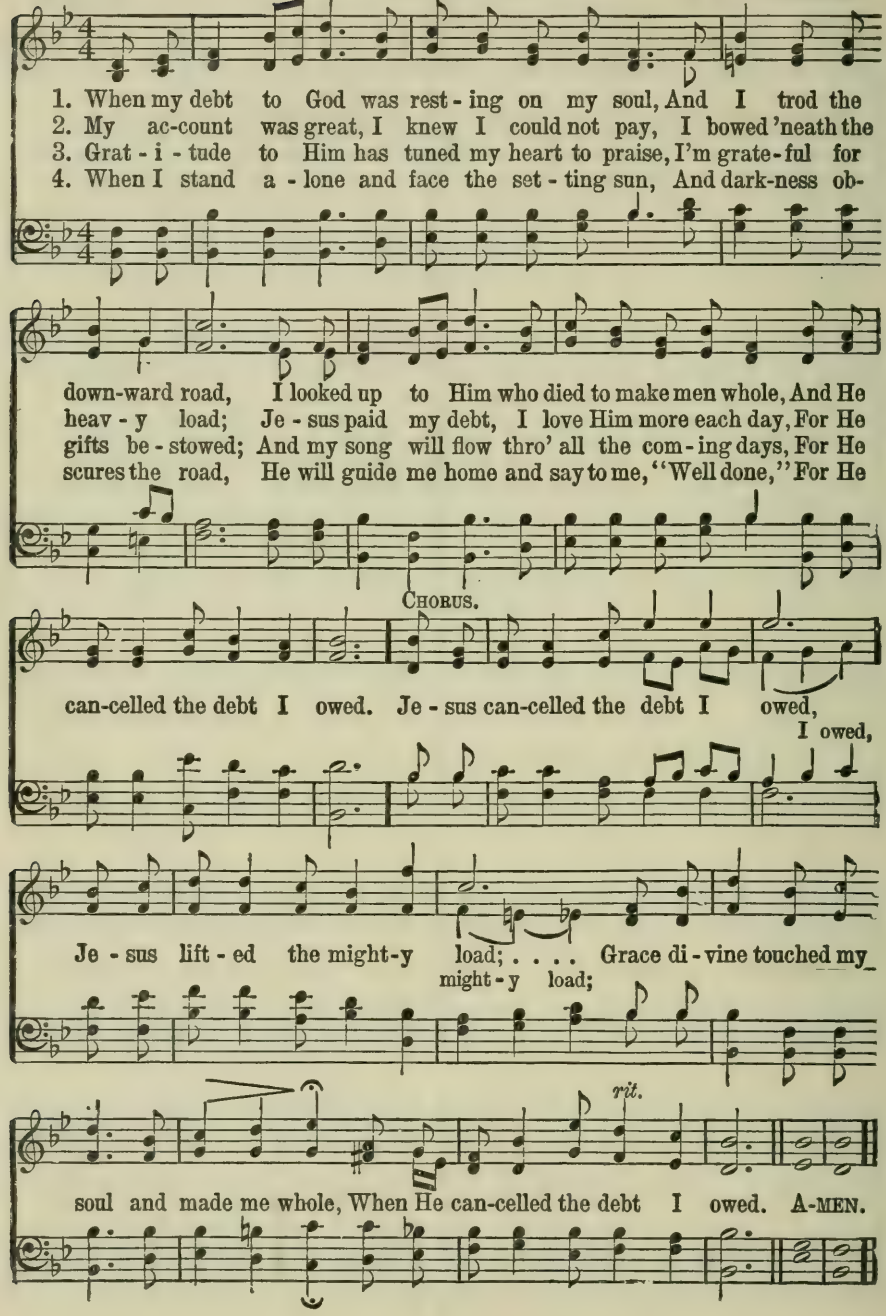


Cancelled!

J. P. S.

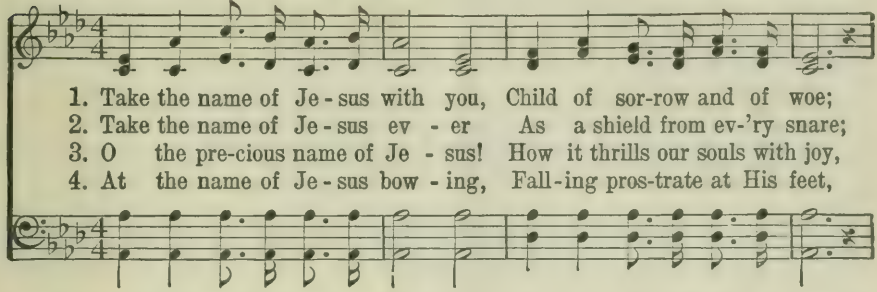
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

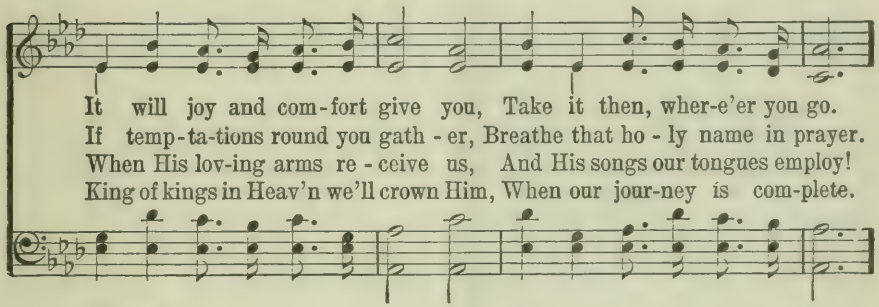


253 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

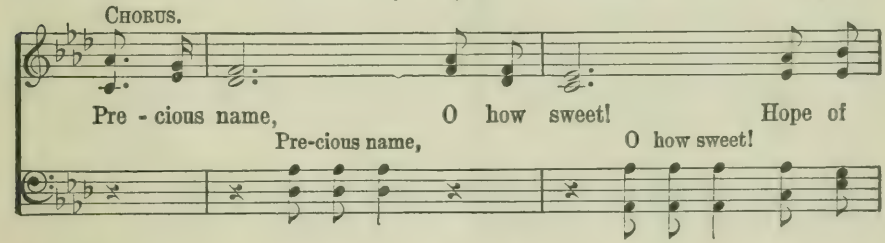
Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W H. Doane.



1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,

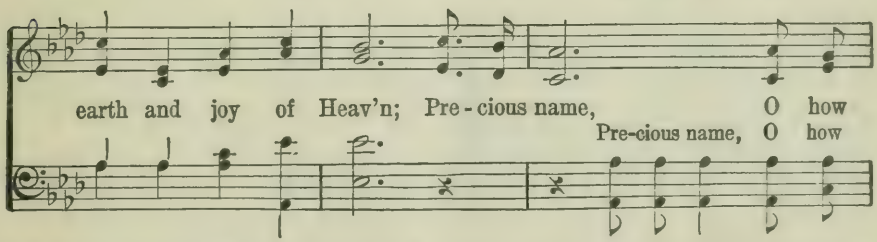


It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

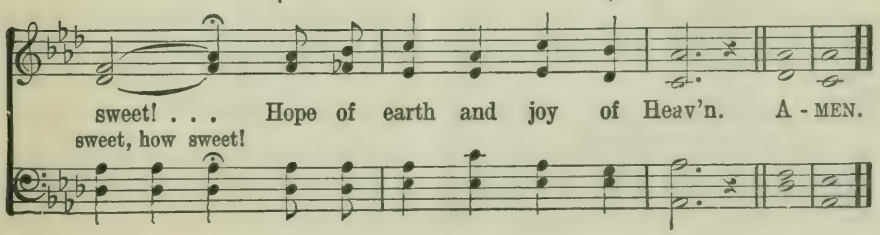


CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!



earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how



sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

254 Send the Light.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! . . .

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . . from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine

1 2

shore! . . . . . shine . . . for-ev - er - more. . . . . A-MEN.
from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev - er-more.

255 At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MRS. MARY HUDSON.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

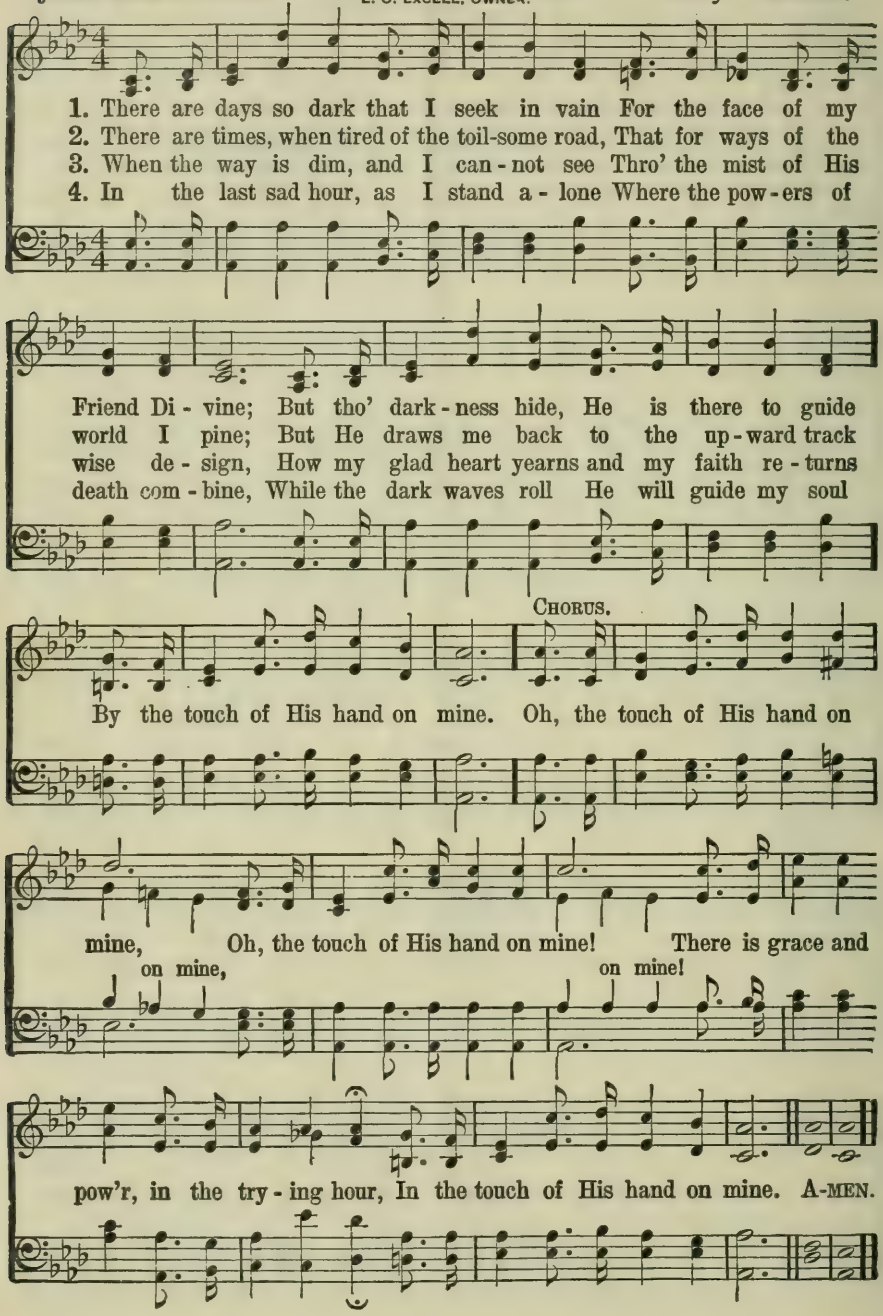
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled away,) It was there by faith
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - MEN.

256 The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Henry P. Morton.



257 He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness or strength I can cling,
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain And pa-tient-ly wait-ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treated in vain,
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, . . . so pre-cious to me,

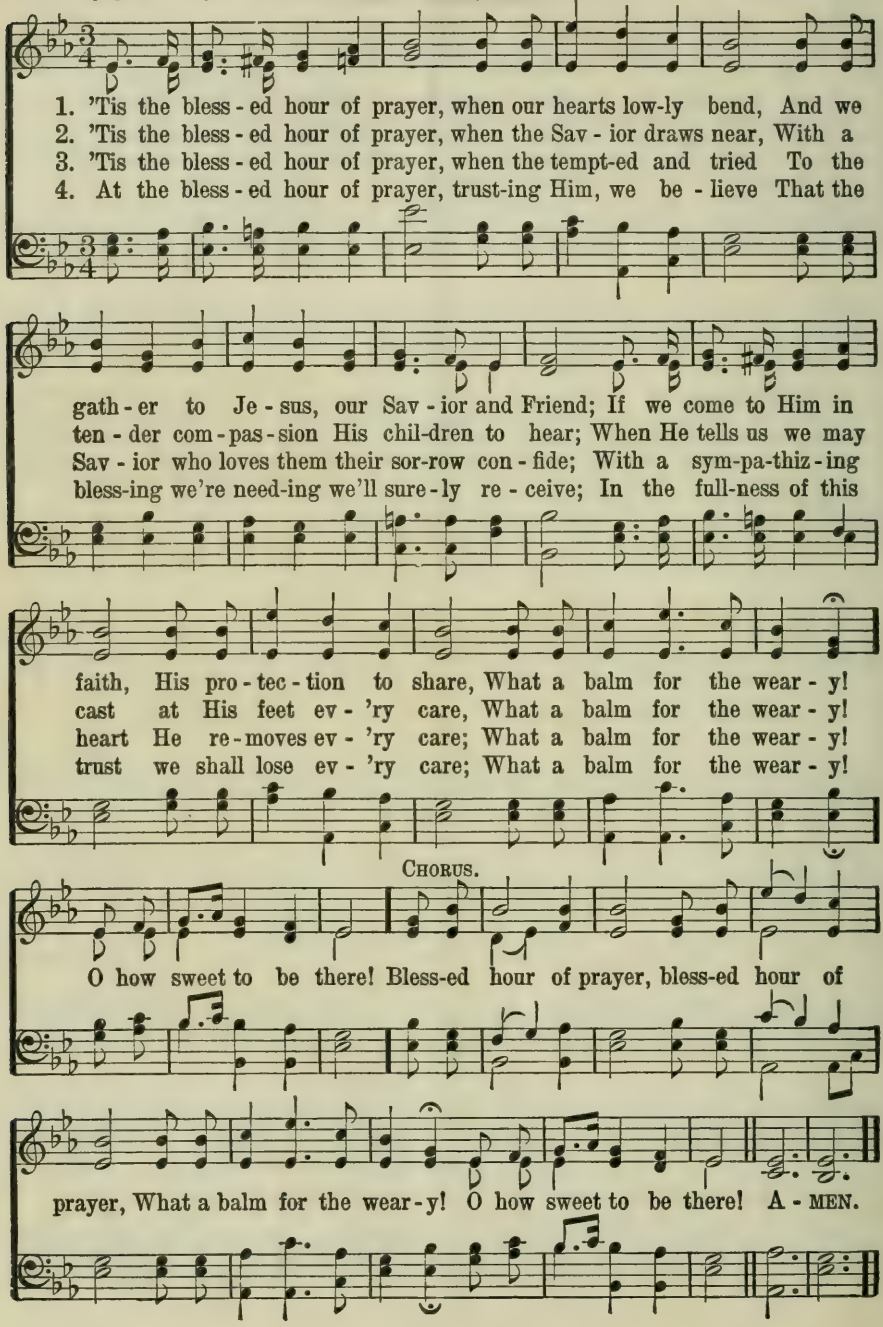
For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . . 'Tis Heav-en be-low so pre-cious to me;

rit.

My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me. A-MEN.

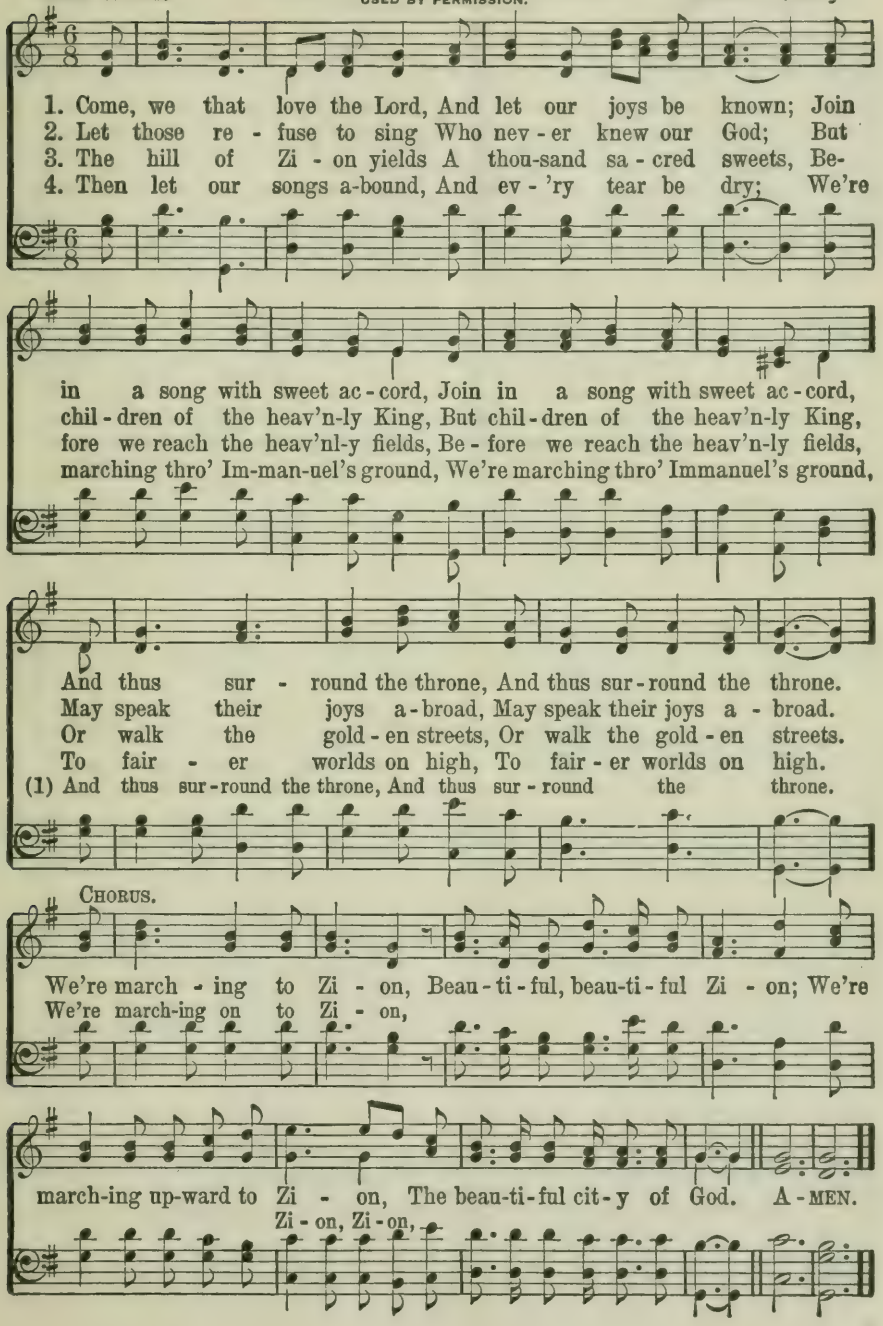
258 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.



259 We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



260 I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

REFRAIN.

clo-ser drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

261 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

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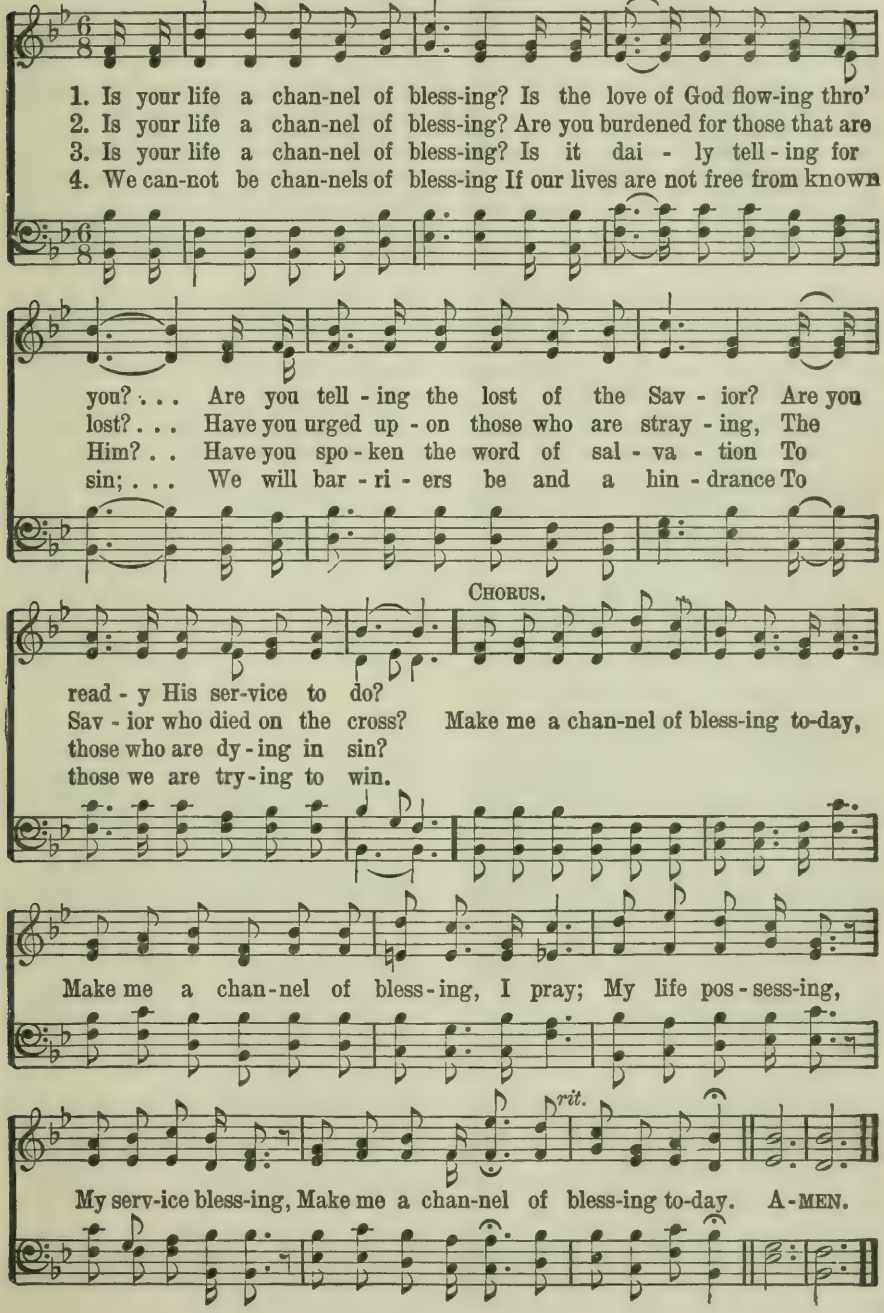
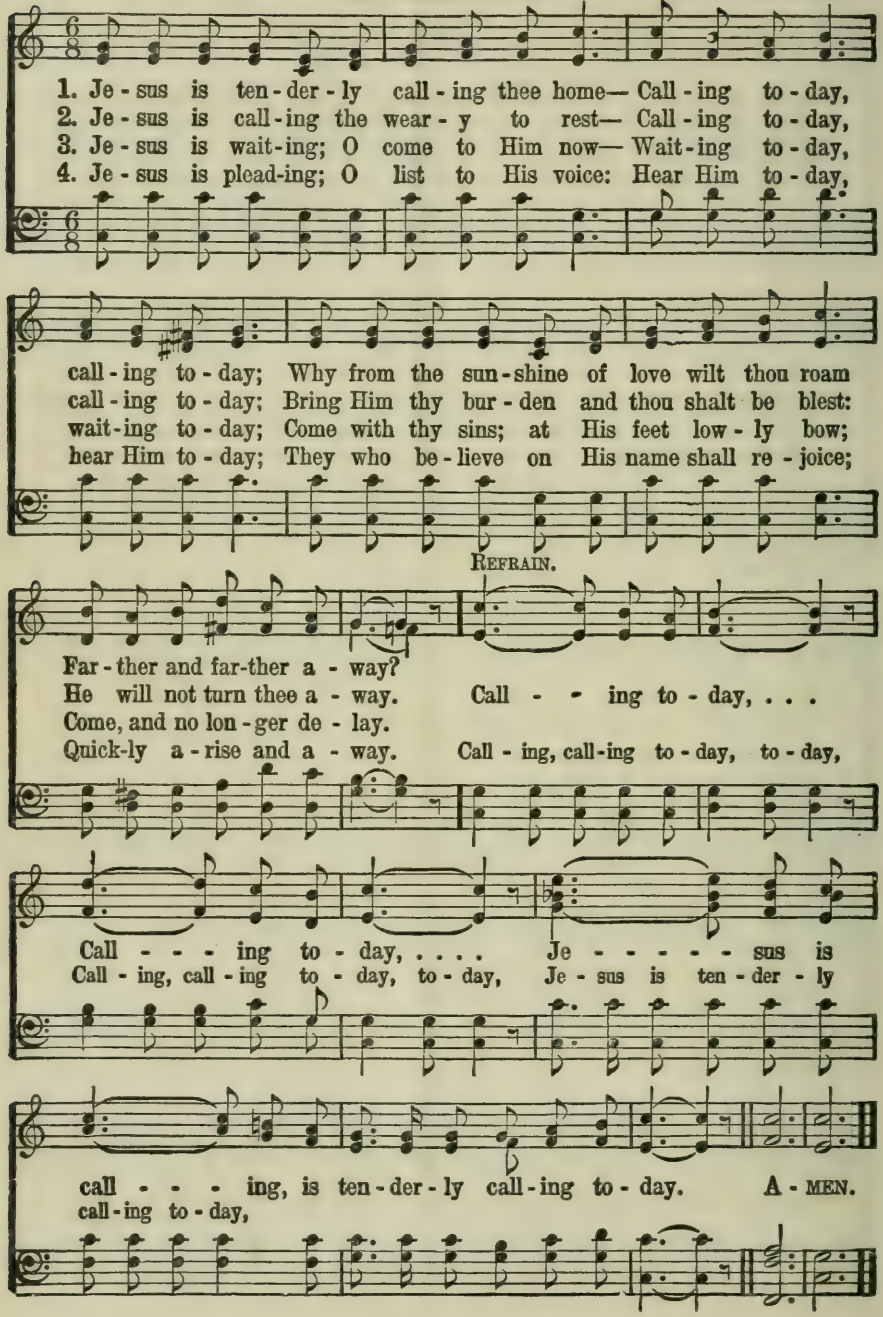
H. G. Smyth.



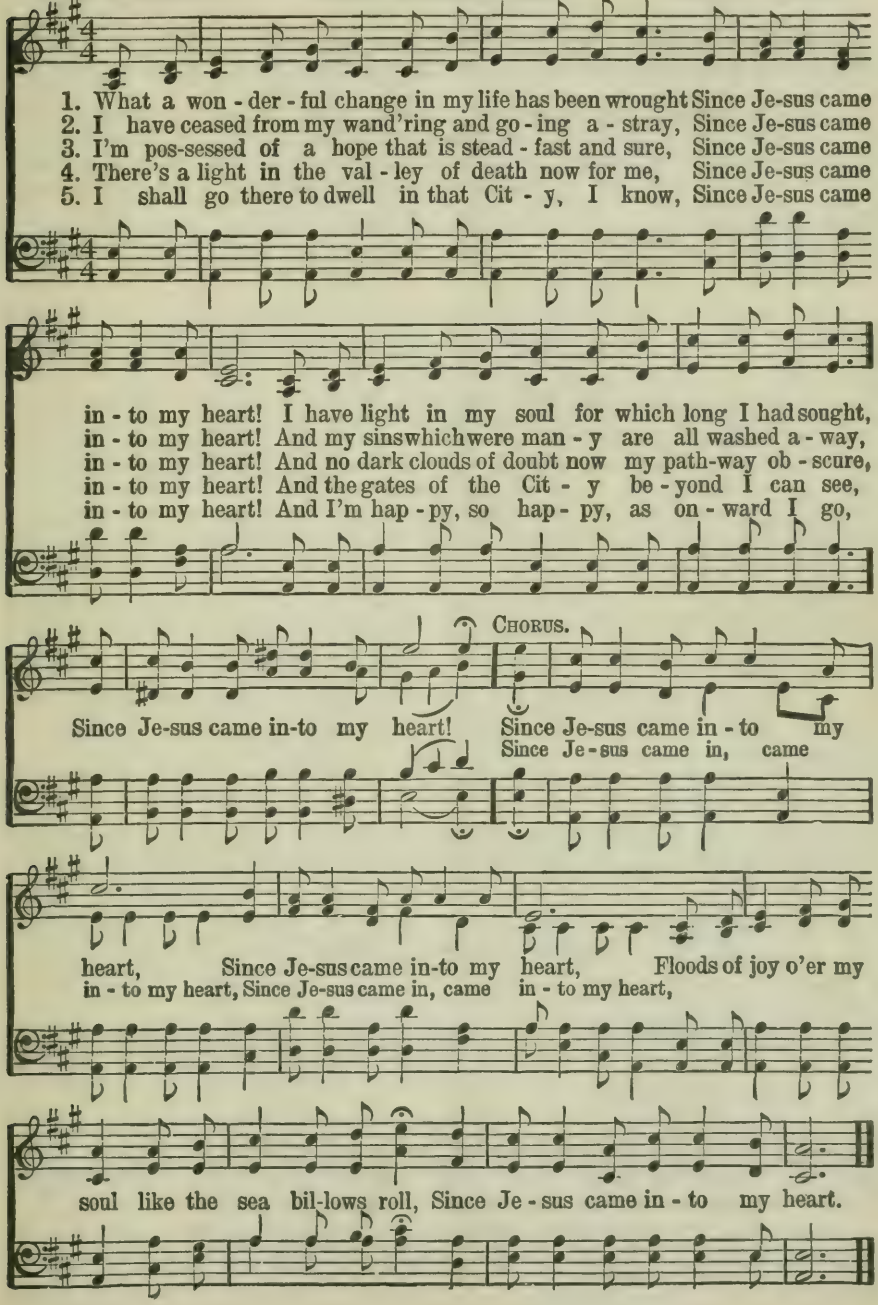
262 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., Owner. Geo. C. Stebbins.



267 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.



268 Some Day, It Won't Be Long.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.

1. Some day I'll cross the mys-tic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor - tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo - ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav - el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;

Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
You may have Je - sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.

Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more,
Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For - get the strug-gles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
O broth - er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

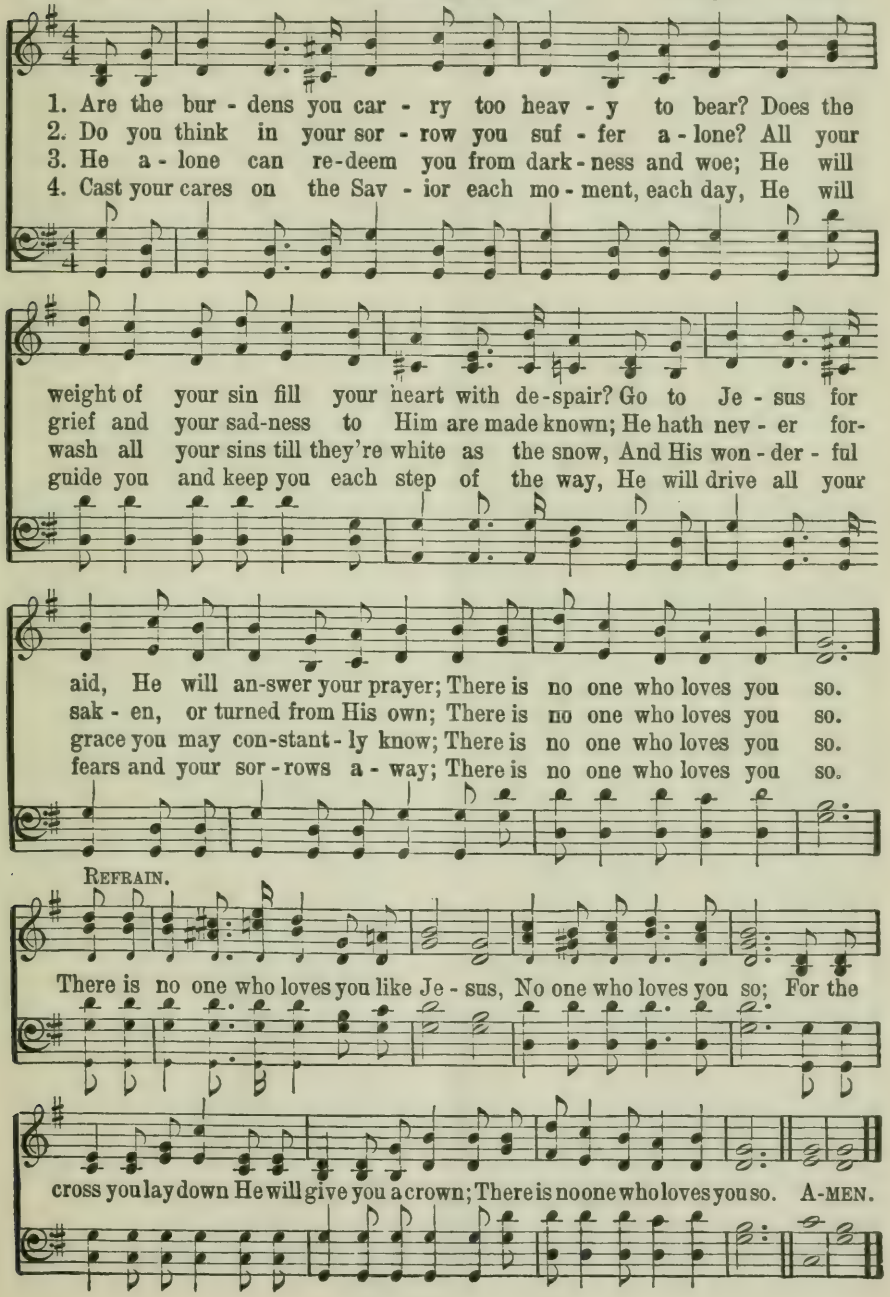
I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'll know no sor - row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'm wait-ing with my heart a - glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
Till heav-en's door you en - ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

𝄋 *Sing after last verse.* FINE. D. S.

D.S.—There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,

269 No One Loves You So.

Rev. Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.



Christ Returneth.

H. L. Turner.

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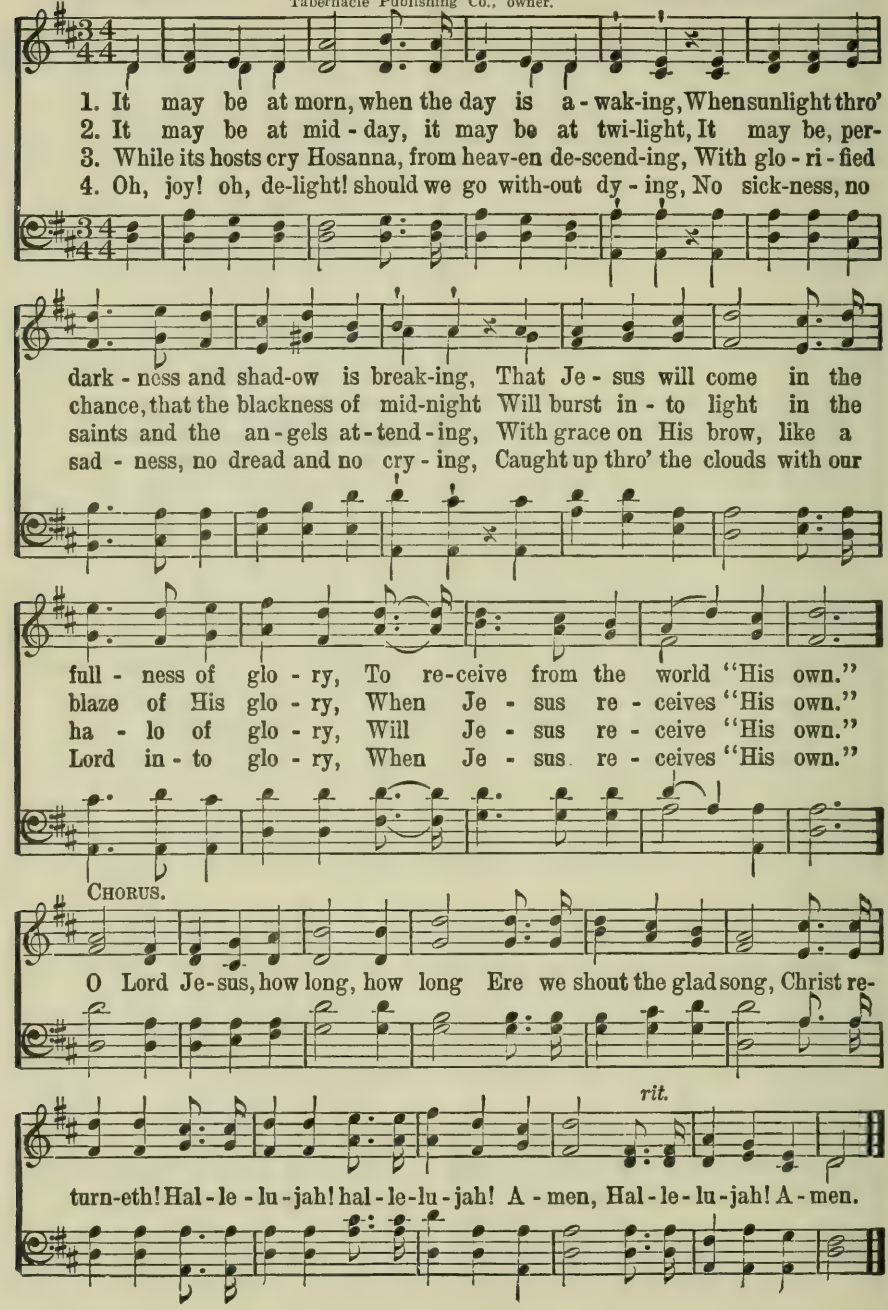

271 He Whispers His Love to Me.

V. McC.

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Vivian McCown

1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a-long the way Je-sus walks by my
2. When He scat-ters the gifts from His bound-less store, And His show-ers of
3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sore-ly tried, It is then that I
4. Oh, His voice is so won-drous-ly sweet to me! There's no mu-sic on

side all the live-long day, And He knows when the shad-ows be-
bless-ing a-round me pour, Lest I hum-ble and grate-ful for-
know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
earth has such mel-o-dy; There's no joy that can come to the

gin to low'r, And He whis-pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
get to be, Je-sus whis-pers His won-der-ful love to me.
vic-to-ry As He whis-pers His won-der-ful love to me.
hu-man heart Like the joy that His love ev-er doth im-part.

CHORUS.

He whis-pers His love to me, He whis-pers His love to me;
His love to me, His love to me;

Lest I should stray from Him a-way, He whis-pers His love to me.

272 I Do Believe the Bible.

F. A. B.

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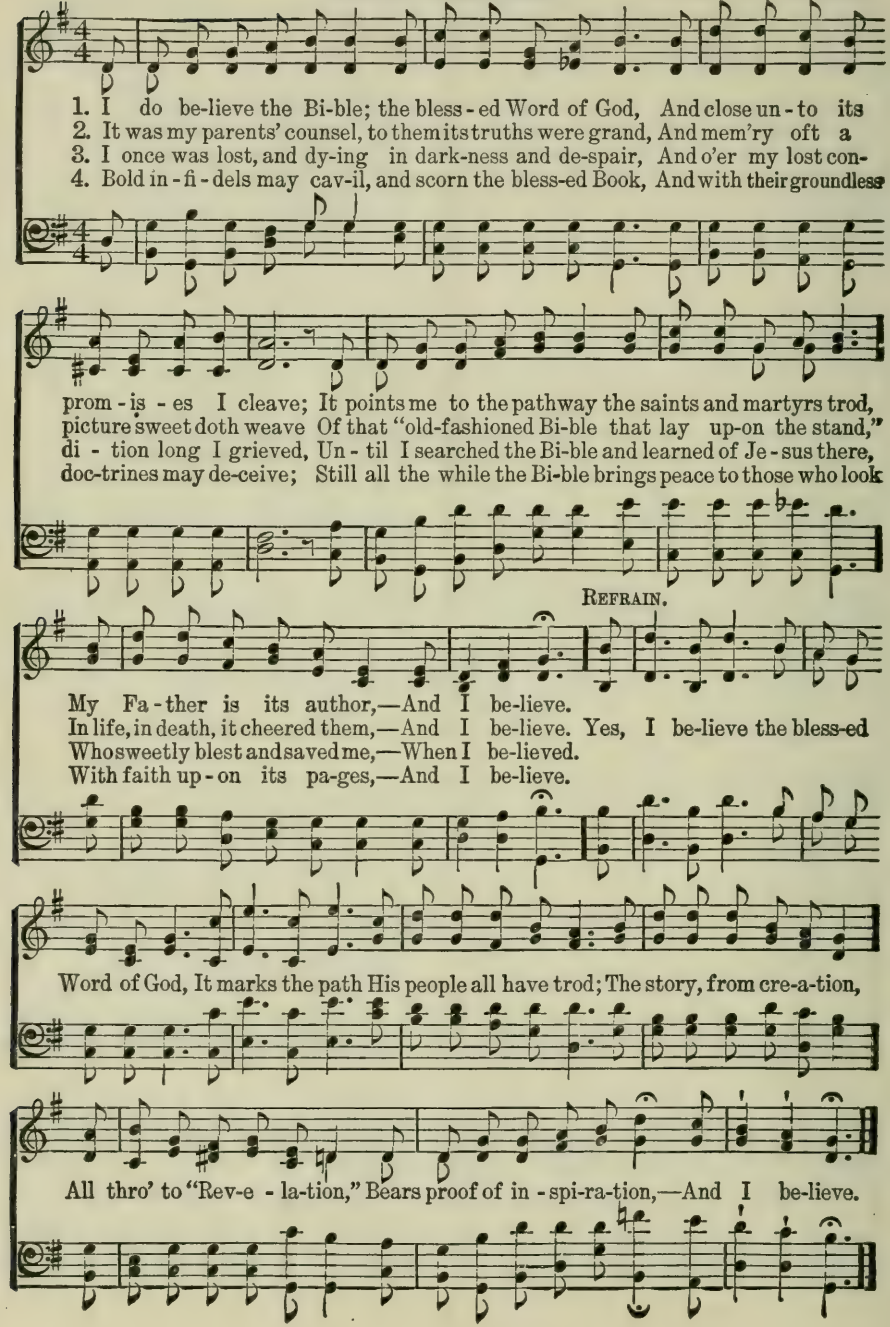
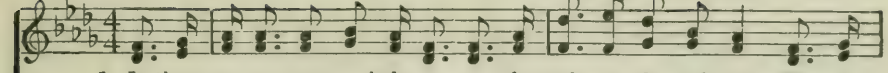
F. A. Blackmer.

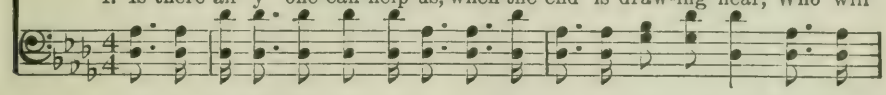


273 He's the One.

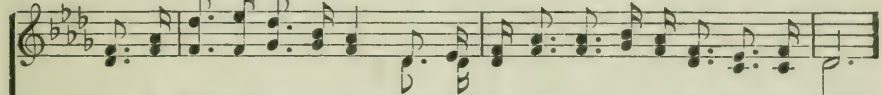
J. B. M. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HALL-MACK CO. J. B. Mackay.



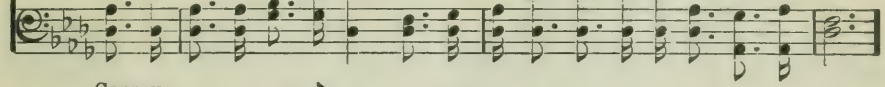
1. Is there an-y one can help us, one who understands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an-y one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an-y one can help us, who can give a sin-ner peace, When his
4. Is there an-y one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near, Who will



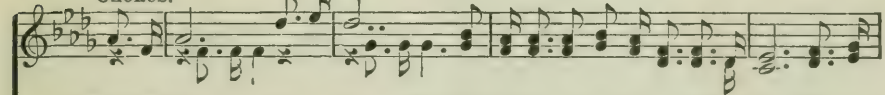
thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thiz-es with us,
faint and fall be-neath it in a-larm; Who in ten-der-ness will lift us,
heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of par-don
go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-fore us,



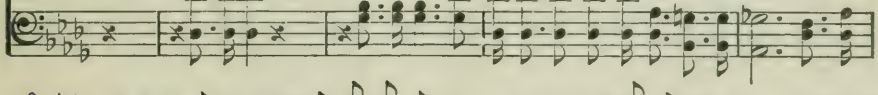
who in wondrous love imparts Just the ver-y, ver-y blessing that we need?
and the heav-y bur-den share, And sup-port us with an ev-er-last-ing arm?
that af-fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
and dis-pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safe-ly o'er the tide?

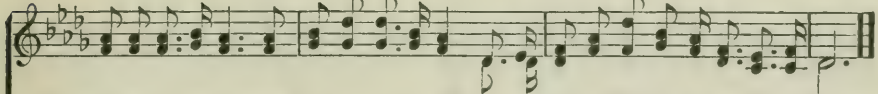


CHORUS.

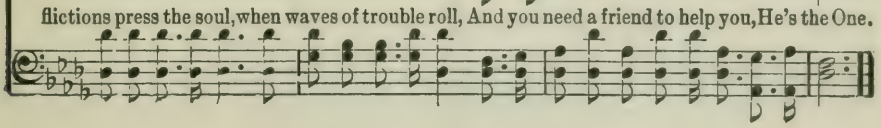


Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af-
Yes, there's One, on-ly One,





flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.



274 Moment By Moment.

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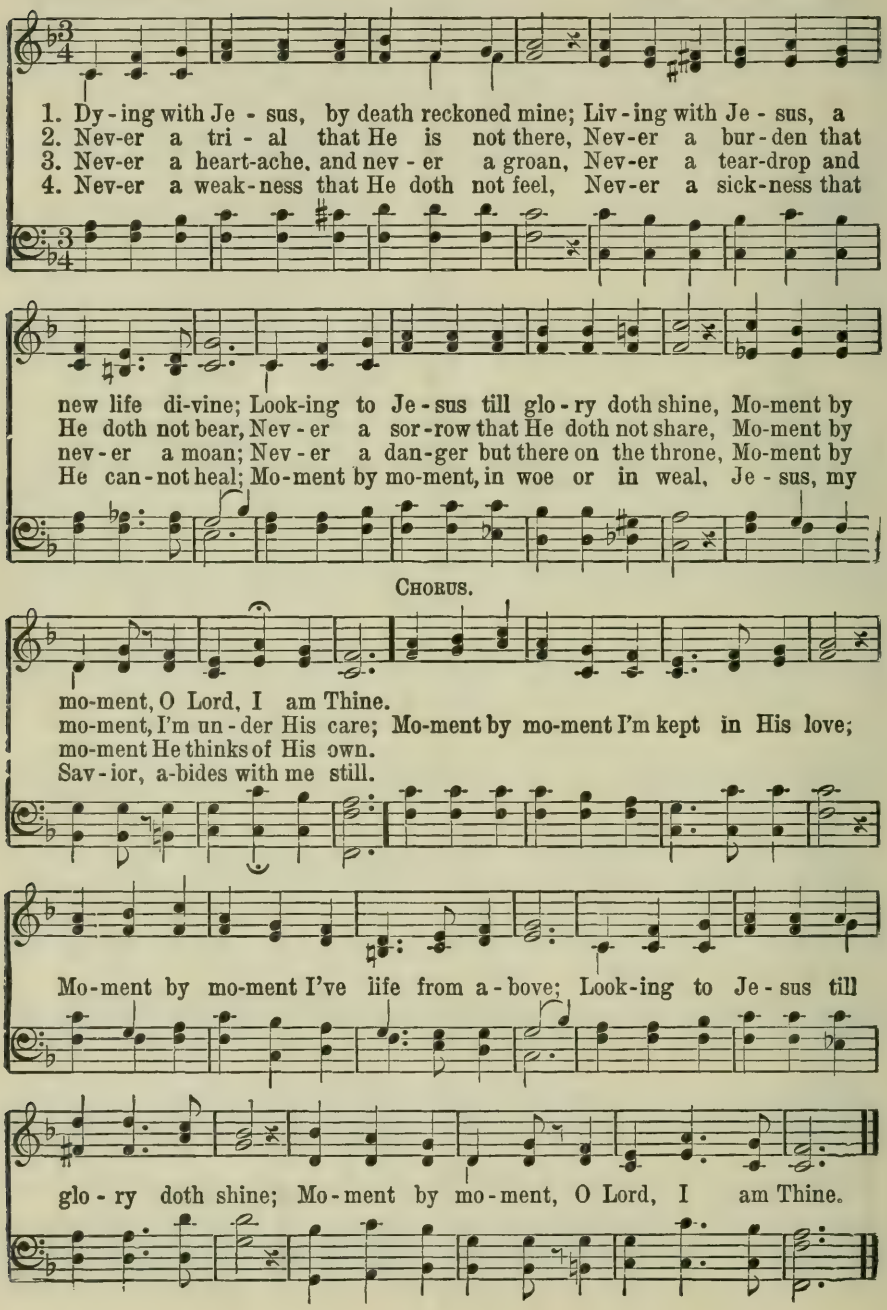
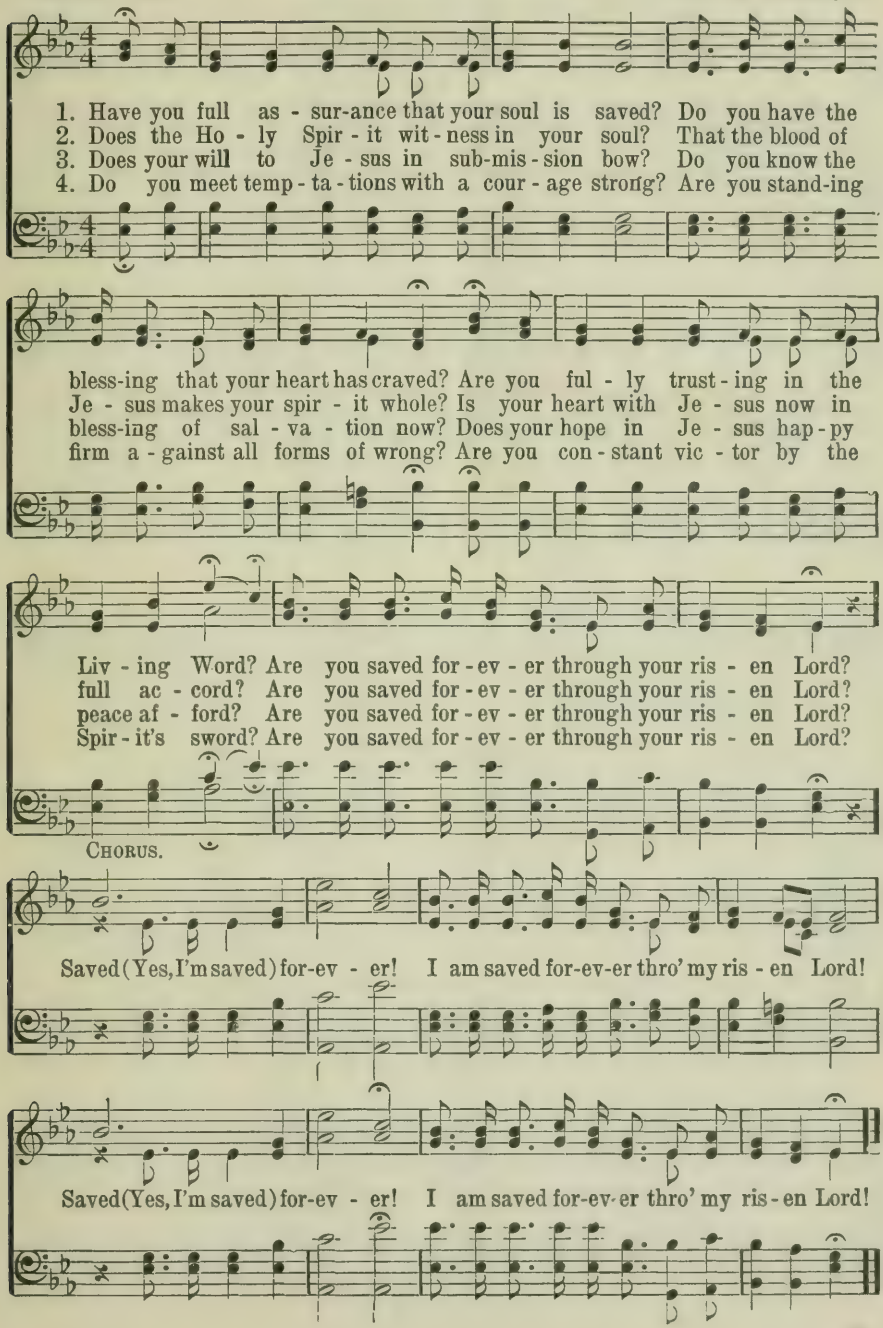
D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.



275 Saved Forever!

Ray E. York. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY M. DOW MOONEY. M. Dow Mooney.



276 Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.

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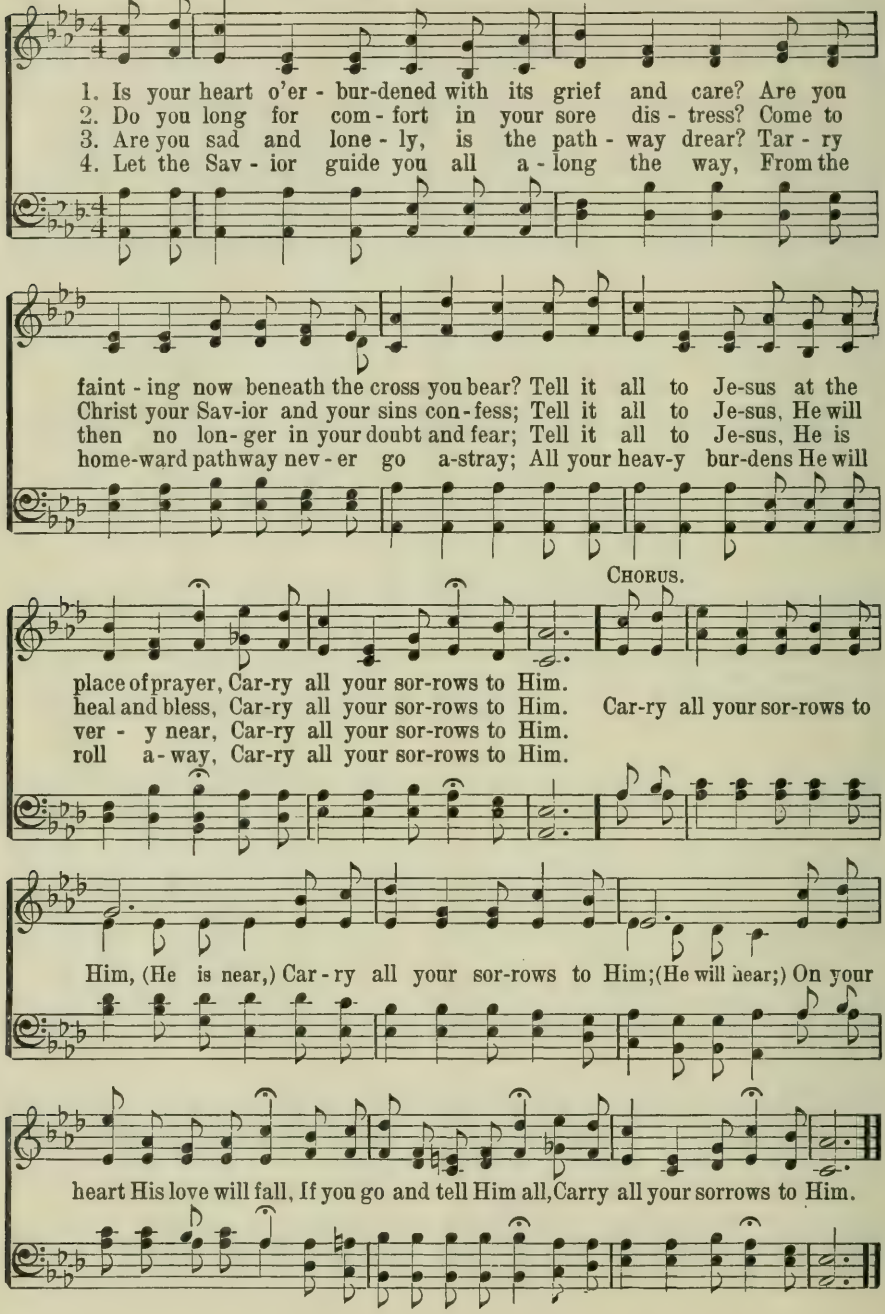

277 He Blotted Them Out.

B. B. McK.

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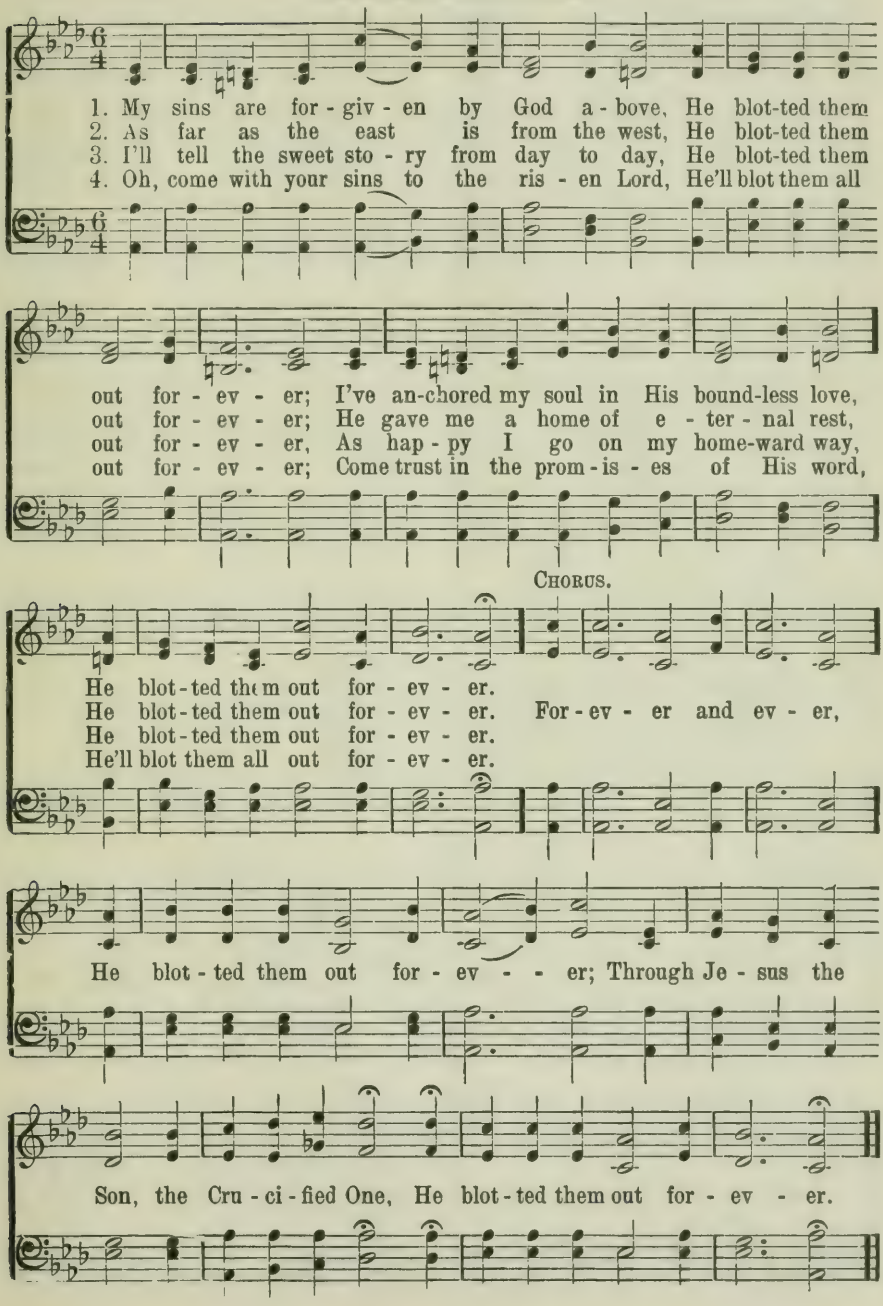
B. B. McKinney.



278 Does Jesus Care?

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY HALL-MACK CO.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est on

mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,

CHORUS.

And the way grows wear - y and long?
Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
Is it aught to Him? Does He care?

ad lib.

know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;... When the days are

rit.

wear - y, The long night drear-y, I know my Sav - ior cares. (He cares.)

279 The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

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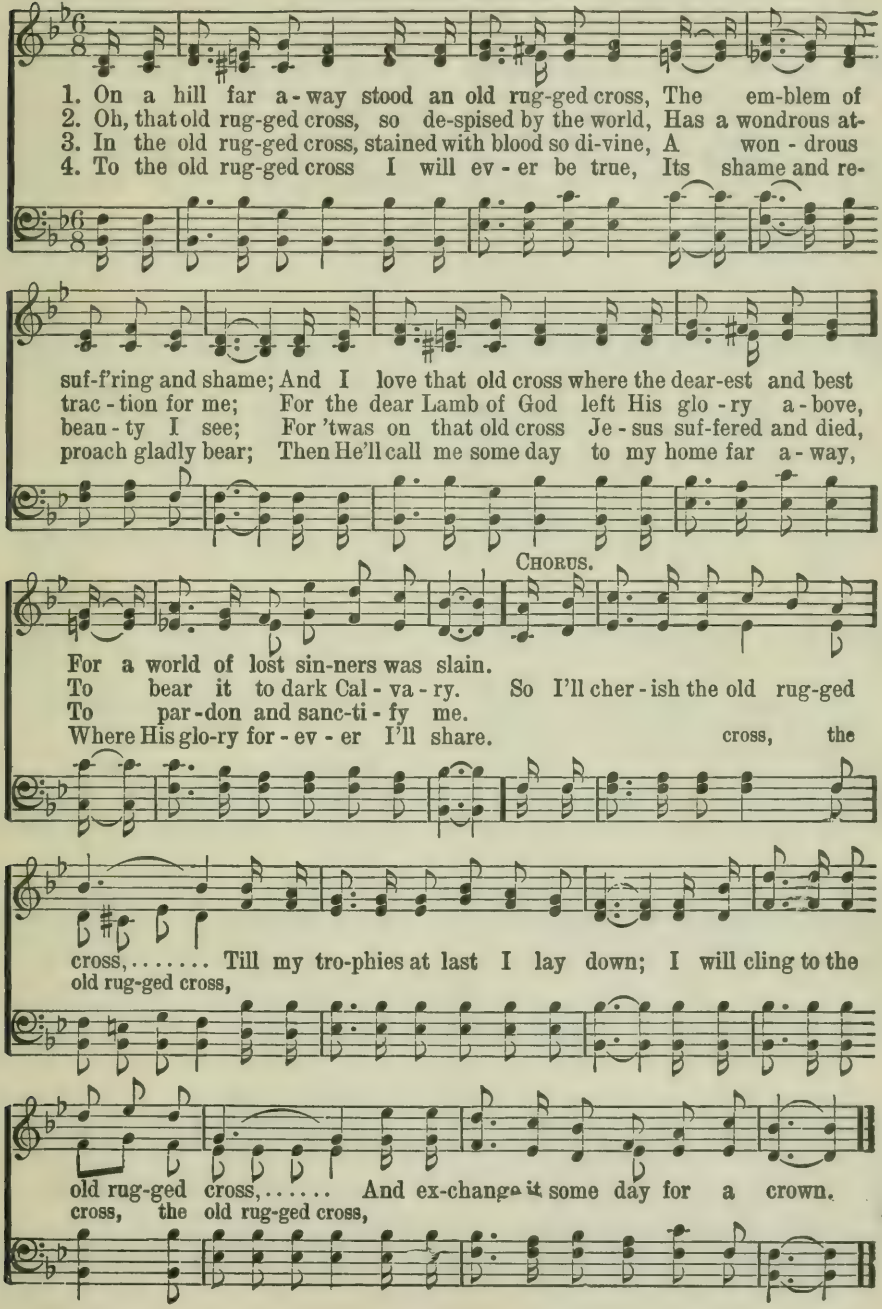
Rev. Geo. Bennard.



His Mighty Hand.

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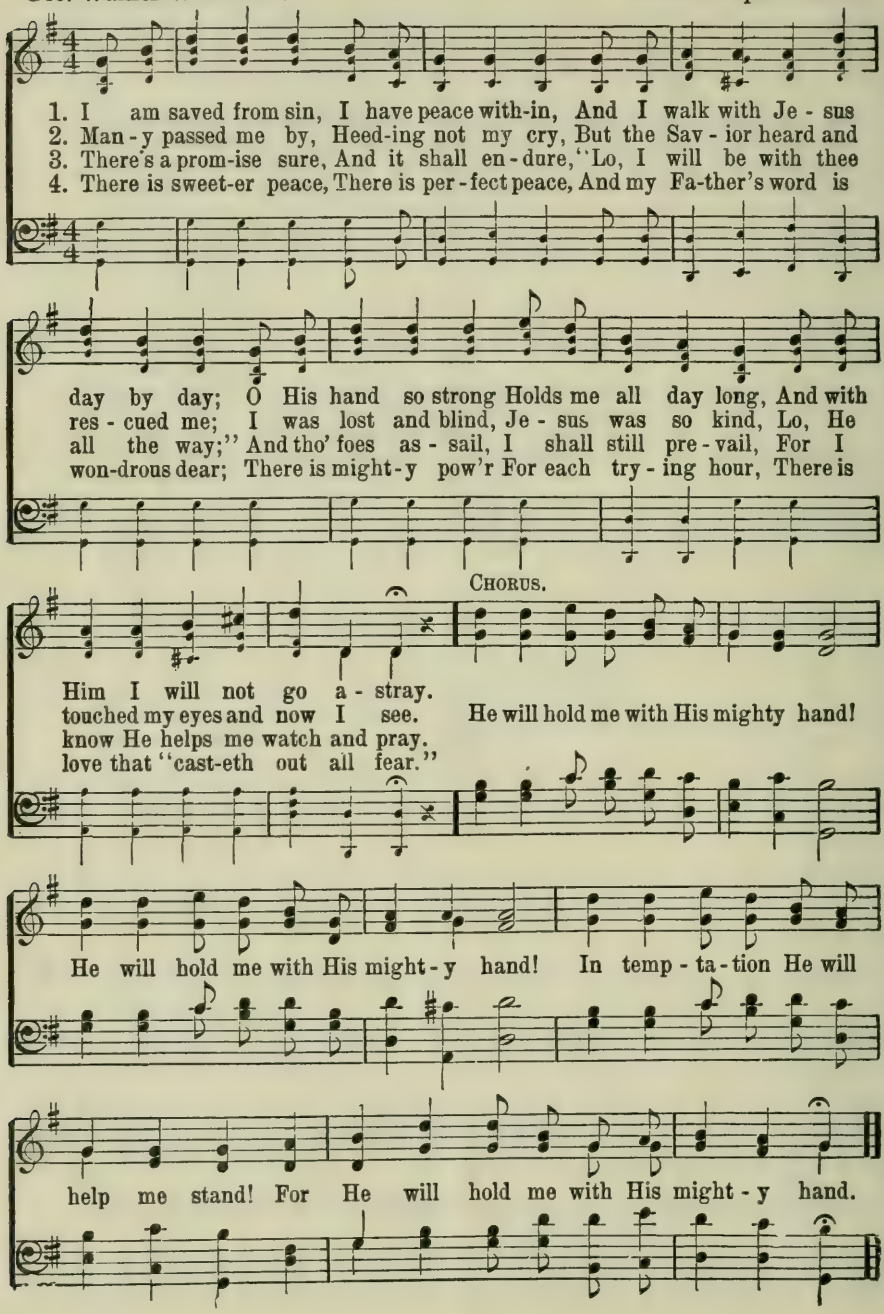
Geo. Walker Whitcomb. Albert Simpson Reitz.



281 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY HERBERT G. TOVEY.
ROBERT H. DO EVAN OWNER

Herbert G. Tovey.

SOLO.

1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre - cious Are ta - ken from
2. Should some earth-ly care come op - press - ing, Some cloud thro' which
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O soul, in this world ev - er chang - ing, Now seek - ing some

me here be - low, There's one pre - cious truth that I treas - ure,
I can - not see, I've one con - stant Friend, it is Je - sus,
lips can I hear; And yet there is One far more pre - cious,
friend that is true, There's One who is stead-fast, un - fail - ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is real, this I know.
He is as real as can be. Je - sus is real and
Je - sus is real, and is near.
Je - sus is real; He seeks you.

pre-cious to me, Je - sus is real to me; (to me;) All that the

rit.

world holds as treas-ure may go, But Je - sus is real to me. (to me.)

282 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds.

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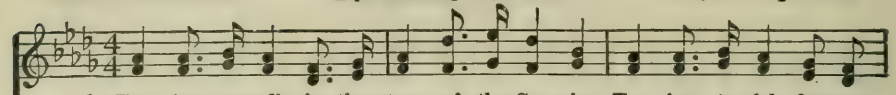
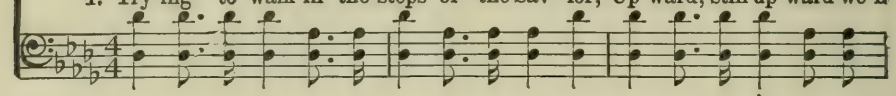
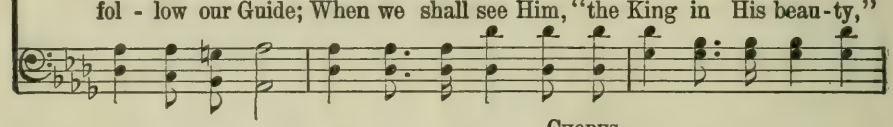
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



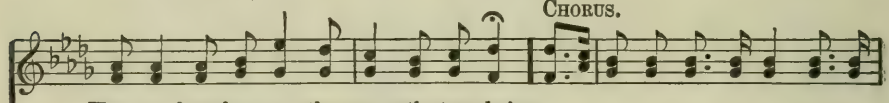
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up-ward, still up-ward we'll



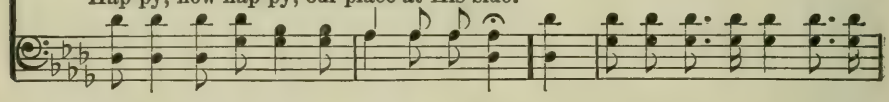
Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"



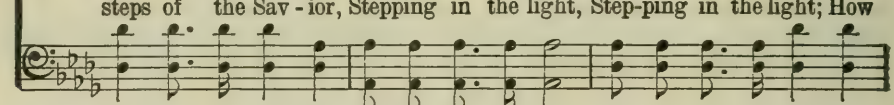
CHORUS.



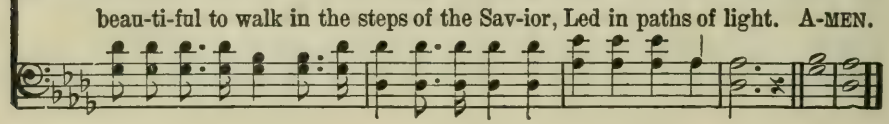
Hap-py, how hap-py, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our prais-es each day. How beau-ti - ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py, our jour-ney a - bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our place at His side.



steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How



beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light. A-MEN.



283 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi-light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die—

CHORUS.

I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.

star - ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev - er; At His feet I'll lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

284 Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper. Copyright, 1919. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo-rious rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in Heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful

way of sal-va-tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,
ut-tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
ransomed the song of the blest, The life ev - er last - ing if ye would ob-tain,
gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re-frain:

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain." (a-gain.) "Ye must be born a-
gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a - gain,
ver - i - ly say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain." A - MEN.
a-gain.

285 Loyalty to Christ.

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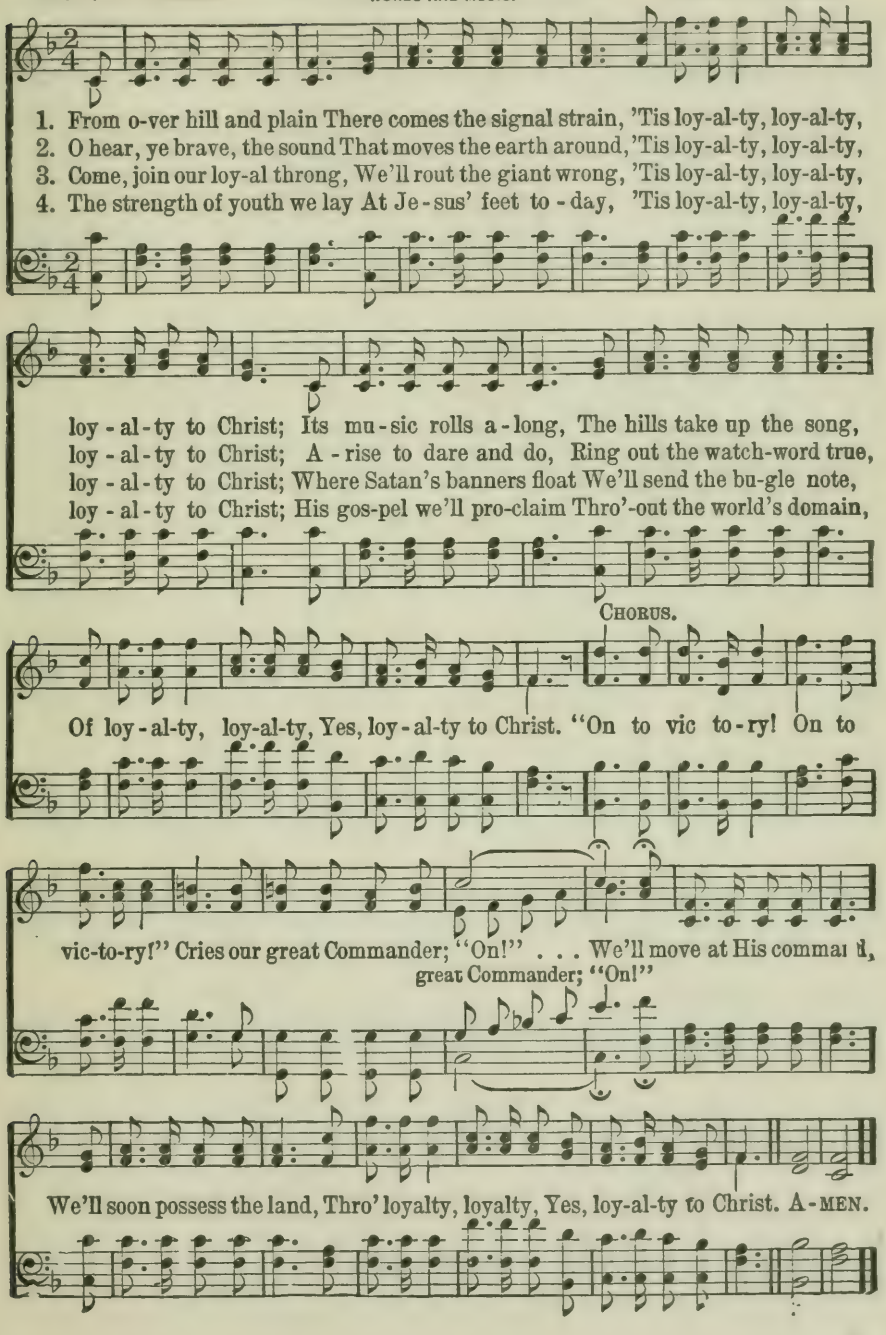
WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.



286 He Knows the Way.

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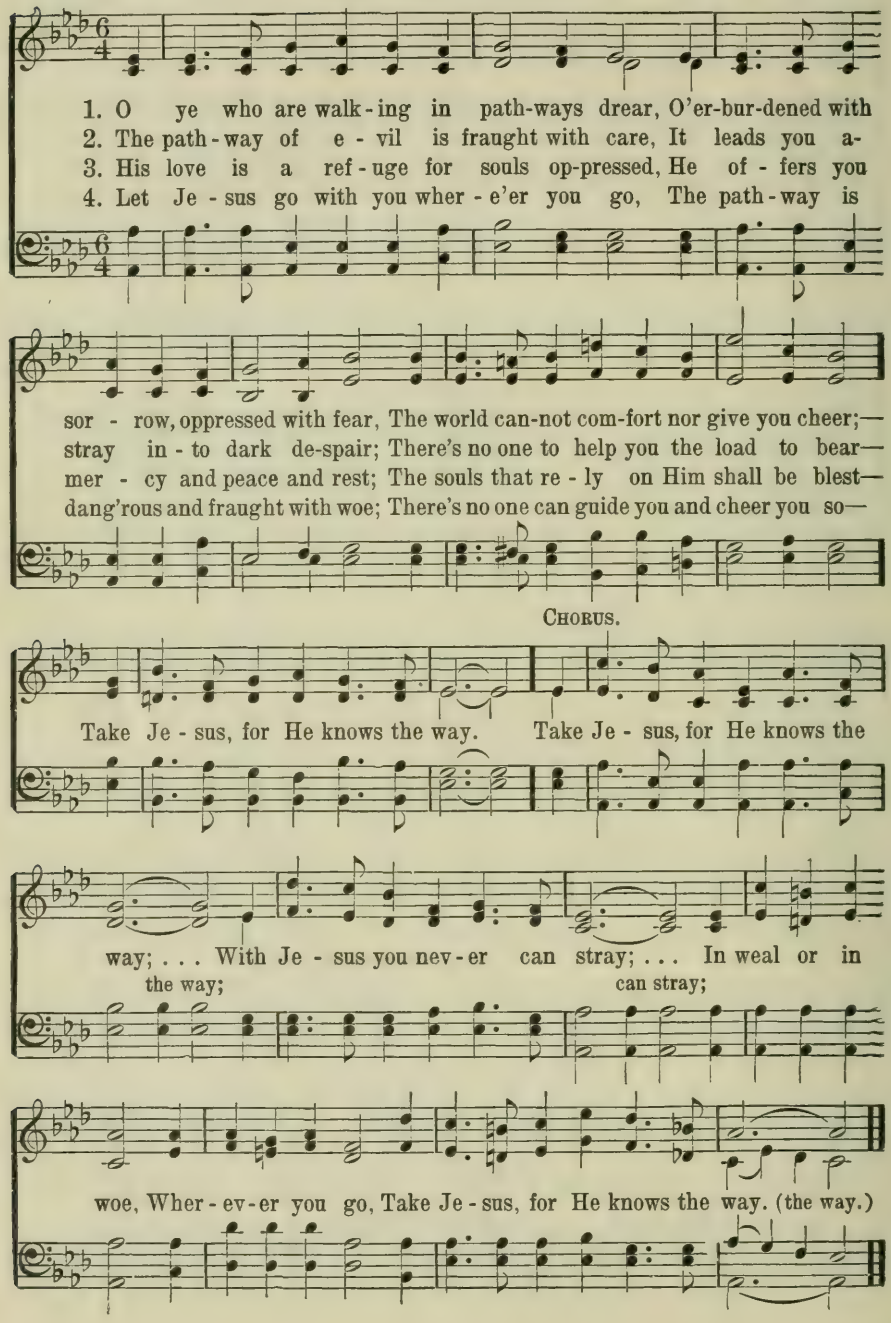

287 Send a Great Revival.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

Slowly.

1. Com - ing now to Thee, O Christ my Lord, Trust - ing on - ly in Thy
2. Send the Ho - ly Spir - it now with - in, Burn - ing out the dross and
3. Send a great re - vi - val, Lord, in me, Help me that I may re-
4. Help me go for Thee, dear Lord, to - day, To some lone - ly soul that's

pre - cious word, Let my hum-ble prayer to Thee be heard, And send a great re-
guilt of sin; Let Thy might-y works of grace be - gin, Oh, send a great re-
joice in Thee; Give me strength to win the vic - to - ry, And send a great re-
gone a - stray; Help me lead them in the home-ward way, Oh, send a great re-

CHORUS. *Faster.*

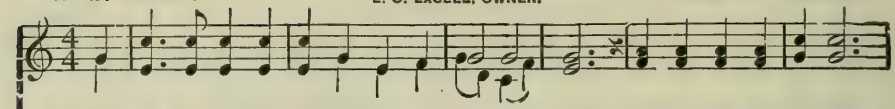
vi - val in my soul. . . Send a great re - vi - val in my soul, . . .
in my soul,

Send a great re - vi - val in my soul; . . . Let the Ho - ly Spir - it
in my soul;

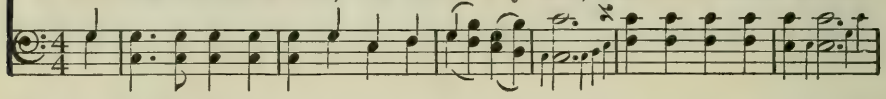
come and take con-trol, And send a great re - vi - val in my soul. . . . .
in my soul.

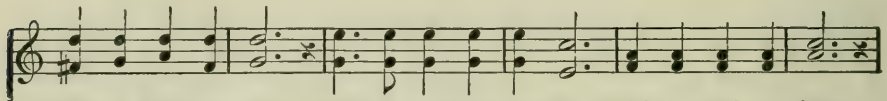
288 As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

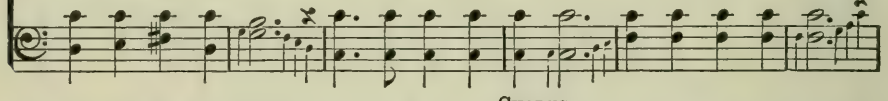


1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

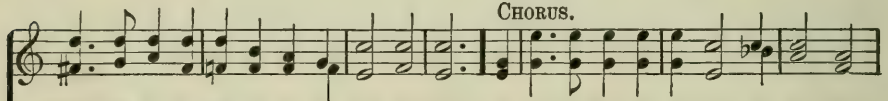




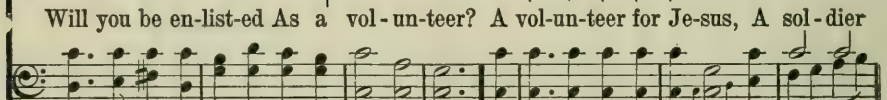
Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



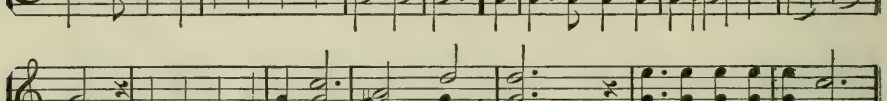
CHORUS.



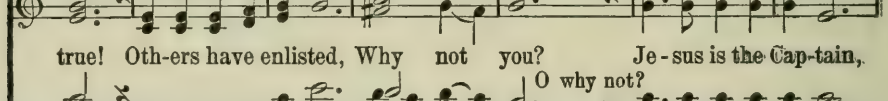
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus, A sol-dier



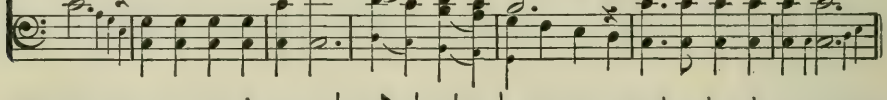
true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,



O why not?



We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-MEN.



289 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Copyright, 1910. By Mrs. Addie McGranahan. Renewal.
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Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain;. . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re-

ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men;. . . ; . . Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:. . . . . Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A-MEN.
Make the message plain:

290 Carry Your Burden With a Smile.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McK. B. B. McKinney.

1. Do you wear - y grow on your toil - some road? Car - ry your
2. Does the sky seem dark and the way grow dim? Car - ry your
3. There are hearts that long for the sun - shine bright, Car - ry your
4. Cast your all on Him, on His pow'r de - pend, Car - ry your

bur - den with a smile; Do you al - most sink 'neath your heav-y load?
bur - den with a smile; Look to God in faith, put your trust in Him,
bur - den with a smile; Let the glad song ring thro' the dark - est night,
bur - den with a smile; For the King of kings is your dear - est Friend,

CHORUS.

Car-ry your burden with a smile. Car-ry your burden with a smile, For yes, with a smile,

sigh-ing was never worth the while; But 'twill help the faint and not worth the while;

weary o'er some long and rugged mile, If you'll carry your burden with a smile. with a smile.

291 The Nail-Scarred Hand.

B. B. McK.

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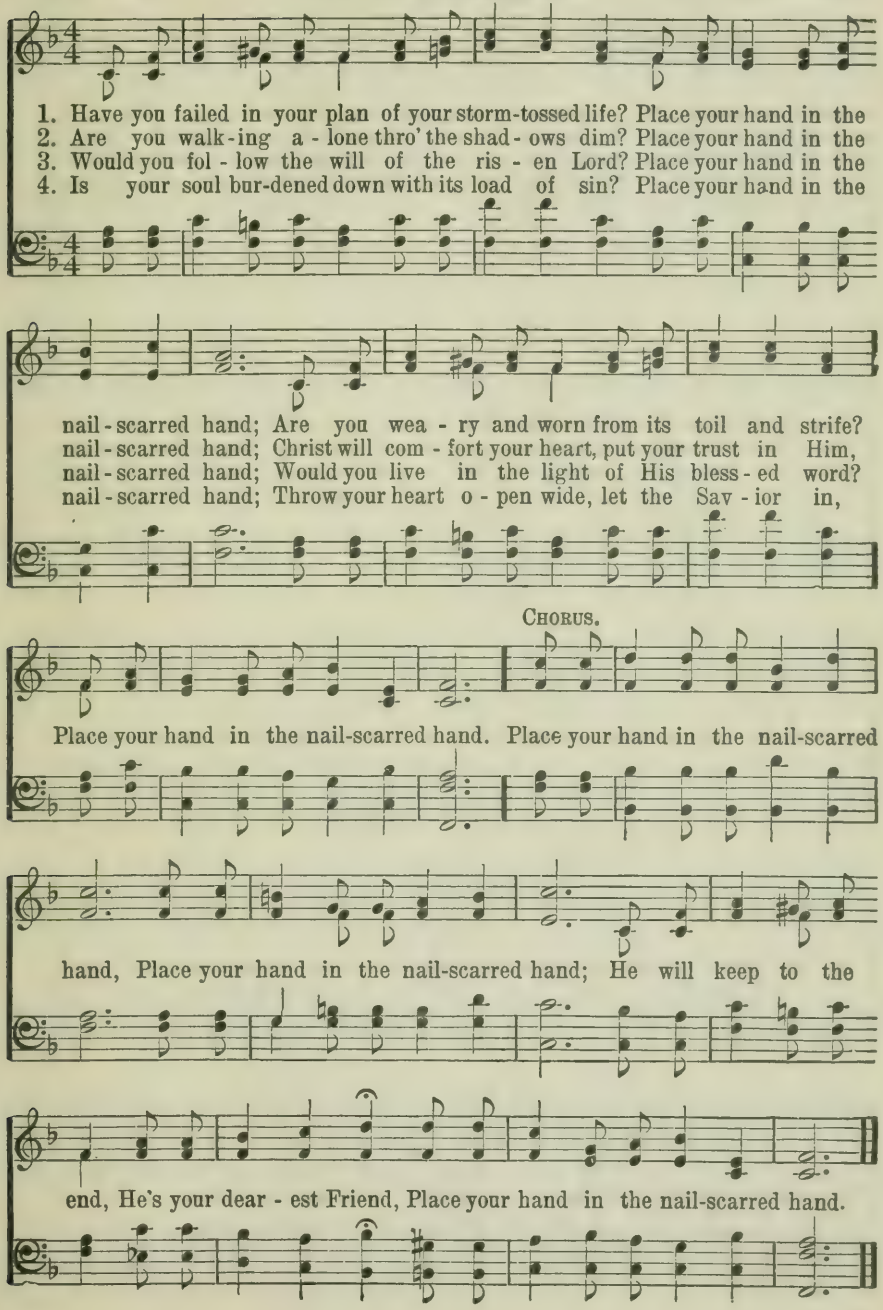
B. B. McKinney.



292 Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up-

just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,

Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to

com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

293 He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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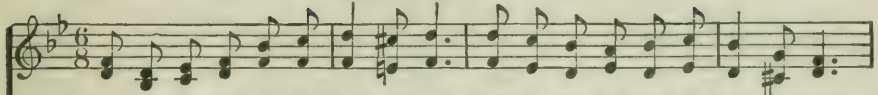
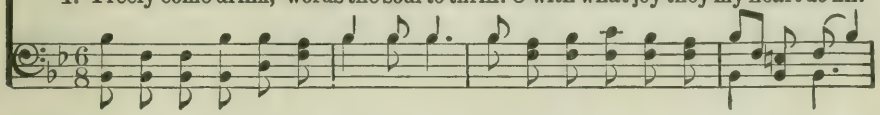
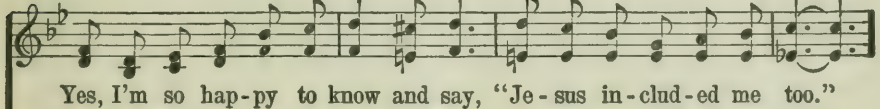
Hamp Sewell.

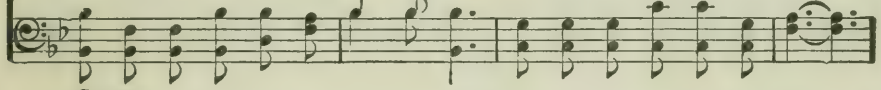


1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!

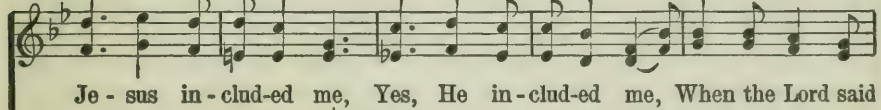




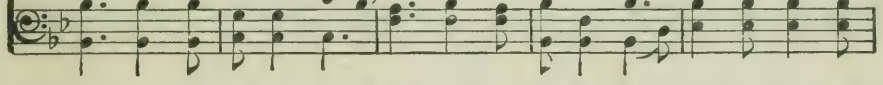
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.

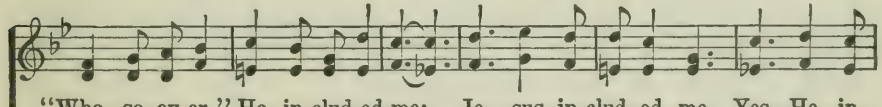


CHORUS.

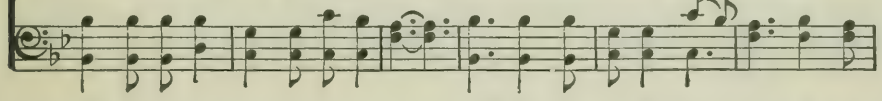


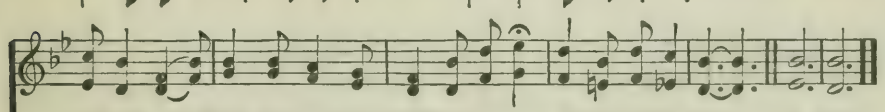
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said



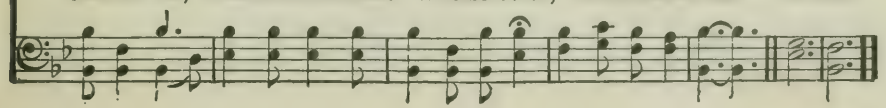


"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-





clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.



294 Pentecostal Power.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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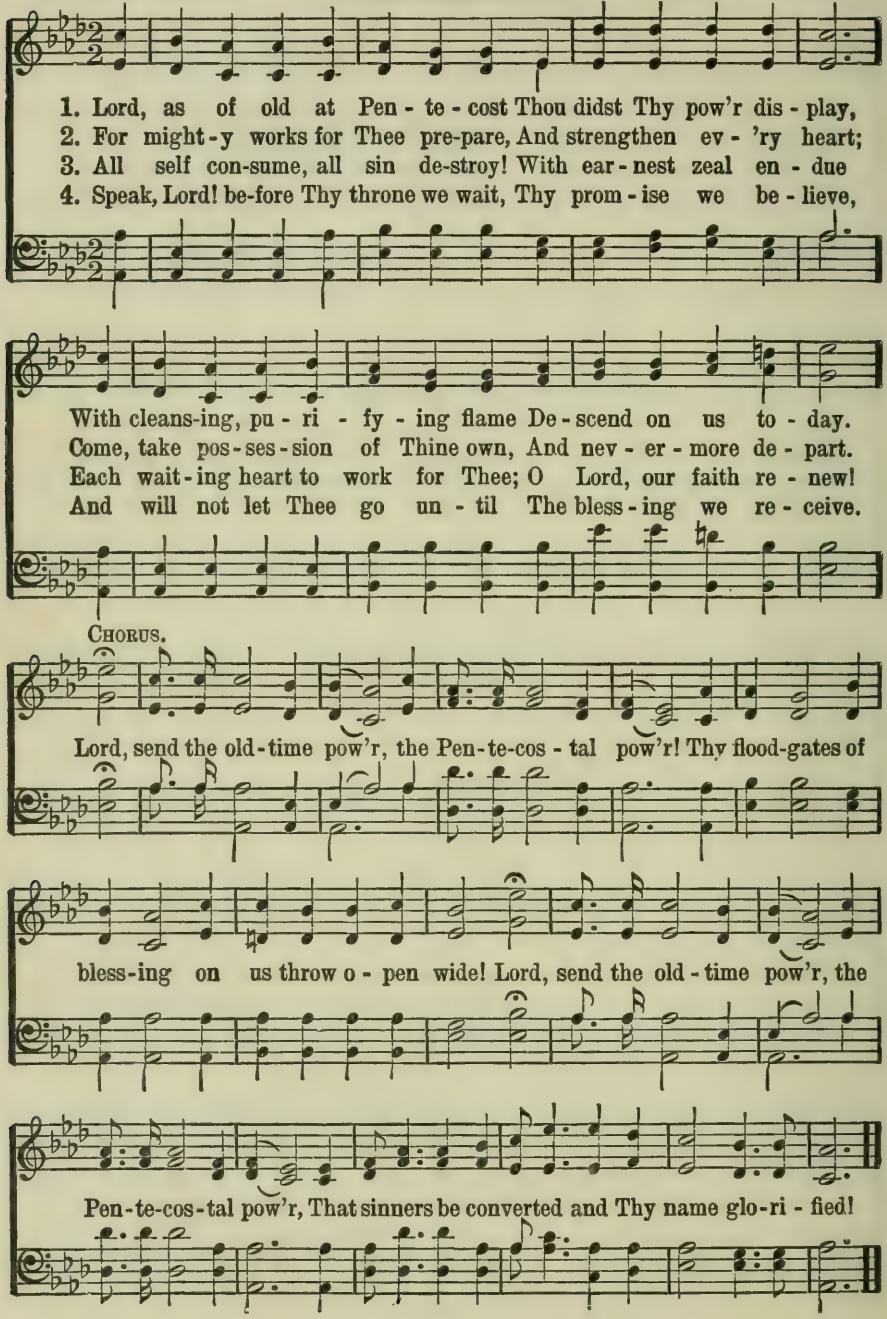

295 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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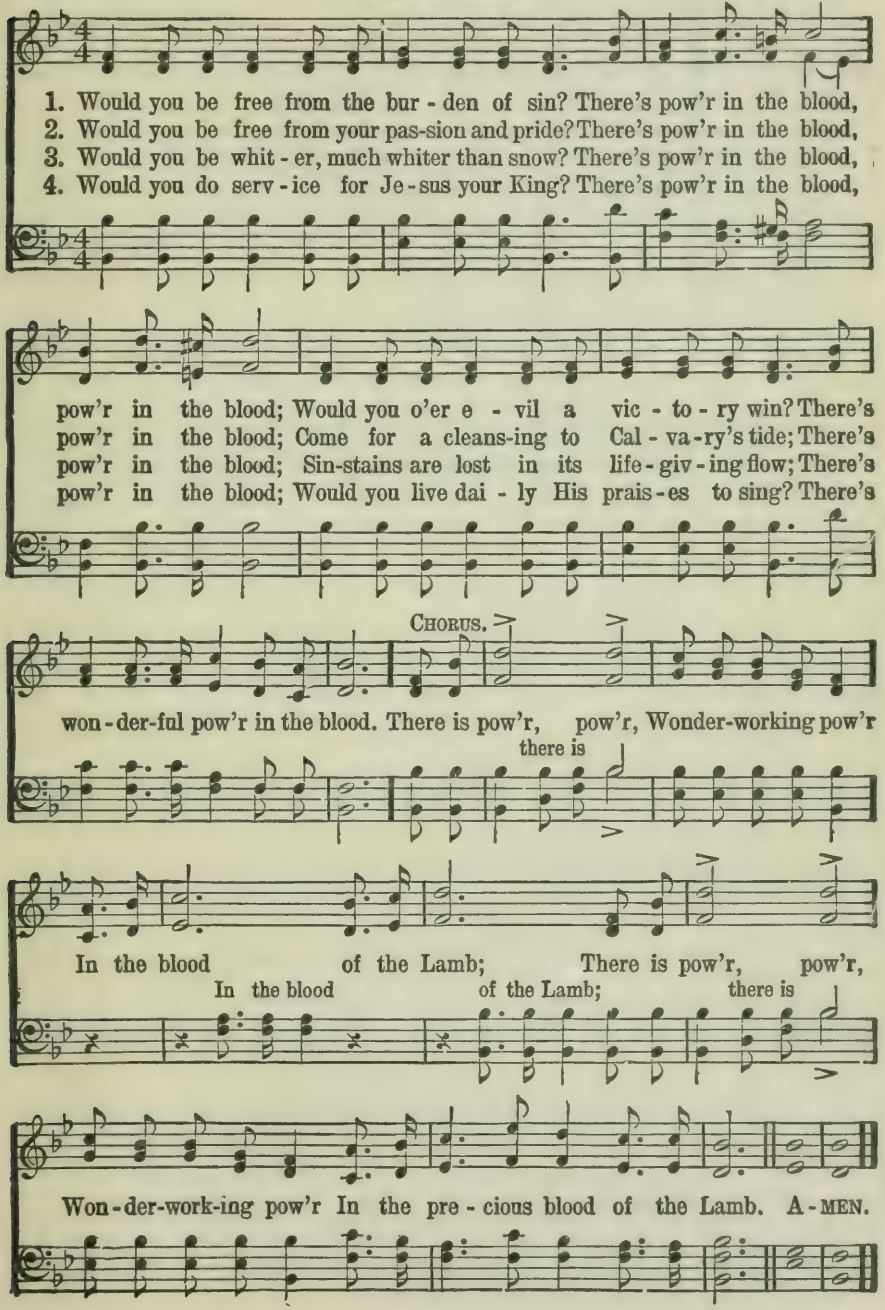
L. E. Jones.



296 Believe and Keep on Believing.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. ADDIE MC GRANAHAN. RENEWAL.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Arr. from W. L. by El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. I be-lieved in God's won-der - ful mer - cy and grace, Be-lieved in the
2. I be-lieved in the work of my cru - ci - fied Lord, Be-lieved in re-
3. I be-lieved in the heart that was o - pened for me, Be-lieved in the
4. I be-lieved in Him-self as the true Liv - ing One, Be-lieved in His

smile of His rec - on-ciled face, Be-lieved in His mes-sage of par - don and peace;
demp-tion a - lone thro' His blood, Be-lieved in my Sav-ior by trust-ing His word;
love flow-ing bless-ed and free, Be-lieved that my sins were all nailed to the tree;
pres-ence on high on the throne, Be-lieved in His com-ing in glo - ry full soon;

CHORUS.

I be-lieved, and I keep on be - liev-ing. Be-lieve! and the feel-ing may

come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ - ten to show That

all who be-lieve, their salvation may know; Believe, and keep right on believing.

297 Thy Word Have I Hid In My Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS.

Adapted by E. O. S. E. O. Sellers.

1. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way;
2. For - ev - er, oh, Lord, is Thy Word Es-tab-lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him Whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Sav-ior and Morn-ing Star,

To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n-ly way.
Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er nigh.
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.

CHORUS.—Ps. 119: 11.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart,..... .. That I might not
in my heart,

sin a - gainst Thee,..... That I might not sin, That
a - gainst Thee,

ad lib.

I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

298 The Long, Long Road With Jesus.

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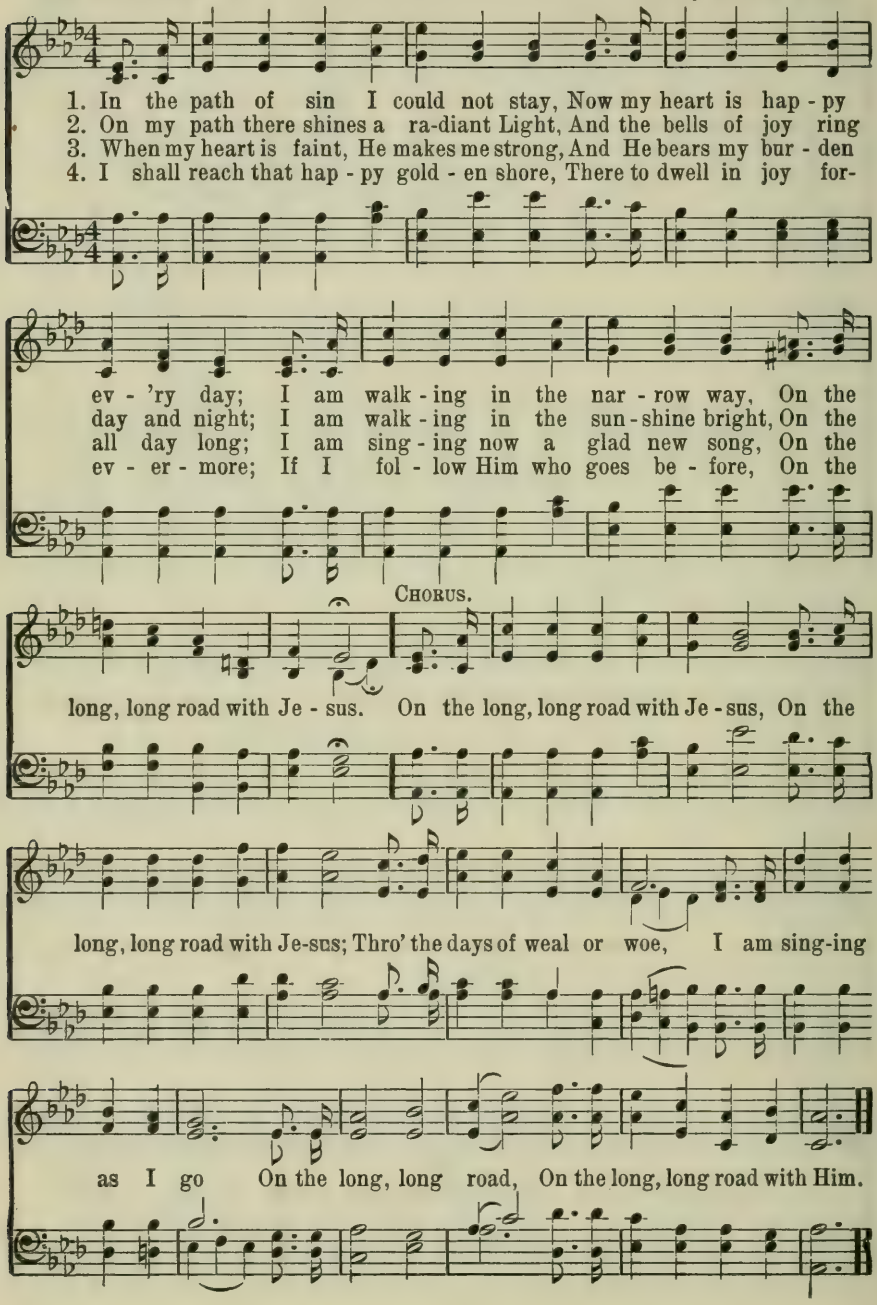
Rev. Alfred Barratt. Harry Dixon Loes.



299 He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

Virgil P. Brock. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Blanche Kerr Brock.

1. I was lost in sin, but Je - sus res-cued me, He's a won-der - ful
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der - ful
3. He is al - ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der - ful
4. Dear-er grows the love of Je - sus day by day, He's a won-der - ful

Sav-ior to me; I was bound by fear, but Je - sus set me free,
Sav-ior to me; Ev - 'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find,
Sav-ior to me; (So wonderful!) He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev - 'ry tear,
Sav-ior to me; Sweet-er is His grace while pressing on my way,

CHORUS.

He's a won-der - ful Sav-ior to me. (So won-der-ful!) For He's a won-der-ful

Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav - ior to me;
won-der-ful! won-der-ful!

I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in: He's a wonderful Sav-ior to me.

300 I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.

CHORUS.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend;.. What I need I know that He will send;.... I have proved Him, good and true is He;... I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me....

Yes, I choose my Sav-ior al-ways when I need a help - ful friend; What I need I know that sure-ly He to me will free - ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and al-ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.

301 Smile.

B. B. McK.

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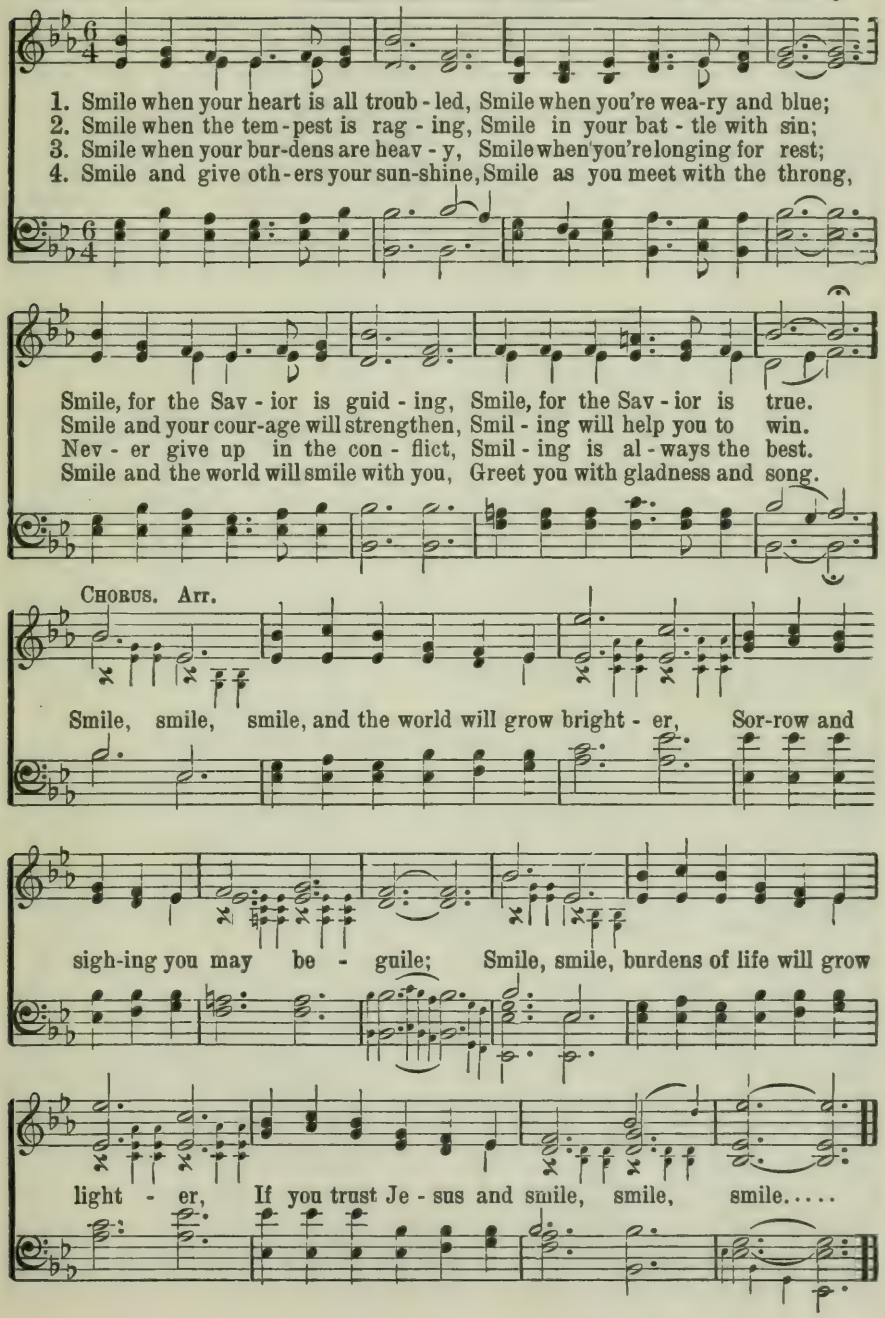
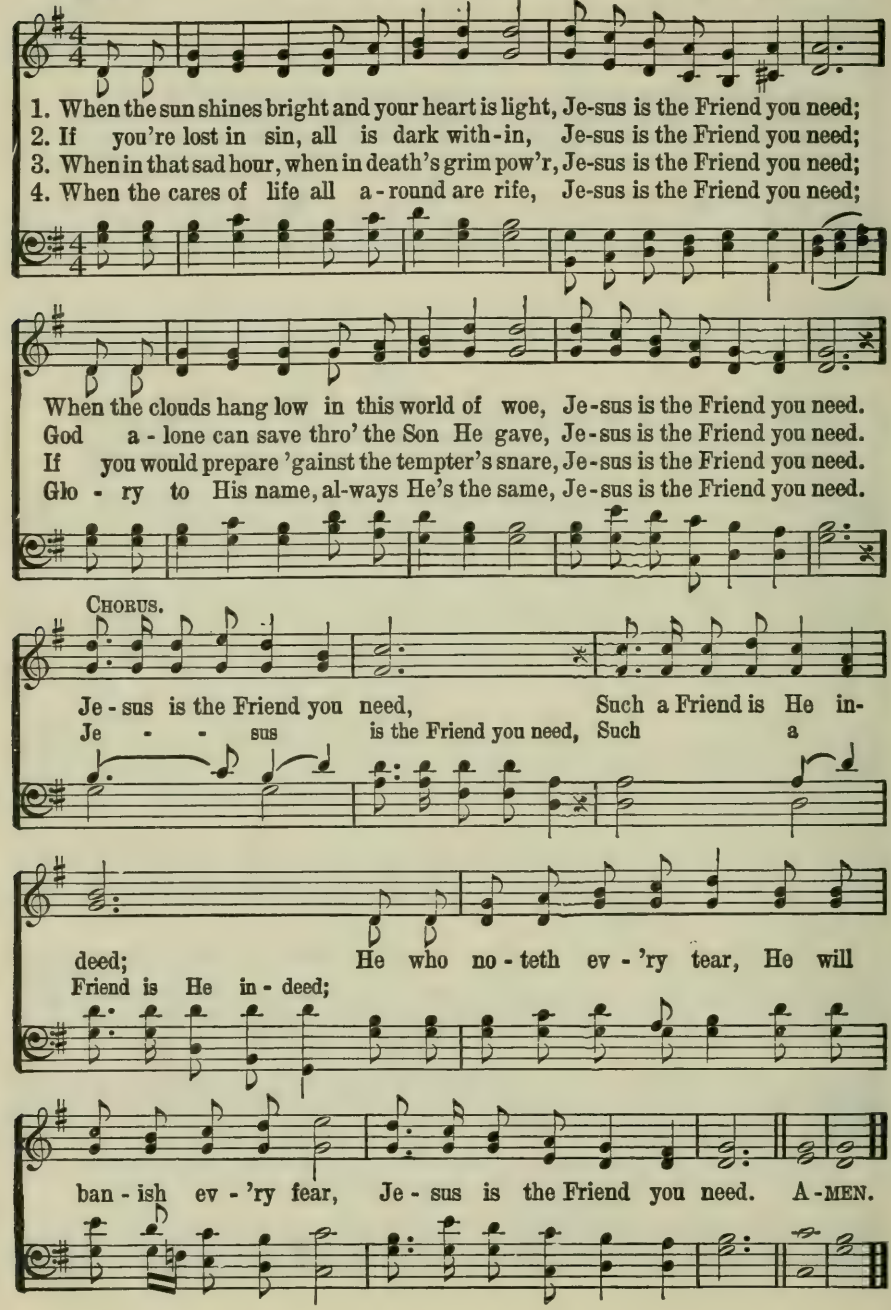
B. B. McKinney.



302 Jesus is the Friend You Need.

I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. I. E. Reynolds.



303 Jesus Answers Prayer.

Richard Hainsworth.

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Haldor Lillenas

1. Plead the pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Cast up-on Him
2. When the storm and stress of life sur-round you, And the load seems
3. When per-plex-ing prob-lems you are fac-ing, And the path seems
4. Mat-ters not what sor-rows may en-fold you, There is One who

all your anx-ious care, Call up-on Him and He will de-liv-er, For
more than you can bear, Go to Him for aid and He will help you, For
rug-ged ev-'ry-where, Look to Je-sus, He will safe-ly guide you, For
can your heart-ache share; Go to Him what-ev-er may be-fall you, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus an-swers prayer. . . Je-sus answers prayer, Je-sus answers prayer,
an-swers prayer.

Cast on Him your bur-den, roll on Him your care; Plead His word of love

and His prom-ise prove, For Je-sus an-swers prayer. . . .
an-swers prayer.

304 One Day!

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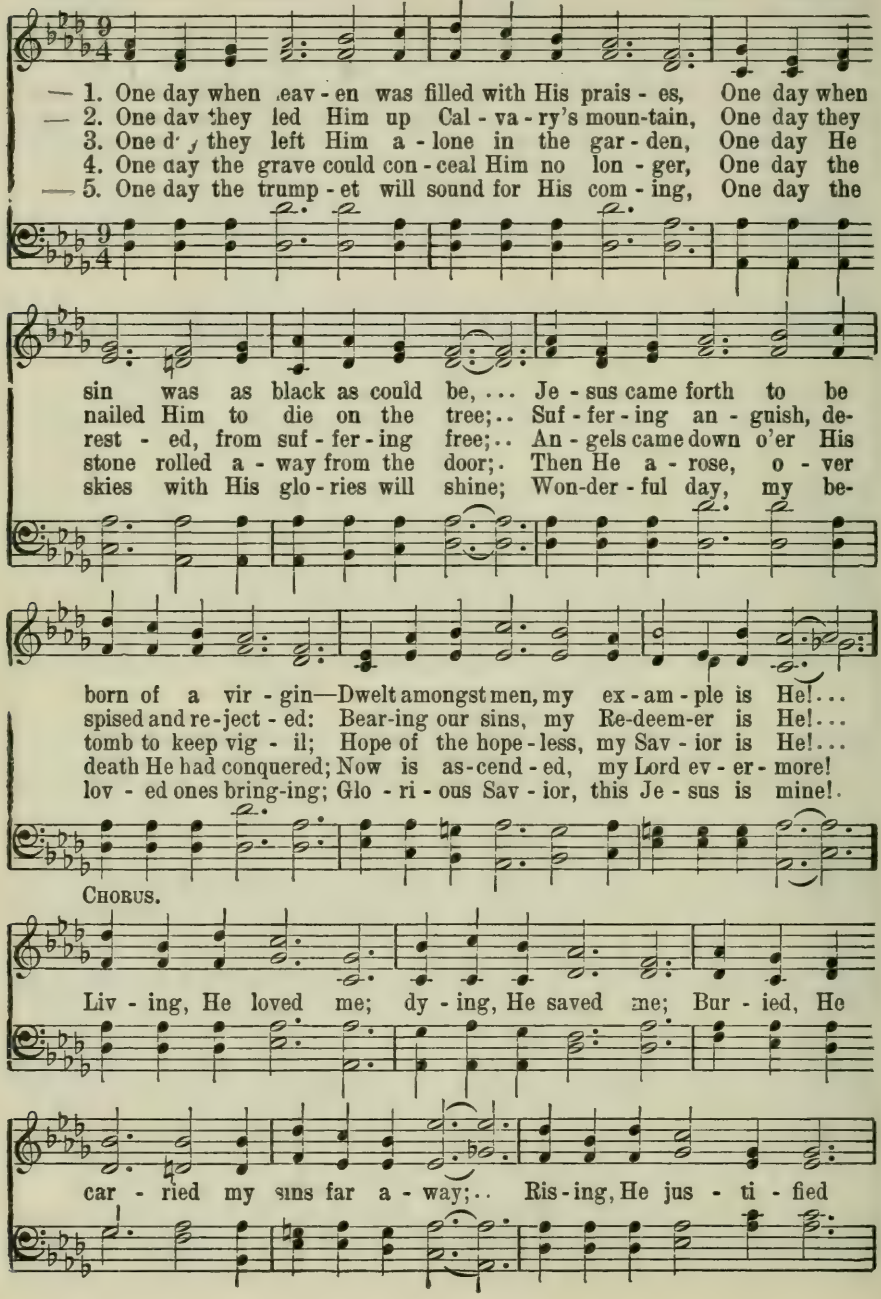
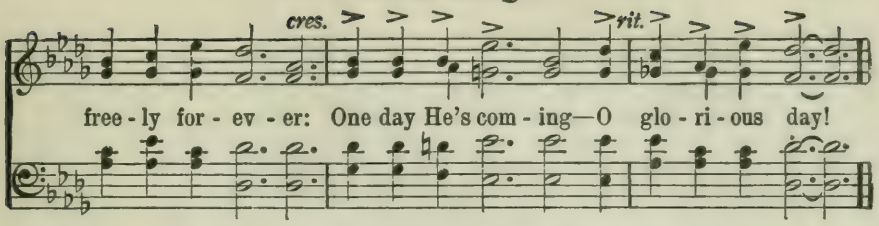
Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Chas. H. Marsh.



One Day!



305 Just for To-day.

Eben E. Rexford. Victor H. Benke

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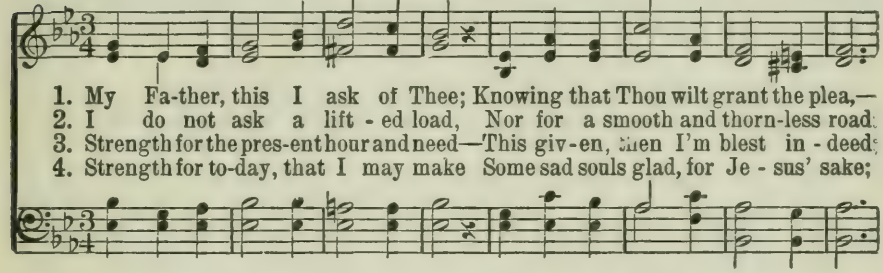
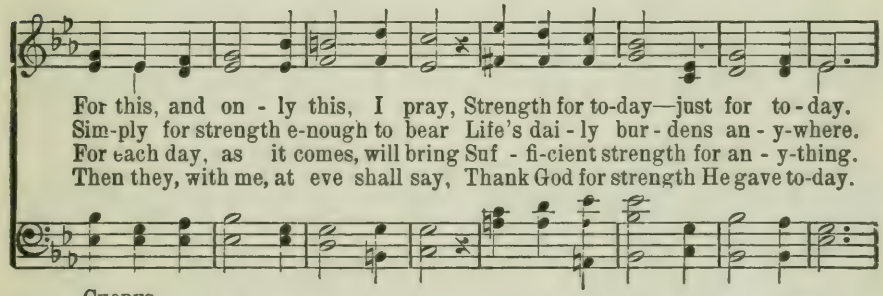
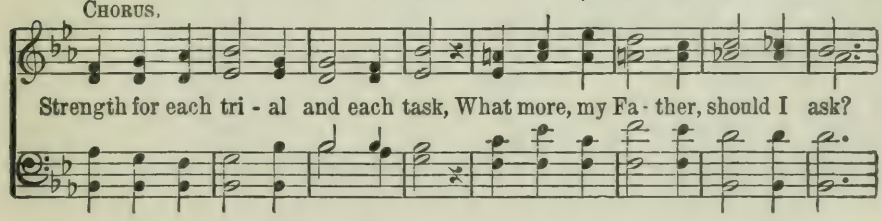
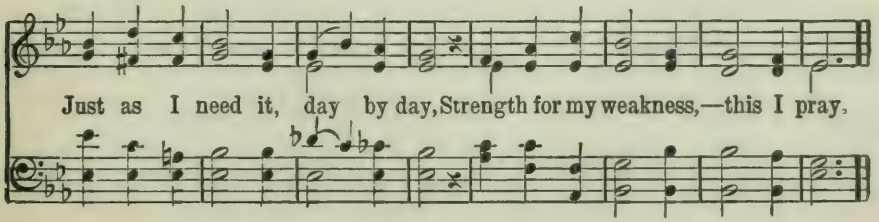


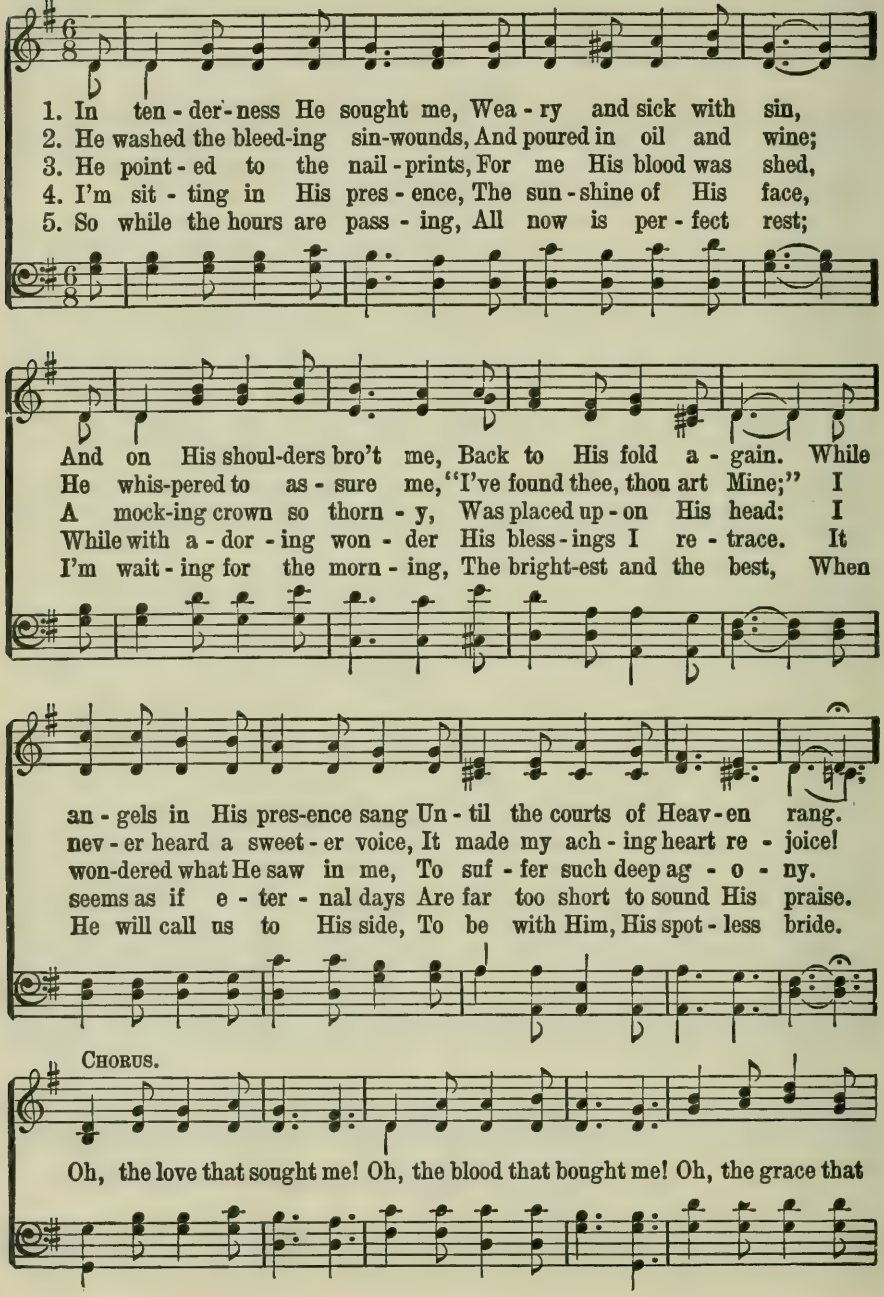




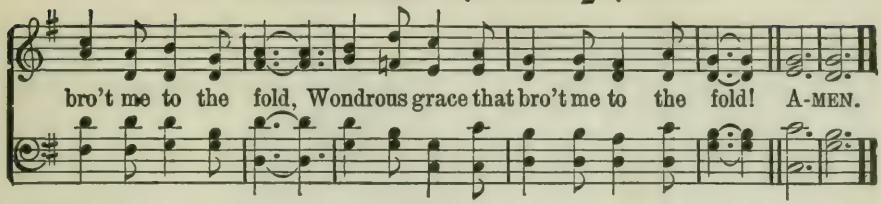


306 In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. Spencer Walton. A. J. Gordon.



In Tenderness He Sought Me.



307 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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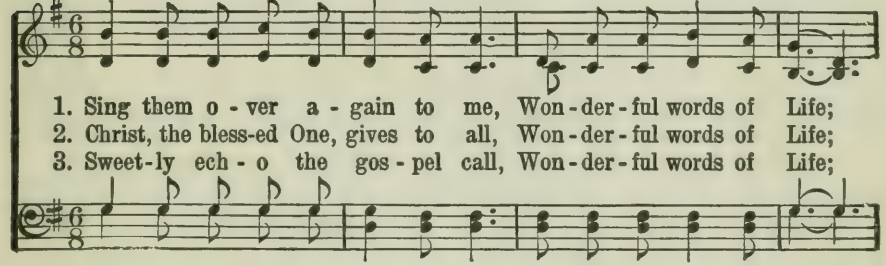
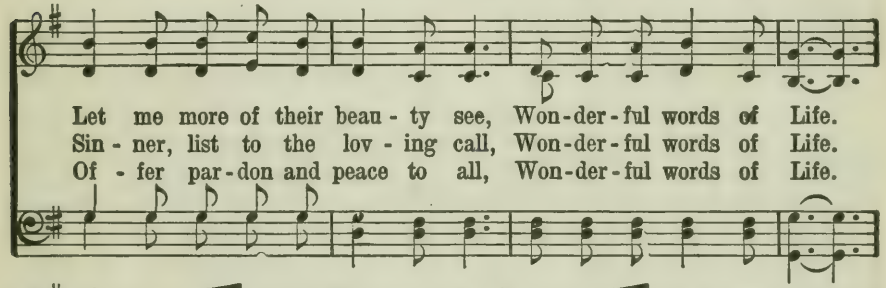
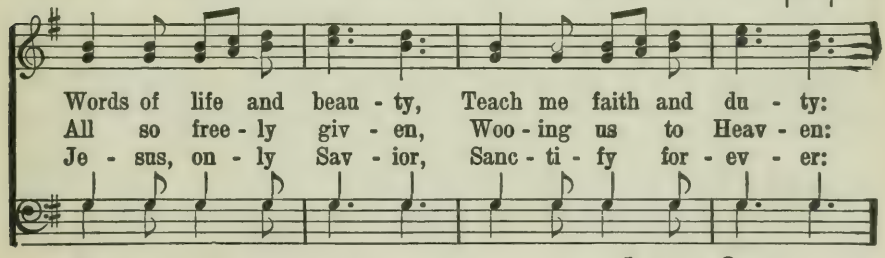
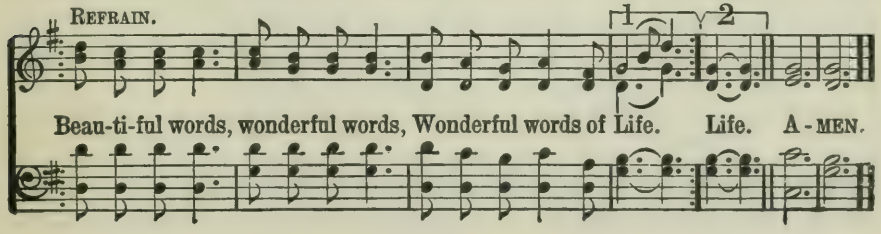


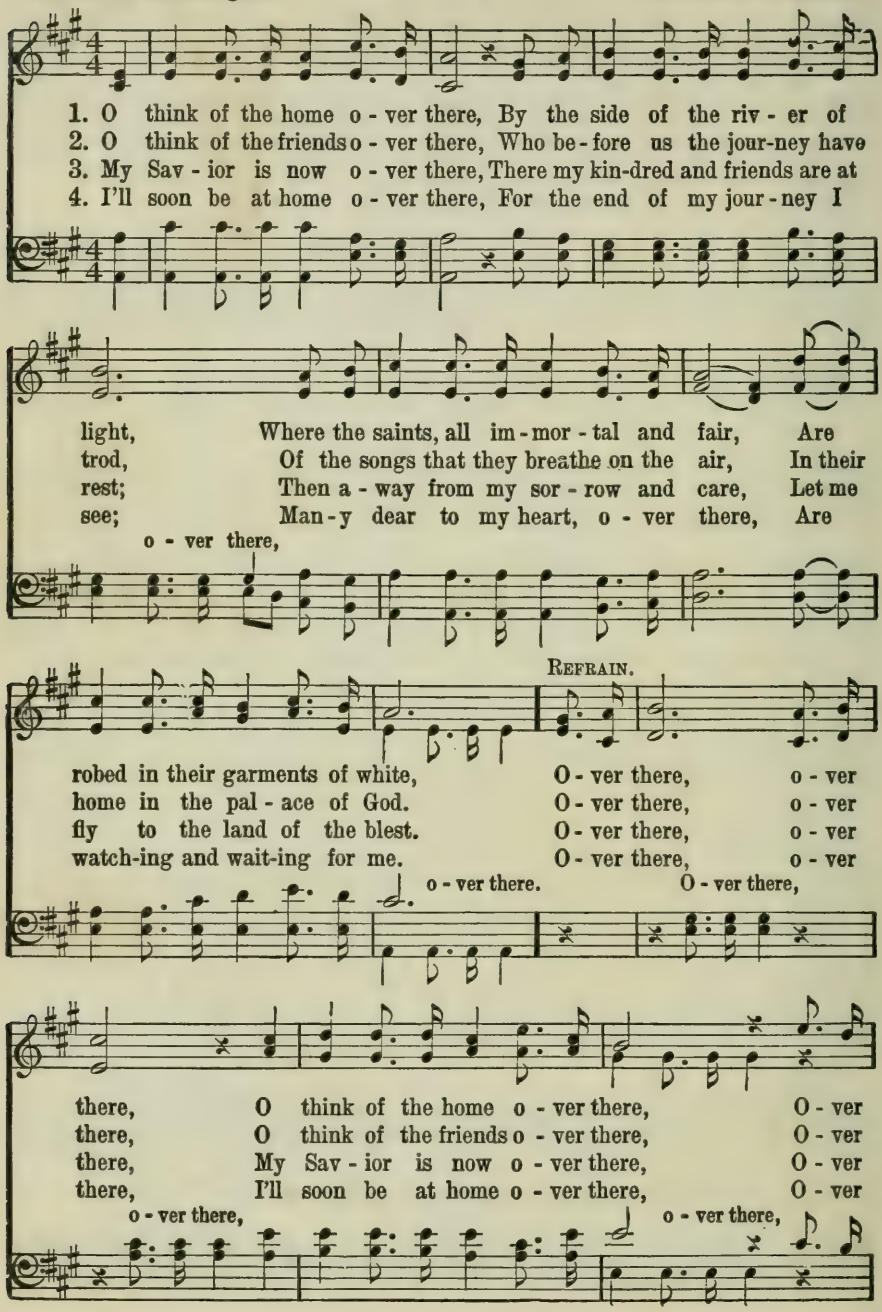




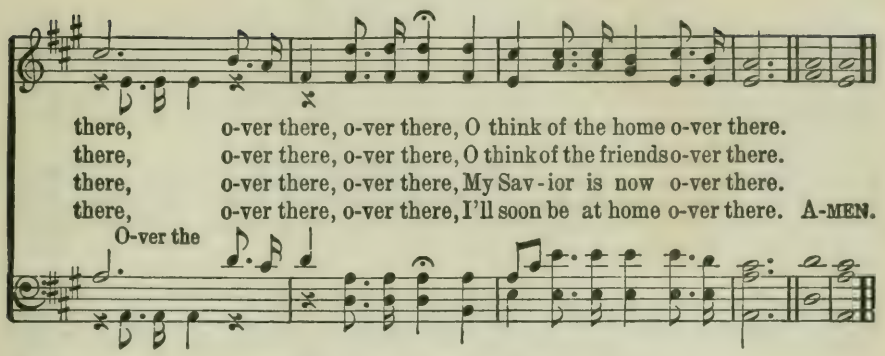


308 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

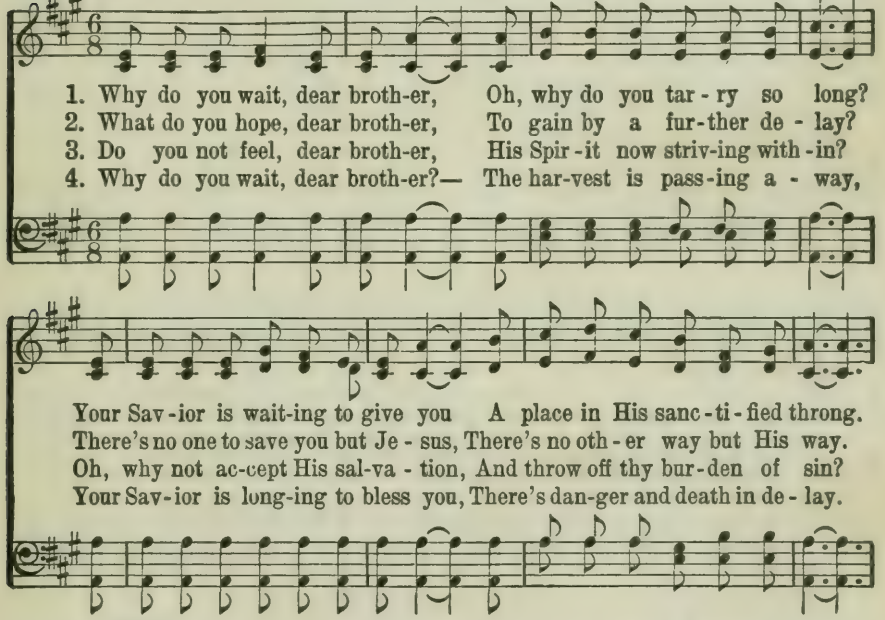


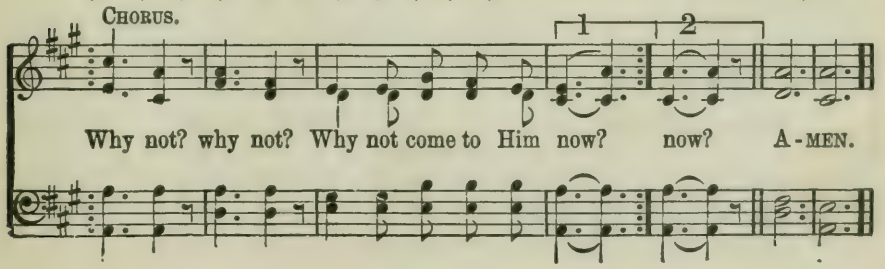
The Home Over There.



309 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. F. Root.

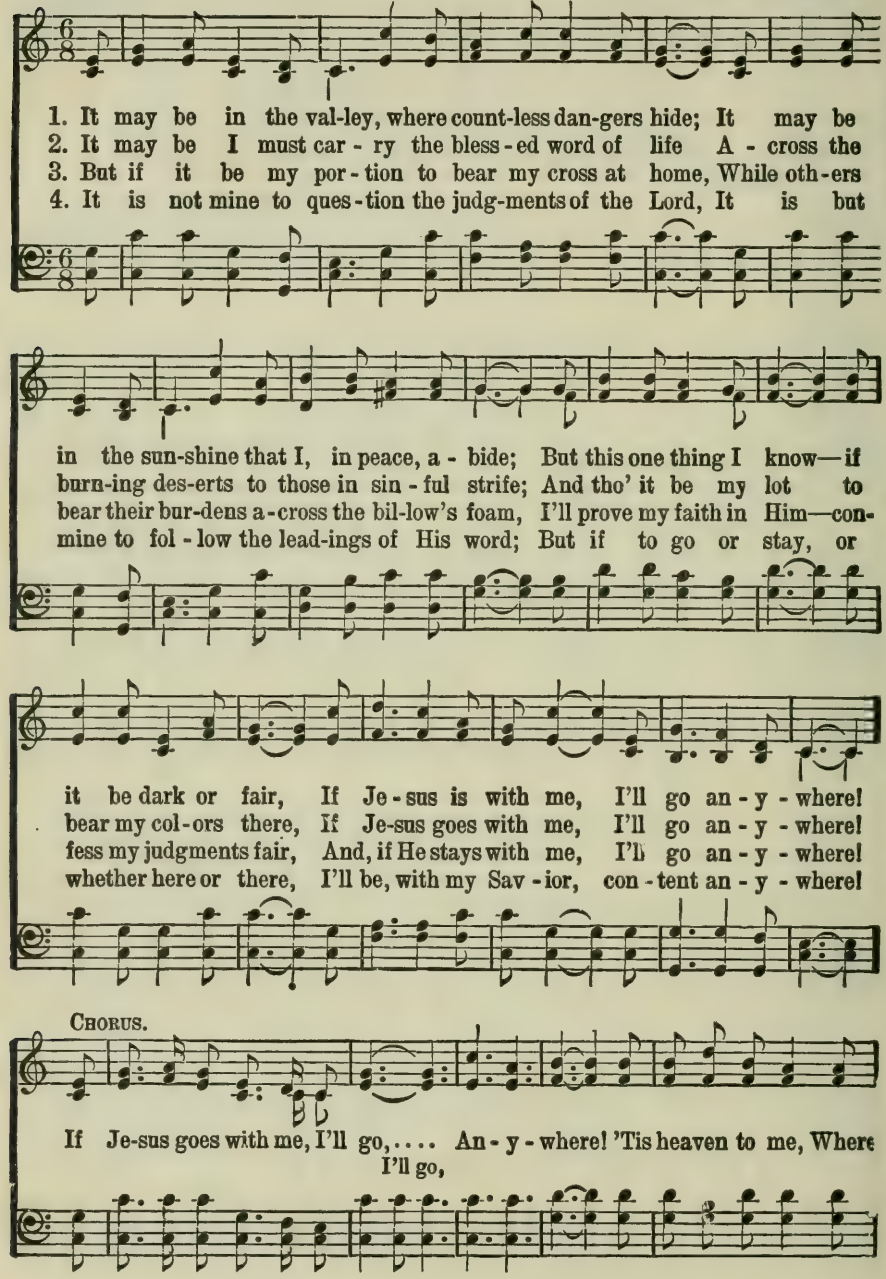




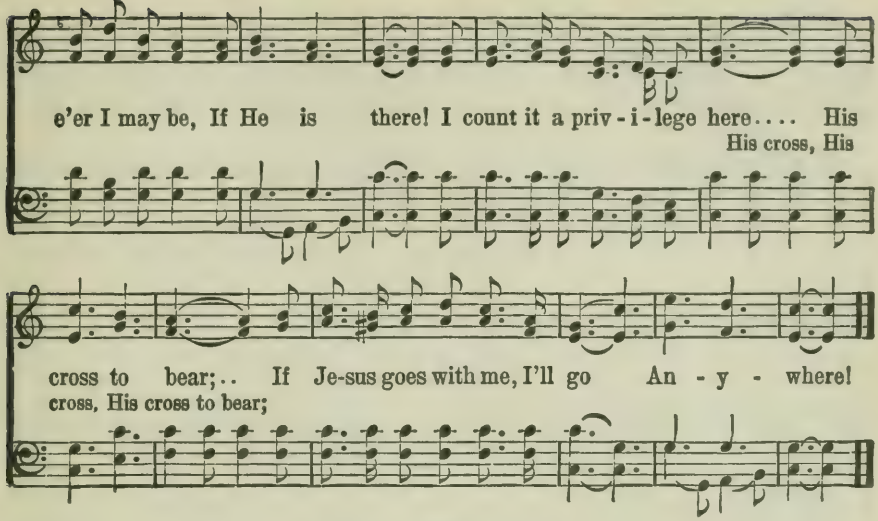
310 If Jesus Goes With Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HALL-MACK CO.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



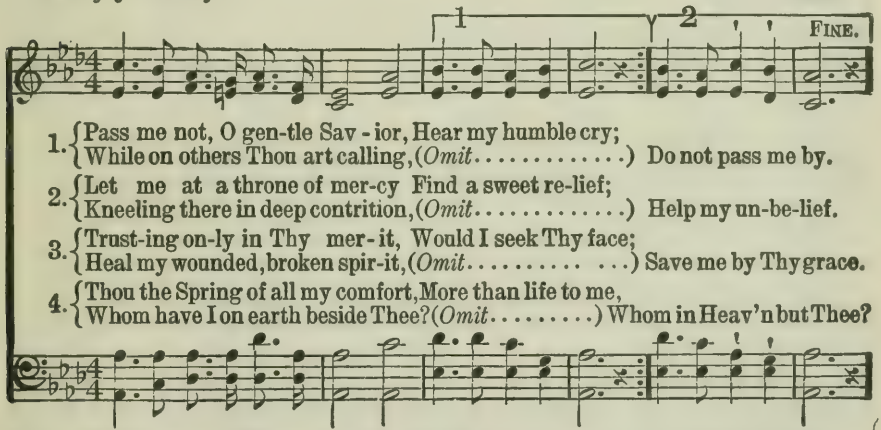
If Jesus Goes With Me.



311 Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNY T. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



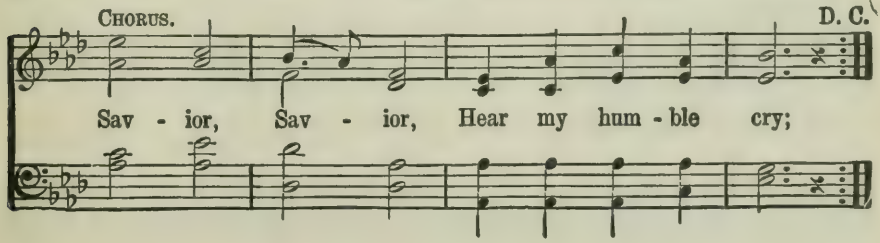
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling, (*Omit*.....) Do not pass me by.

2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition, (*Omit*.....) Help my un-be-lief.

3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (*Omit*..... ...) Save me by Thy grace.

4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (*Omit*.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

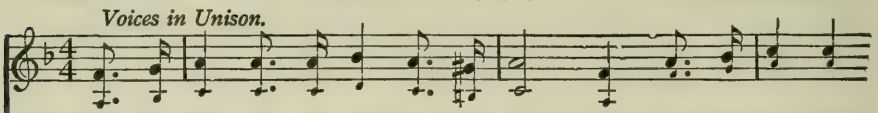
D.S.—*While on others Thou art call-ing, (Omit*.....) *Do not pass me by.*



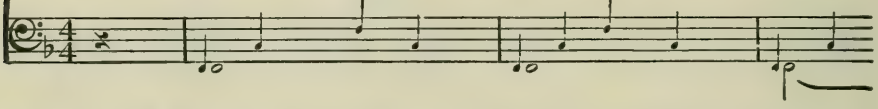
312 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne. *Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.* H. Ernest Nichol.

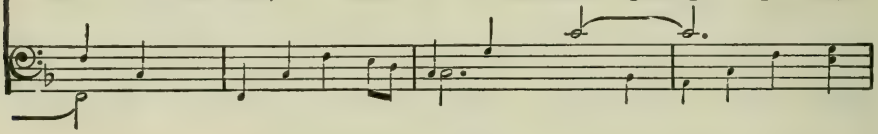
Voices in Unison.



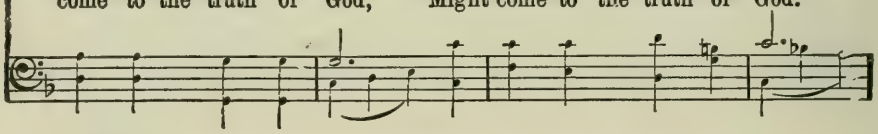
1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of



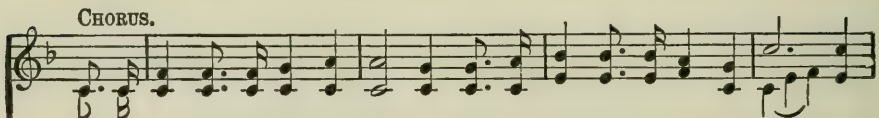
hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might



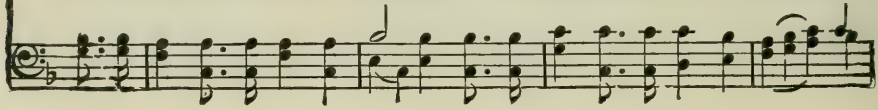
sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.



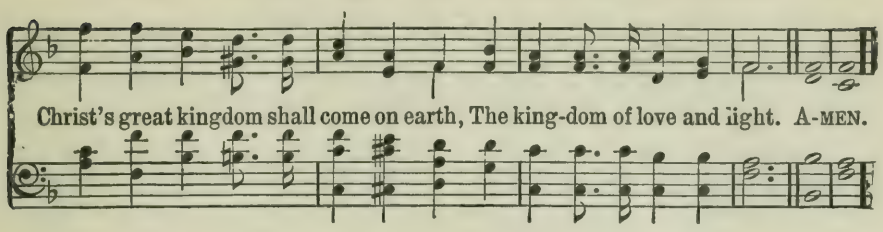
CHORUS.



For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And

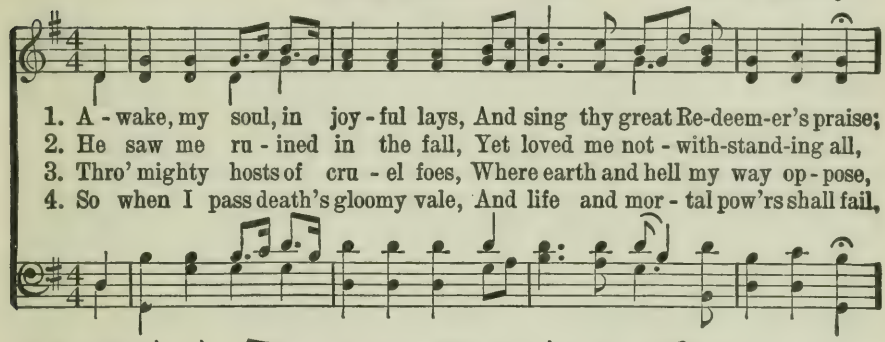


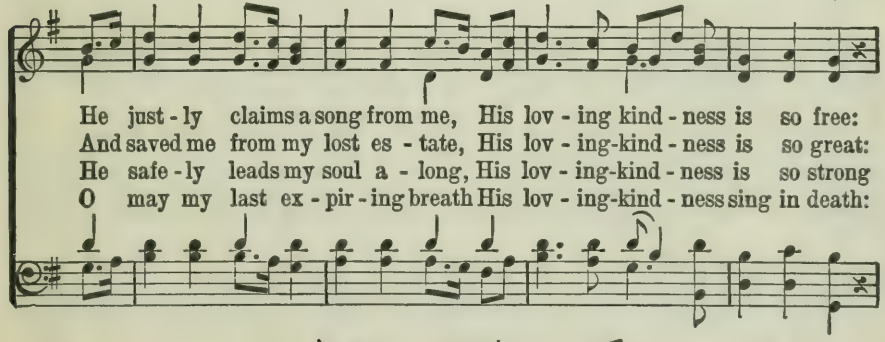
We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

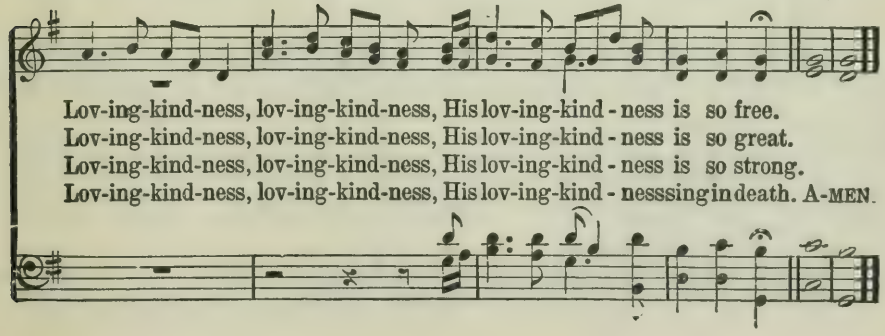


313 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Loving-Kindness. L. M. American Melody.







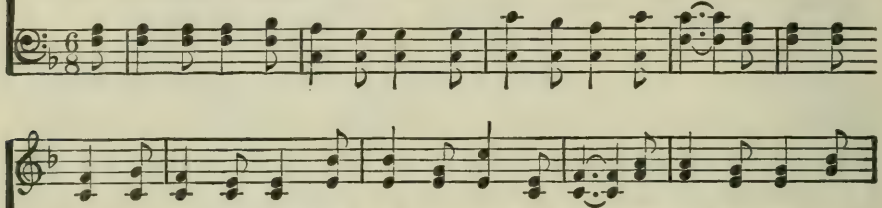
314 Faith Is the Victory.

John H. Yates.

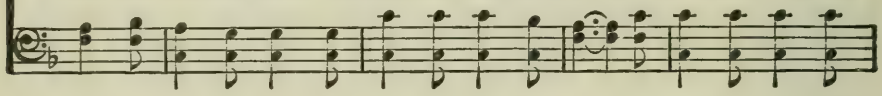
Copyright, 1919. By G. V. Sankey. Renewal.
Hope Publishing Co., owner.

Ira D. Sankey.

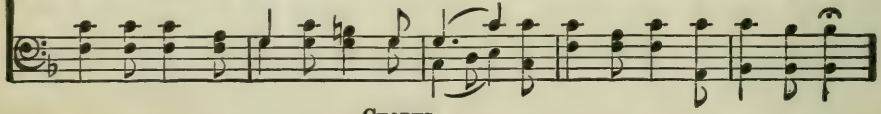
1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the
2. His ban-ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We tread the
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-fore the



bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in
road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith, they like a
ease be left be-hind, And—on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met
an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n; Then onward from the



vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know,
whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death
on each head, With truth all girt a - bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread.
hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame; We'll van-quish all the hosts of night,



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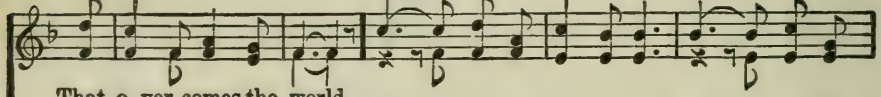
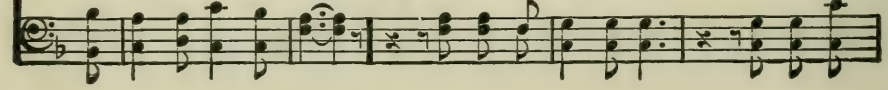
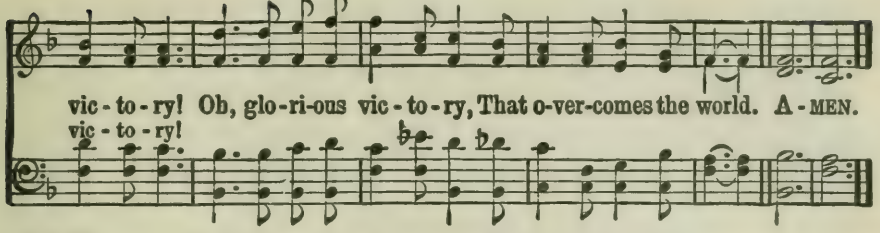


That o-ver-comes the world.
Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the
And ech - o with our shout.
In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the



Faith Is the Victory.



315 Trusting Jesus, That is All.

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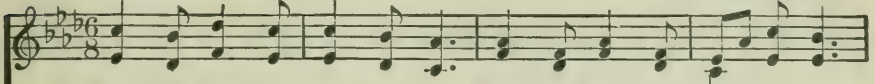
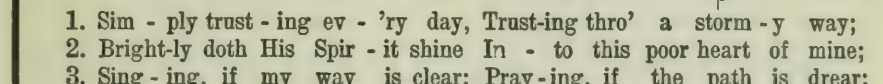
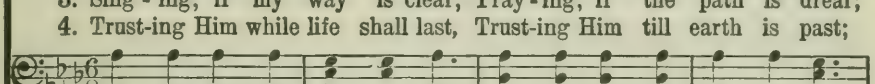
E. P. Stites. Ira D. Sankey.

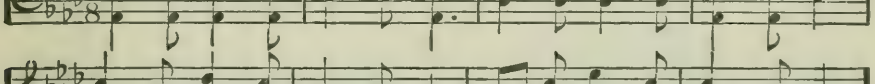


1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;





E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.



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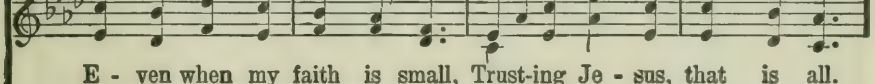
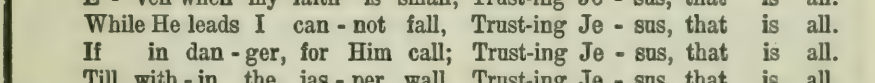
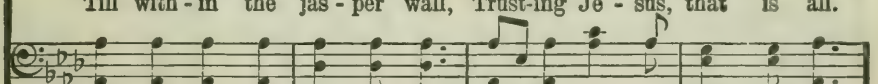


Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;

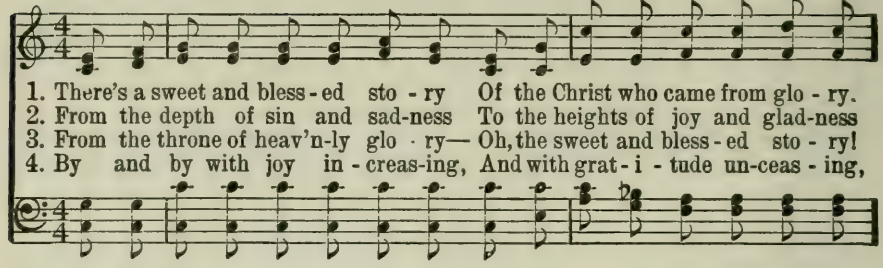




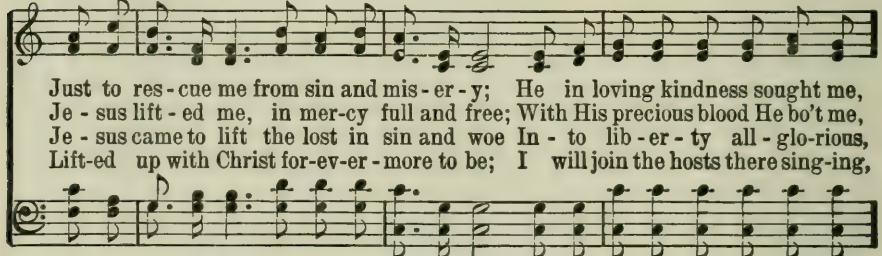
Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

316 He Ransomed Me.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. HAMMONTREE. J. W. Henderson.

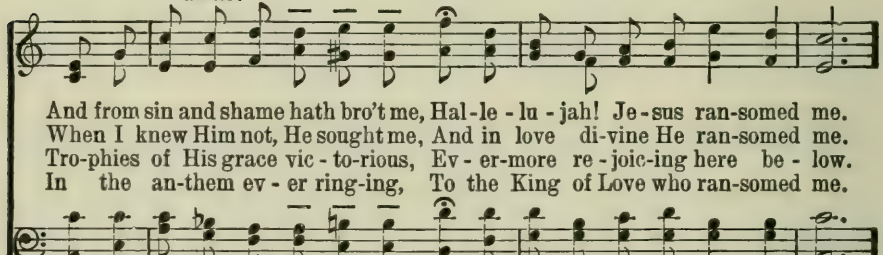


1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto-ry Of the Christ who came from glo-ry.
2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo-ry— Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto-ry!
4. By and by with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat-i-tude un-ceas-ing,



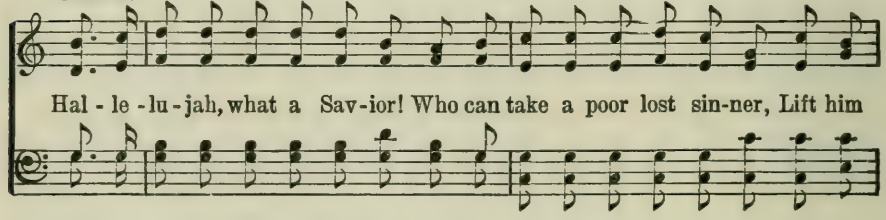
Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er-y; He in loving kindness sought me,
Je-sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je-sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In-to lib-er-ty all-glo-rious,
Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be; I will join the hosts there sing-ing,

ad lib.

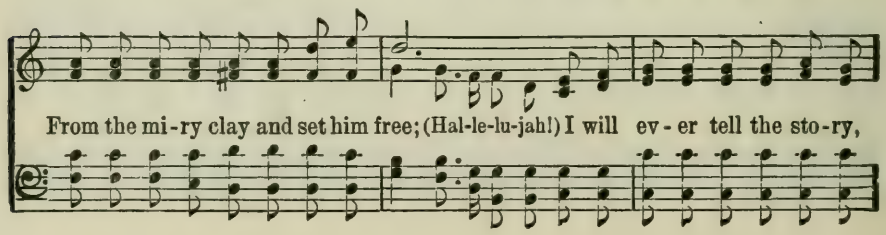


And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
Tro-phies of His grace vic-to-rious, Ev-er-more re-joic-ing here be-low.
In the an-them ev-er ring-ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him



From the mi-ry clay and set him free; (Hal-le-lu-jah!) I will ev-er tell the sto-ry,

He Ransomed Me.

ad lib.

Shout-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.

317 To the Harvest Field.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There is work to do, There is work for you, And the call rings clear to-day;
2. There are souls to light, In the paths of right, There are souls who look to you;
3. There are souls in need, There are souls who plead, There's a call that comes to-day.

'Tis the Mas-ter's call, And it comes to all, To the har-vest fields a-way!
Do you lead the way To the per-fect day, Do you do what Christ would do?
For a light to shine With a glow di-vine, Do you light for them the way?

CHORUS.

A-way, a-way to the har-vest field! The Mas-ter calls for you; (for you;)

Then a-way, a-way to the work He gave, For there is much to do!

Leave It There.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. Albert Tindley. Arr. by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

Moderato.

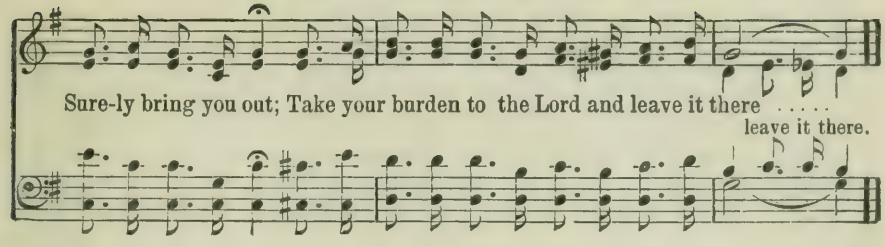
1. If the world from you withhold, of its sil - ver and its gold, And you have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He feeds the lit - tle bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
2. If your bod - y suf - fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
3. When your en - e - mies as - sail, and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for- get that God in heav-en an-swers prayer; He will make a way for you and will lead you safe - ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is steal - ing on, And your bod-y bends be-neath the weight of care, He will nev - er leave you then, He'll go with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

CHORUS.

Leave it there,..... leave it there,..... Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there;..... If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will

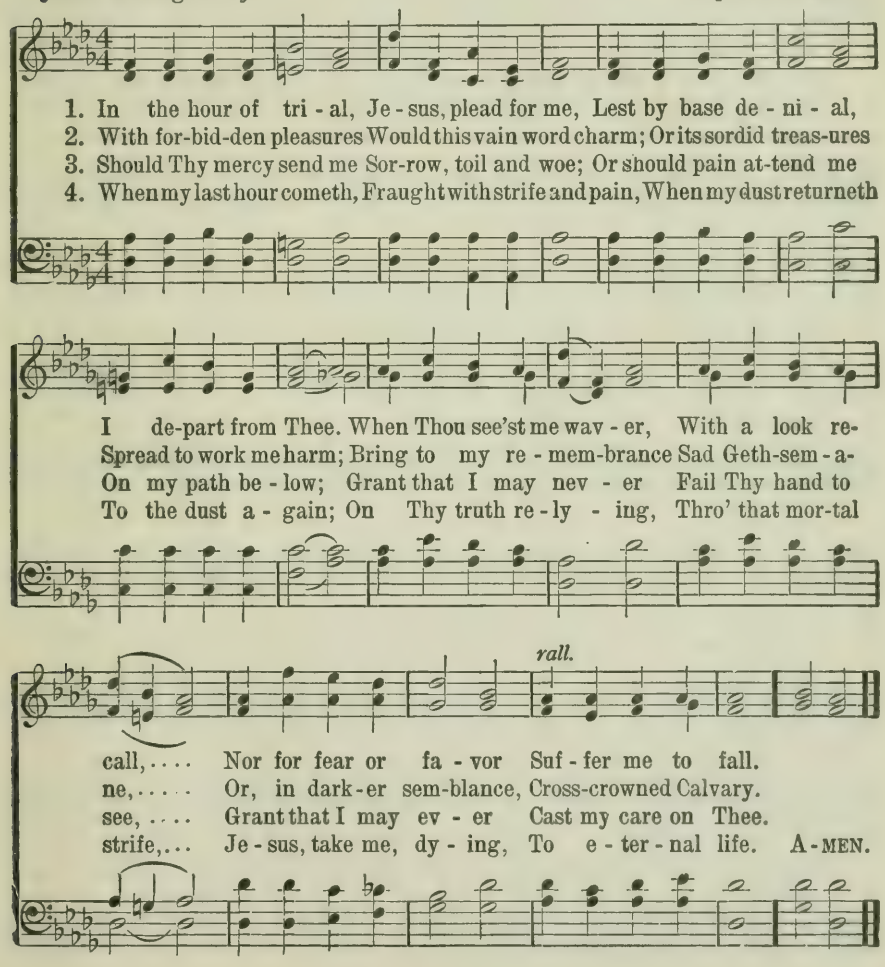
Leave it there, leave it there, leave it there;

Leave It There.



319 In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery. Spencer Lane.



320 Dwelling In Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

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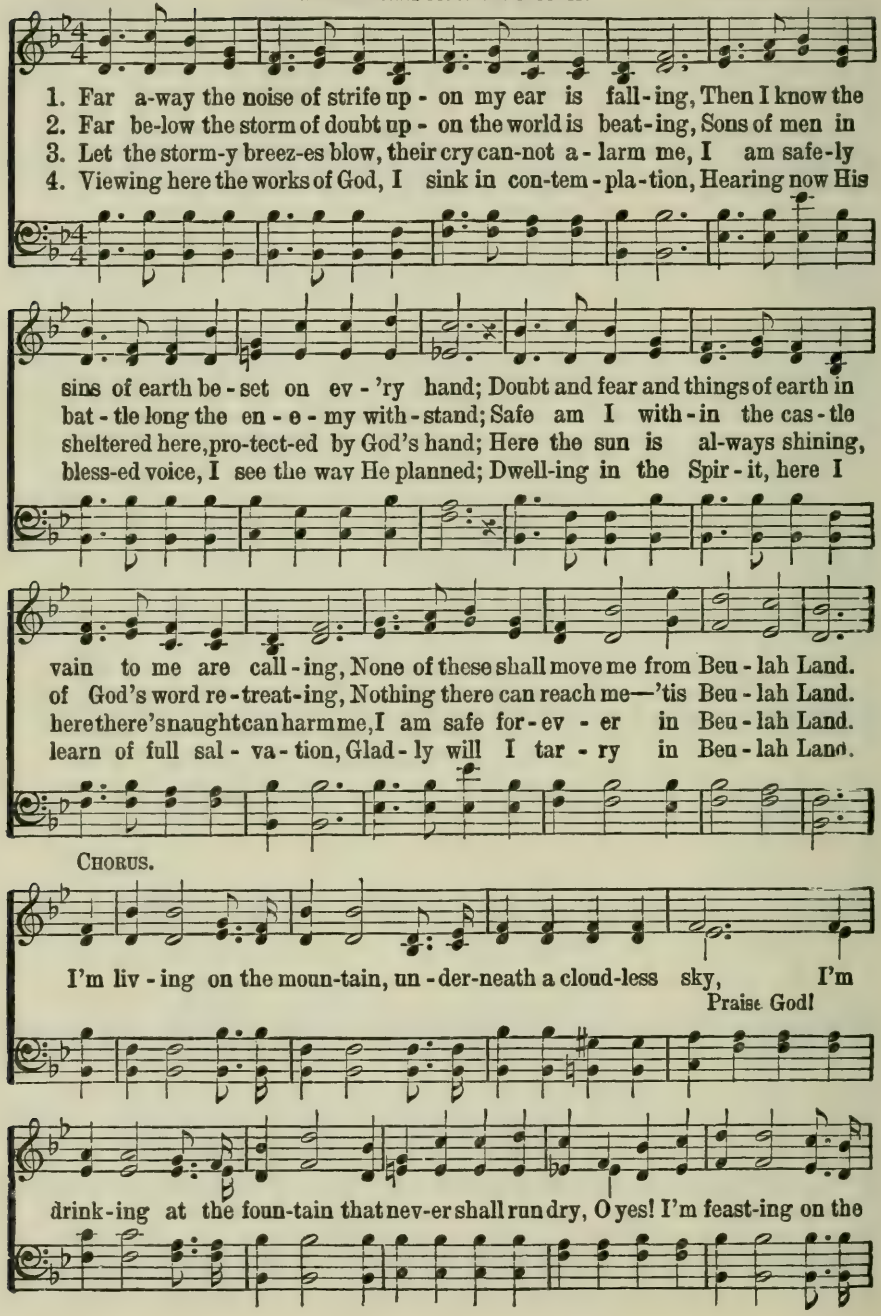
C. Austin Miles.



Dwelling In Beulah Land.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

321 Bearing His Cross For Me.

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R. H. Robert Harkness.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. I see my Sav-ior with thorn-crowned head, Bear-ing His cross for me;
2. I see Him pass thro' the cit - y gate, Bear-ing His cross for me;
3. I see Him burdened with this world's sin, Bear-ing His cross for me;

Thorn-pierced His brow, as by sol-diers led, Bear-ing His cross for me.
On midst the taunts and the peo-ple's hate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Will - ing to suf - fer, all hearts to win, Bear-ing His cross for me.

CHORUS.

Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,)

Won-der-ful Sav-ior, what anguish He bore, Bear-ing His cross for me. (for me.)

322 The Way is Growing Brighter.

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R. H. Robert Harkness.

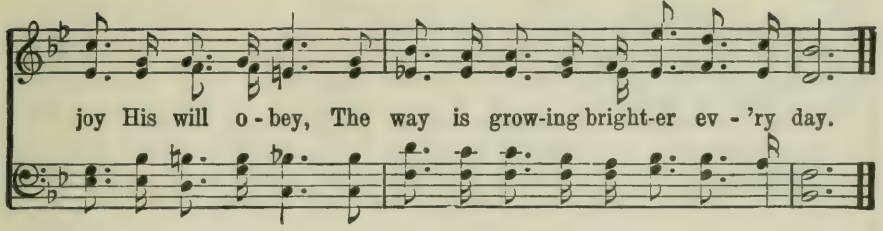
UNISON OR SOLO.

1. Since my Sav - ior set me free, And His grace a - vails for me, The way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; All my hope is in the Lord, In the prom-ise of His Word; The way is grow - ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.
2. Since from sin I am made whole, I have peace with-in my soul; The way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; In the toil and stress of life, Midst its dan-gers, cares and strife, The way is grow - ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.
3. What a joy it is to know, As with Christ I on-ward go; The way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; In my sor-row He is near, Giv - ing com-fort, peace and cheer; The way is grow - ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.
4. Soon will come the glo-rious dawn Of God's nev - er - end-ing morn, The way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; Step by step He safe-ly leads, Bears my bur-den, fills my needs; The way is grow - ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

The way is growing brighter ev - 'ry day, (ev - 'ry day,) The way is grow-ing bright-er ev - 'ry day; (ev - 'ry day;) As I keep in touch with Je-sus, And with

The Way is Growing Brighter.



323 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

J. P. S.

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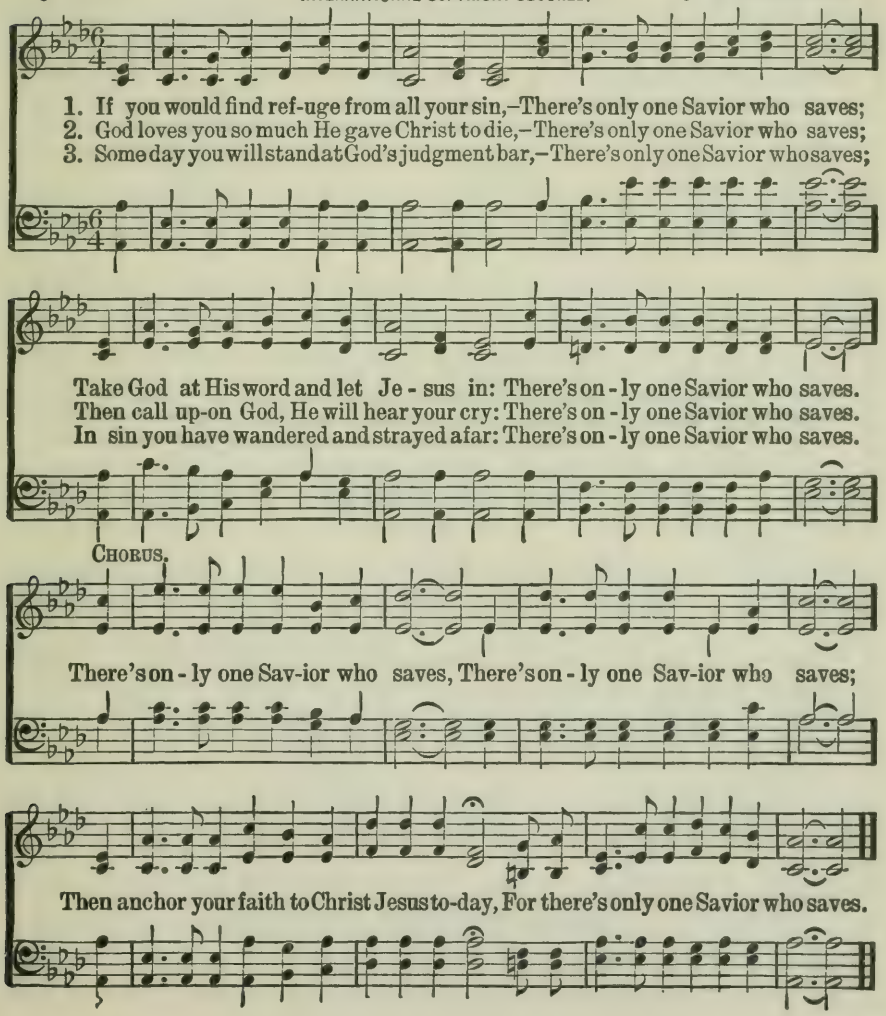
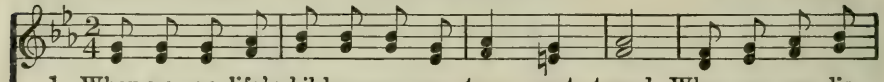
J. P. Scholfield.

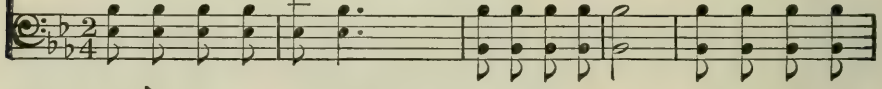


324 Count Your Blessings.

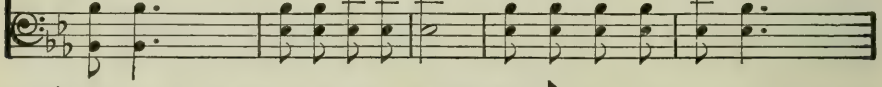
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



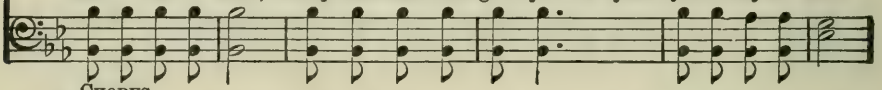
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



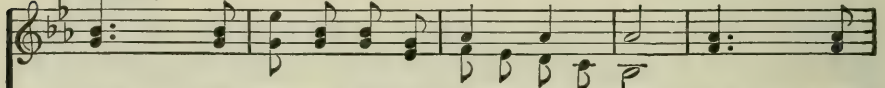
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels



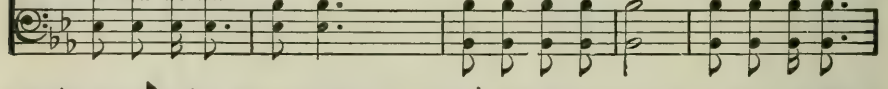
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.



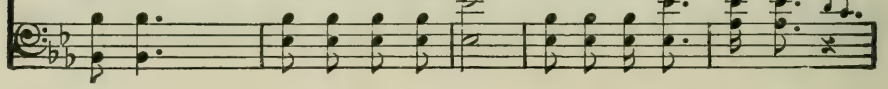
CHORUS.



Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,



Count Your Blessings.

rit. *a tempo.*

Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done. A-MEN.

325 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. M. J. Babbitt.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev - 'ry need sup-plies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Blest Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, Guide,
3. I will nev - er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not on - ly saves but keeps me, Noth - ing good from me de - nies.
And from ev - 'ry foe de - fends me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.
Now in Him I am a - bid - ing, And some day His face I'll see.

CHORUS.

Yes, in Him I'm ful - ly trust - ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con-quer all;

For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev-er let me fall. A-MEN.

326 I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. *Hankey. 7s. D.* William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

I Love to Tell the Story.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

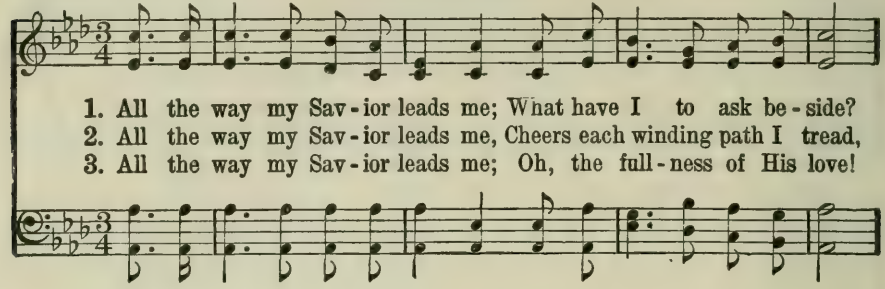
327 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. *Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.* Samuel Webbe.

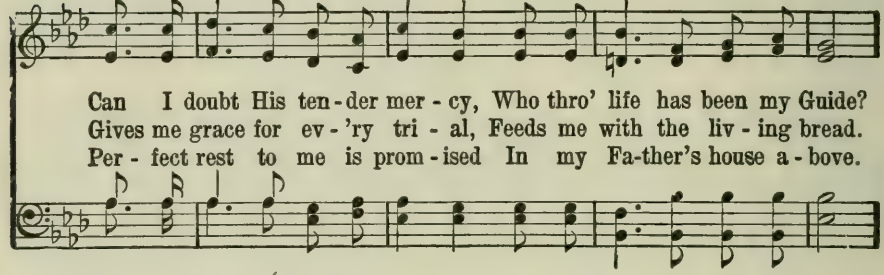
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not heal.
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not cure."
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move. A-MEN.

328 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

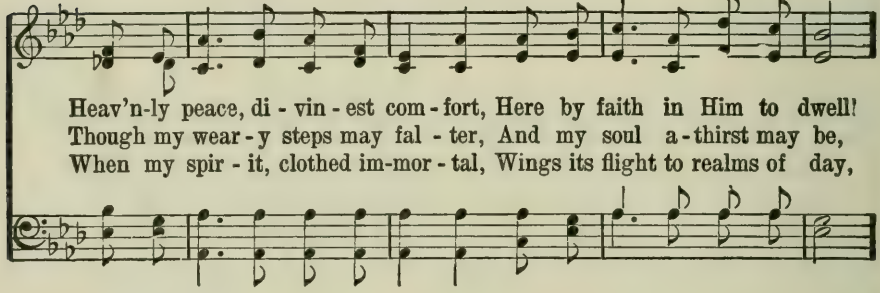
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



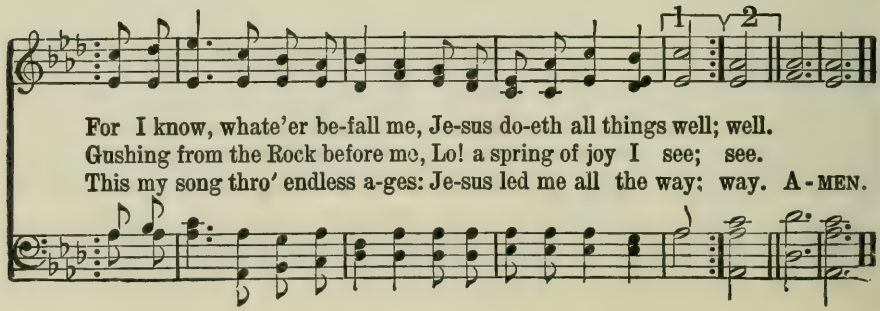
1. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav - ior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!



Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove.



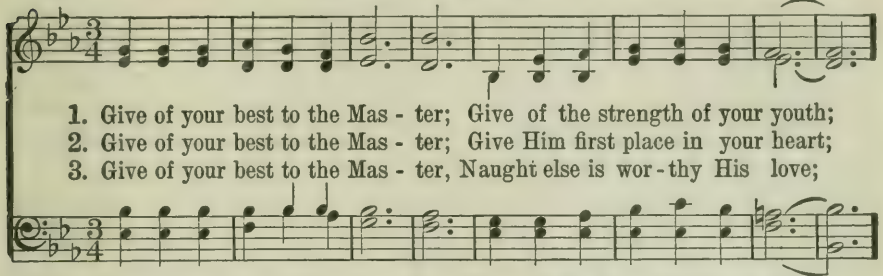
Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. A - MEN.

329 Give of Your Best to the Master.

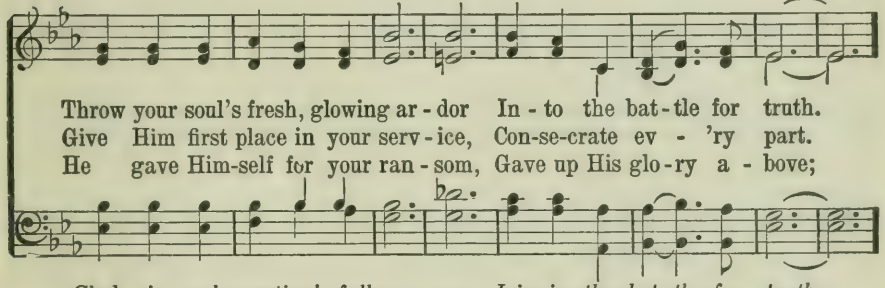
H. B. G. *Barnard. 8s. 7s. D.* Mrs. Charles Barnard.



1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

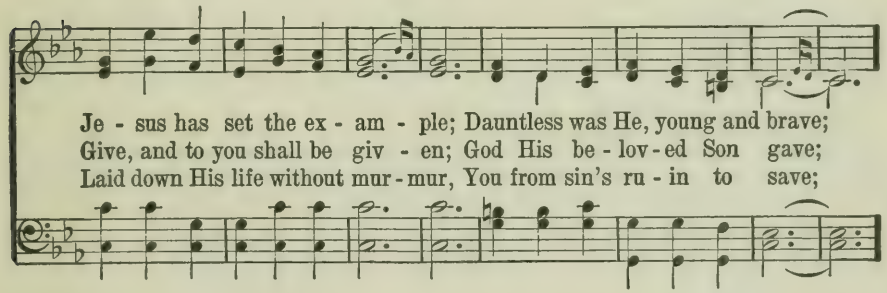
REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

FINE.



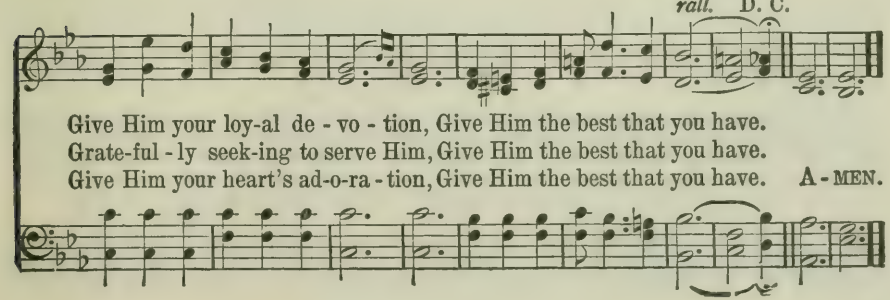
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;

Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

rall. D. C.



Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.

330 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

331 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

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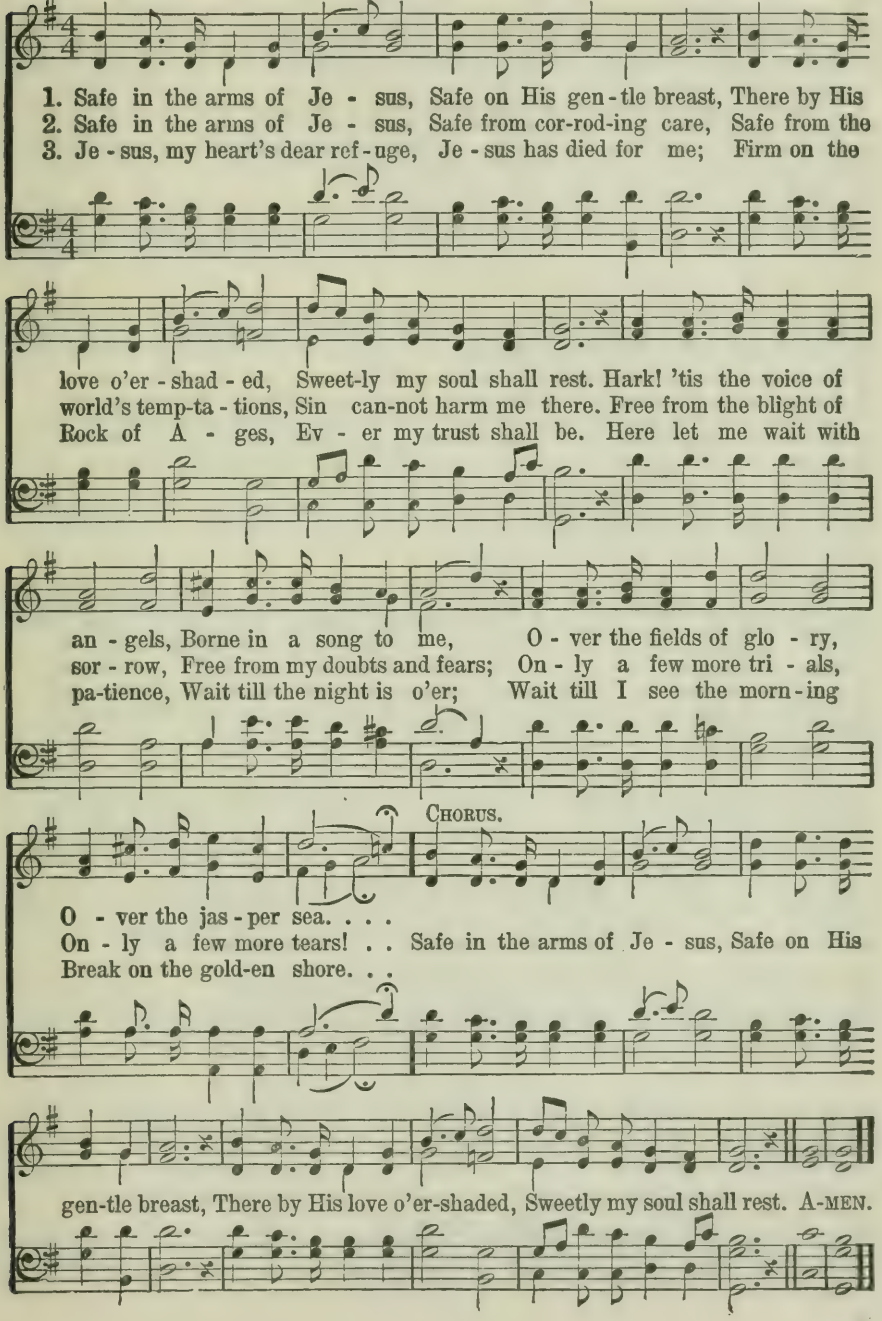

332 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt.

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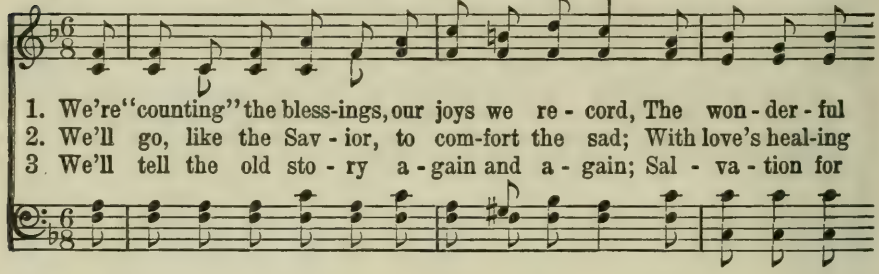
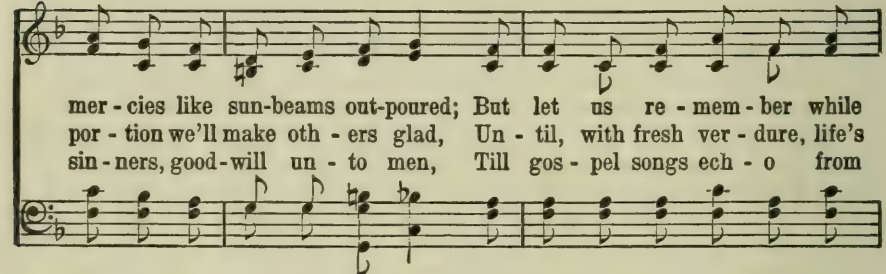
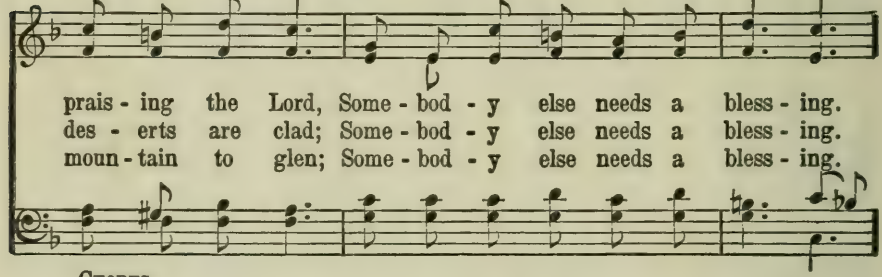
B. D. Ackley.



1. We're "counting" the bless-ings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Sav - ior, to com-fort the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for

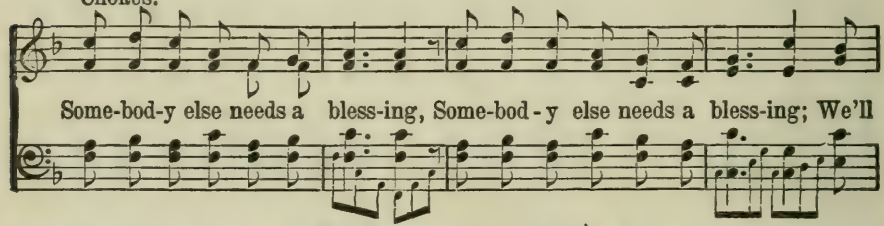


mer - cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
por - tion we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
sin - ners, good-will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from

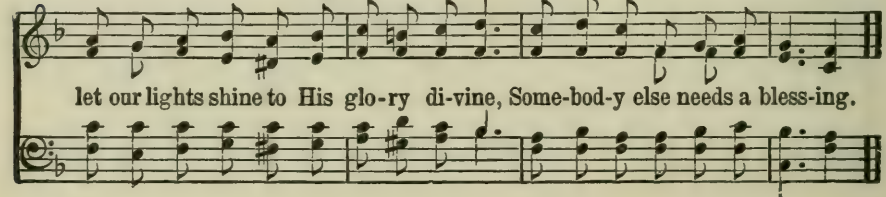


prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
moun - tain to glen; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

CHORUS.



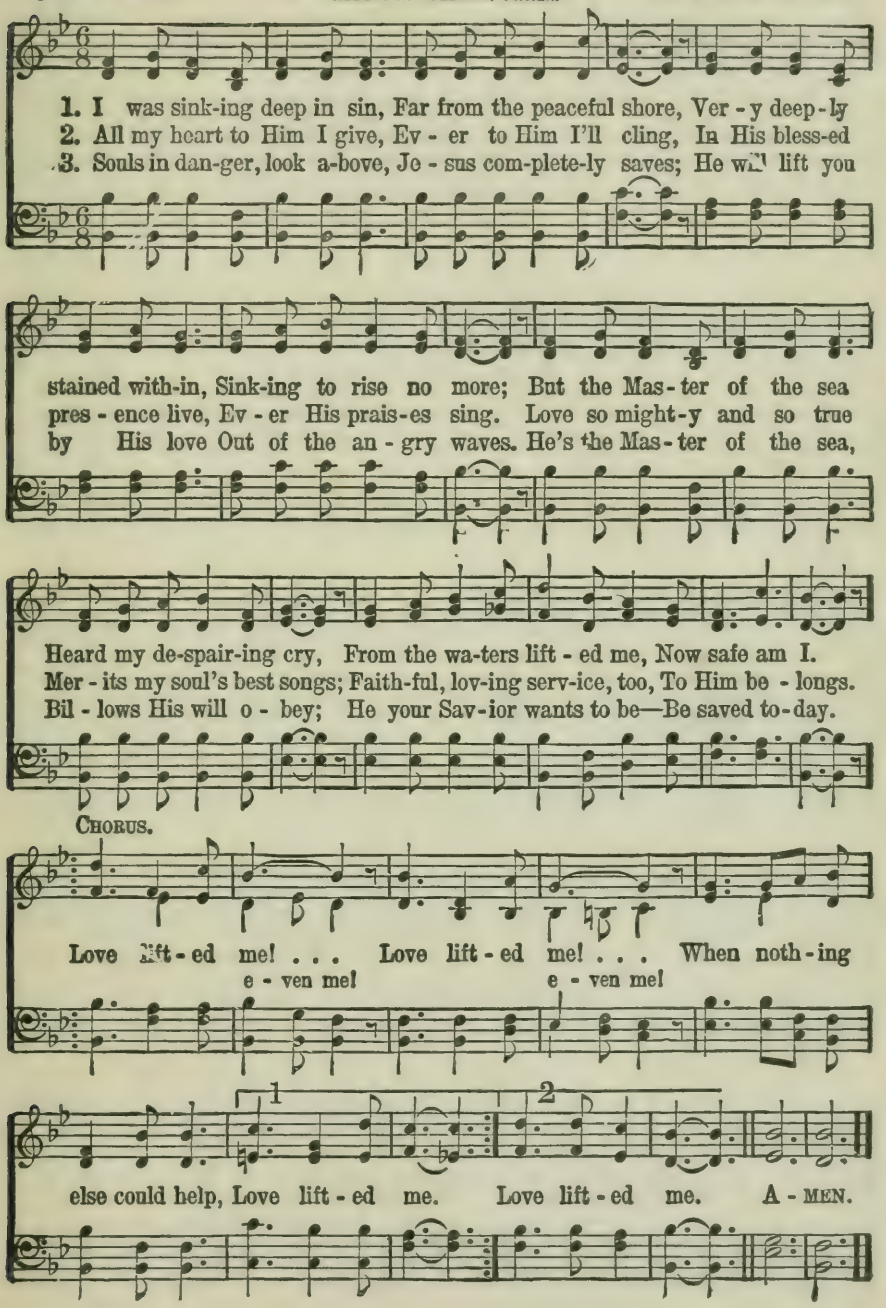
Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing, Some-bod - y else needs a bless-ing; We'll



let our lights shine to His glo-ry di-vine, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.

333 Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.



334 Yield Not to Temptation

H. R. P. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

335 Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

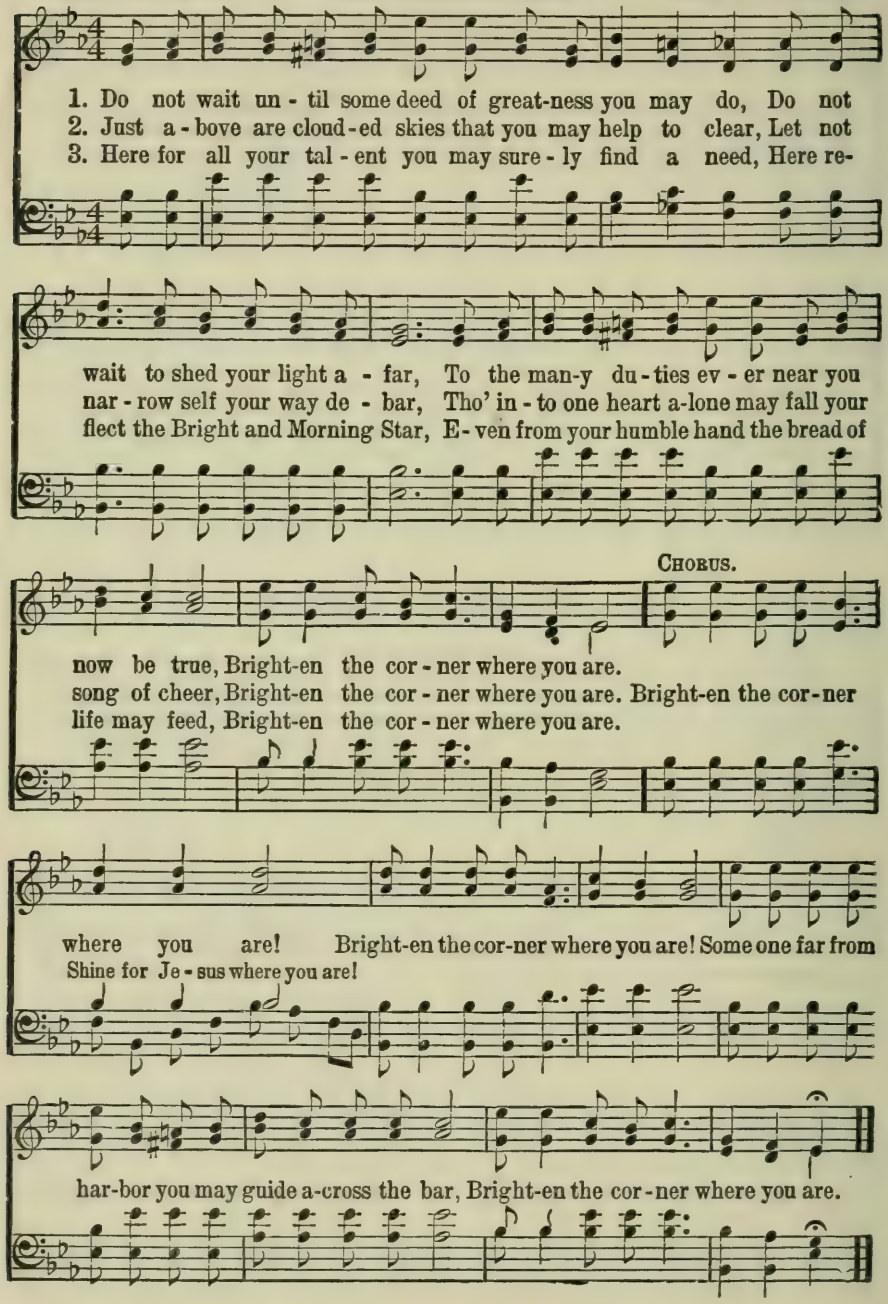
{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-

1 2

ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.

336 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.



337 Whisper a Prayer.

S. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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Scott Lawrence.

Rather slowly.

1. Whis-per a prayer in the morn - ing, Just at the break of the day
2. Whis-per a prayer at the noon - time, Pause in the midst of the throng,
3. Whis-per a prayer at the twi - light, Aft - er the day's work is done,

Why fear the fight, In your bat - tle for right, When you know He will
Look un - to Him, Who can con - quer all sin; In thy weak-ness, in
No oth - er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - sus, the

CHORUS.

lead all the way?
Him thou art strong. Whis-per a prayer, Just whis-per a prayer,
Cru - ci - fied One.

E - ven a whis-per He'll hear o - ver there; Vic - t'ry is thine, In His

rit.

love so sub - lime, When to Je - sus you whis - per a prayer.

My Desire.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

Spirited.

1. I want my life to glo-ri-fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
3. I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He can save; I want to help to

hon-or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
wit-ness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho-ly
make His crimson ban-ner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto-ry ev-'ry

CHORUS.

Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r pro-claim. I want to live as
day; I want to be a light to oth-ers on their way.

Je-sus lived, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and

please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He's my Lord and King.

339 Get God's Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY ROBERT HARKNESS. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN

R. H. Robert Harkness.

1. Trust-ing Je-sus, won-der-ful Guide, In His keep-ing
2. Won-drous prom-ise He will ful-fill, Glad-ly do-ing
3. Friend of sin-ners, ev-er the same, Will-ing Sav-ior,

safe-ly a-bide, Joys e-ter-nal He will im-part,
His ho-ly will, Peace un-end-ing He will im-part,
praise His dear name, Full for-giv-ness He will im-part,

CHORUS.

Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.
Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart. Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart,
Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.

Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart; It will cheer you all the day, Drive the

gloom of life a-way, If you get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.

Our Refuge.

Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. I. H. Meredith.

1. Do the waves of trou-ble rise o'er-whelm-ing? Is thy sky with
2. He will hear and heed thy cry ap-peal-ing; He will turn no
3. There is balm for ev-'ry earth-ly sor-row In this won-drous

tem-pest o-ver-cast? Flee to God thy nev-er-fail-ing Ref-uge,
bur-dened soul a-way; What-so-e'er thy trou-ble, He can help thee,
Ref-uge of the soul, And a hid-ing place from ev-'ry tem-pest,

REFRAIN.

He will shield thee till the storm is past.
Wilt thou trust His might-y arm to-day? "The e-ter-nal God is thy
Where no swell-ing tide of woe can roll.

Ref-uge, The e-ter-nal God is thy Ref-uge, And un-der-

neath are the ev-er-last-ing arms, the ev-er-last-ing arms."

341 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

Gene Routh.

COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY B. B. MCKINNEY.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McKinney.

1. I was drift-ing far from the "Bea-con Star," Clouds of sin had
2. Thro' the storm-y night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-
3. Souls a-far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll

cov-ered the blue; From His throne on high Je-sus heard my cry,
um-phant and new; Je-sus saved from sin, gave me peace with-in,
ev-er be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,

CHORUS.

And His love came shin-ing thro'.
And His love came shin-ing thro'. Since His love came shining through, . .
Since His love came shin-ing thro'.

shining through,

I've a joy that's al-ways new; . . . . All the clouds are

al-ways new;

rift-ed And my bur-dens lift-ed, Since His love came shin-ing through.

342 Our Best.

S. C. Kirk.

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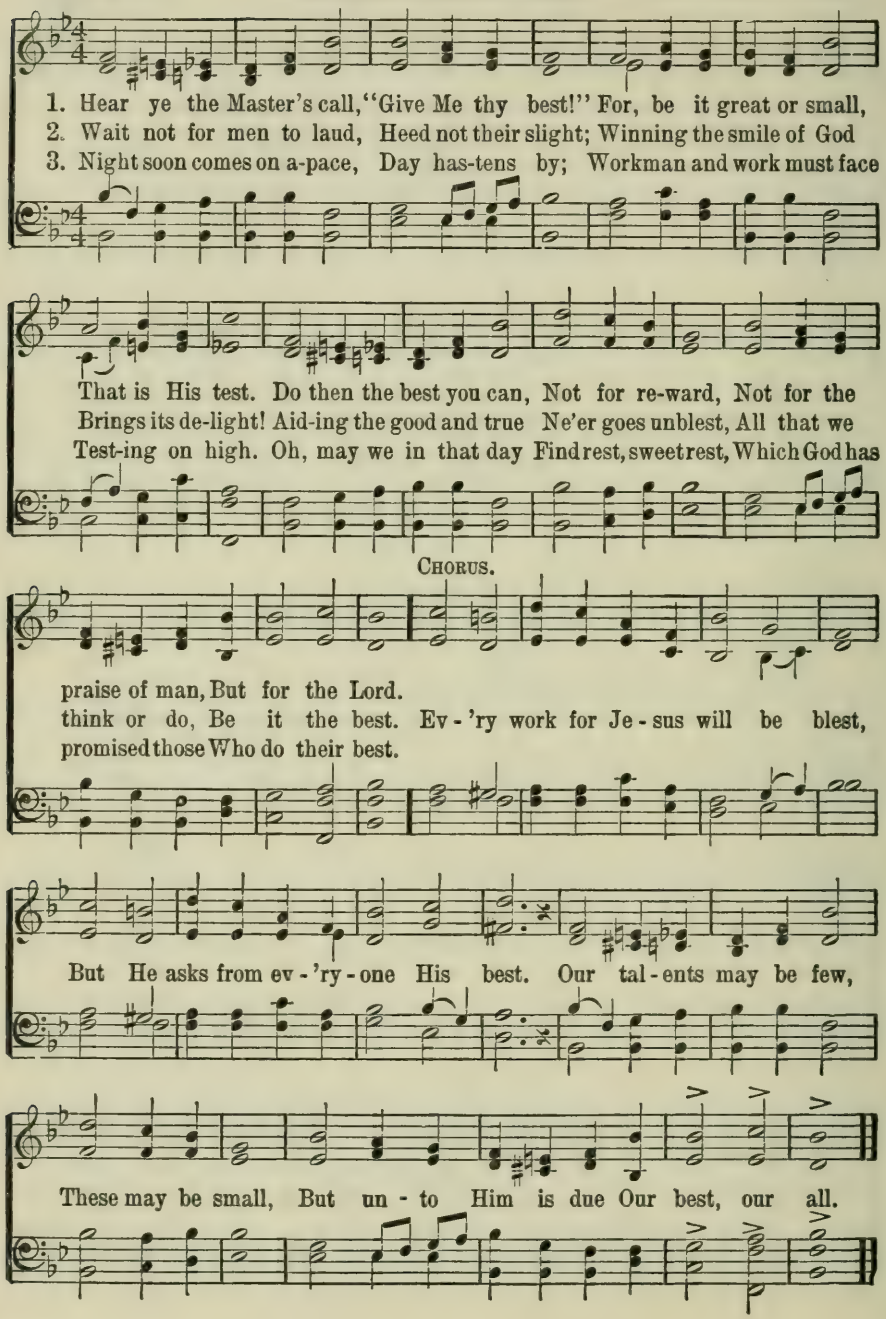
Grant Colfax Tullar.



343 The Day of All Days

James M. Black. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY HERBERT G. TOVEY. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER Herbert G. Tovey.

SOLO.

1. Time with its tem - pests is pass - ing a - way, Some day, and soon it may be, Je - sus will come, oh, that glo - ri - ous day! Com - ing in glo - ry for me. (for me)
2. Oh, what a won - der - ful joy to be there, Prais-ing the Lamb that was slain; Ris - ing to meet Him, caught up in the air! Oh, He is com - ing a - gain. (a - gain). The day of all days is com - ing at last, ter-ni-ty's shore. (peaceful shore.)
3. That is the won - der - ful day of all days, That day when time shall be o'er; Tongues of all na - tions will sing of His praise On fair e -

CHORUS.

The day of all days when sor-rows are past, The day of all days when I thro' His grace Shall see with de - light His won - der - ful face.

344 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.

2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

CHORUS.

rit.

345 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?

2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

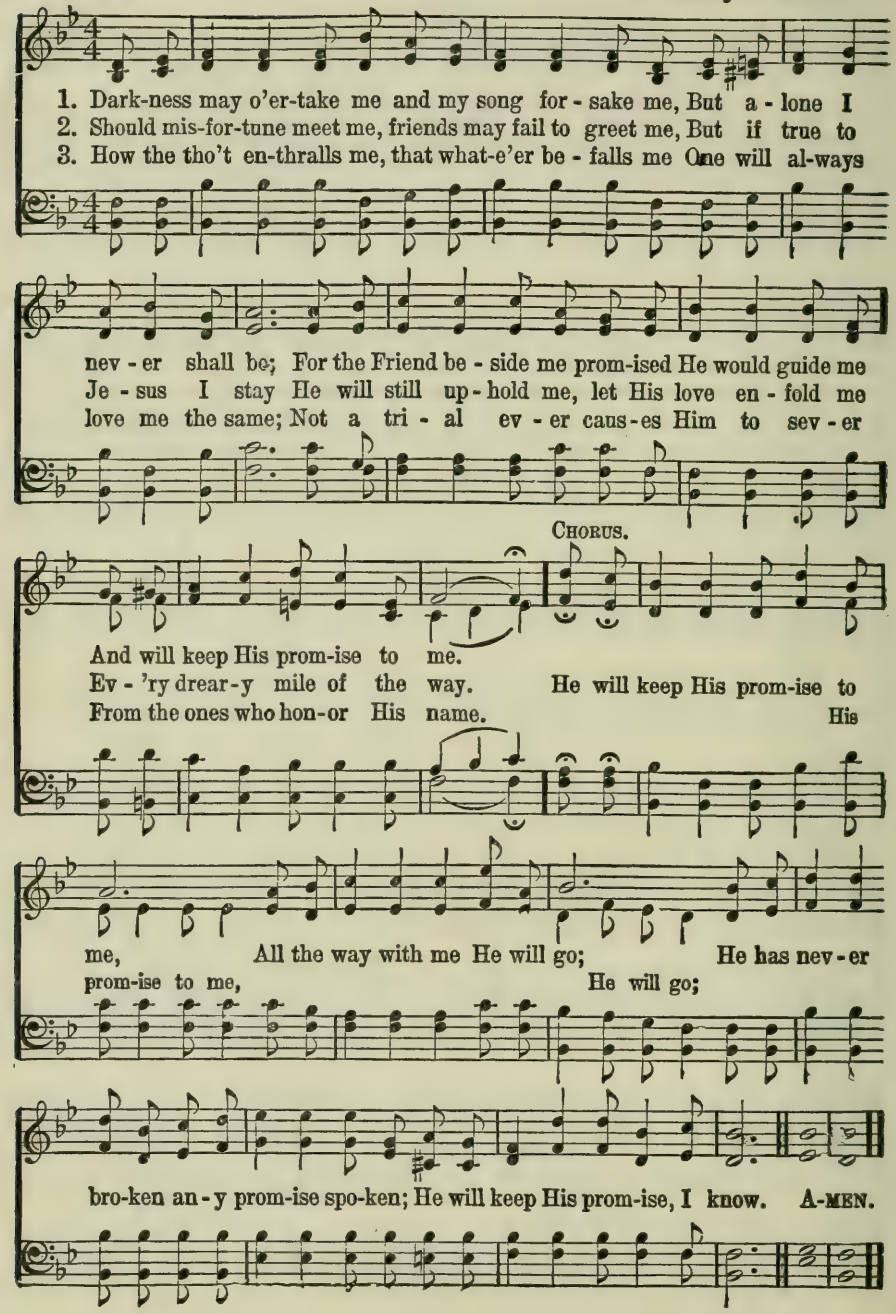
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-MEN. an-y stars in my crown?

346 His Promise To Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.



347 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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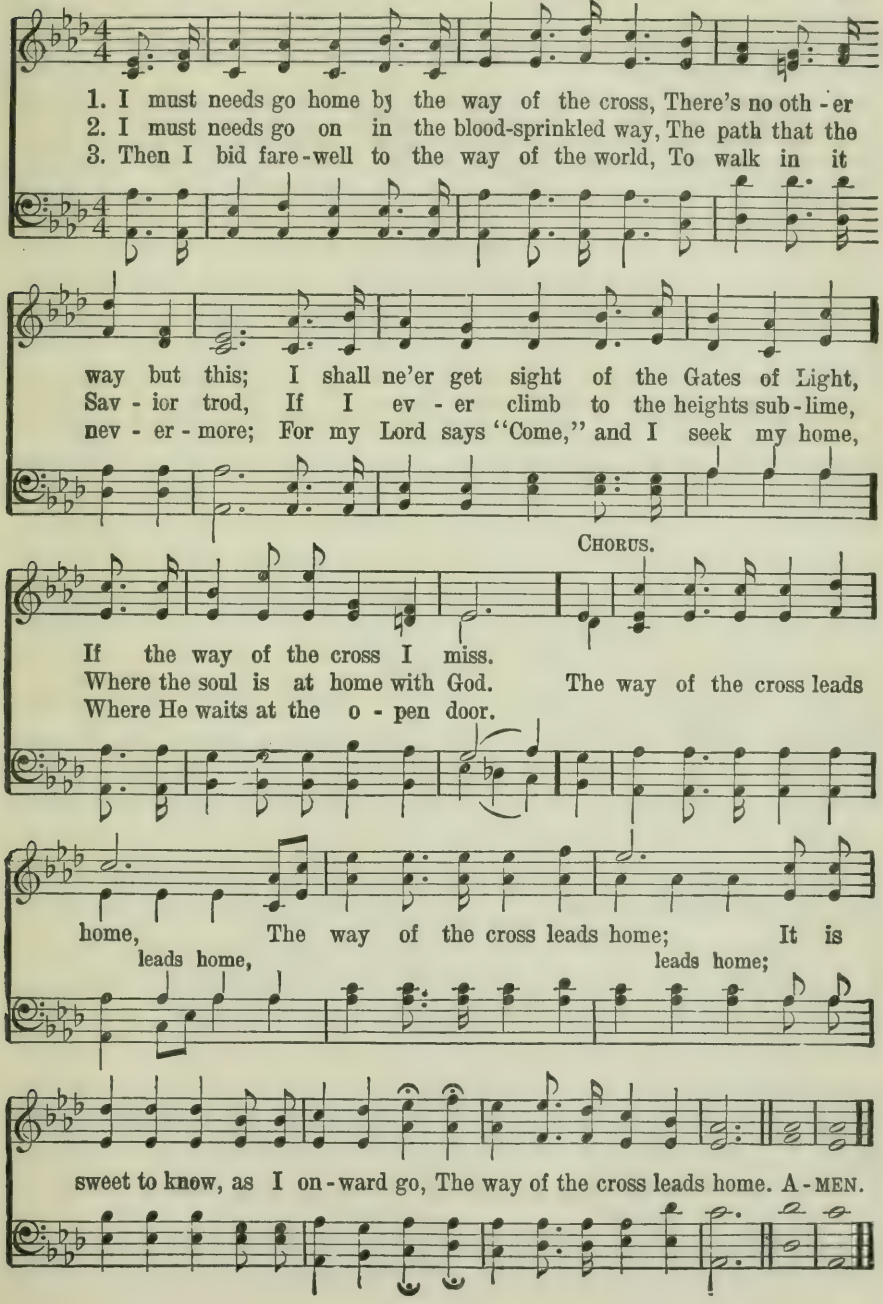
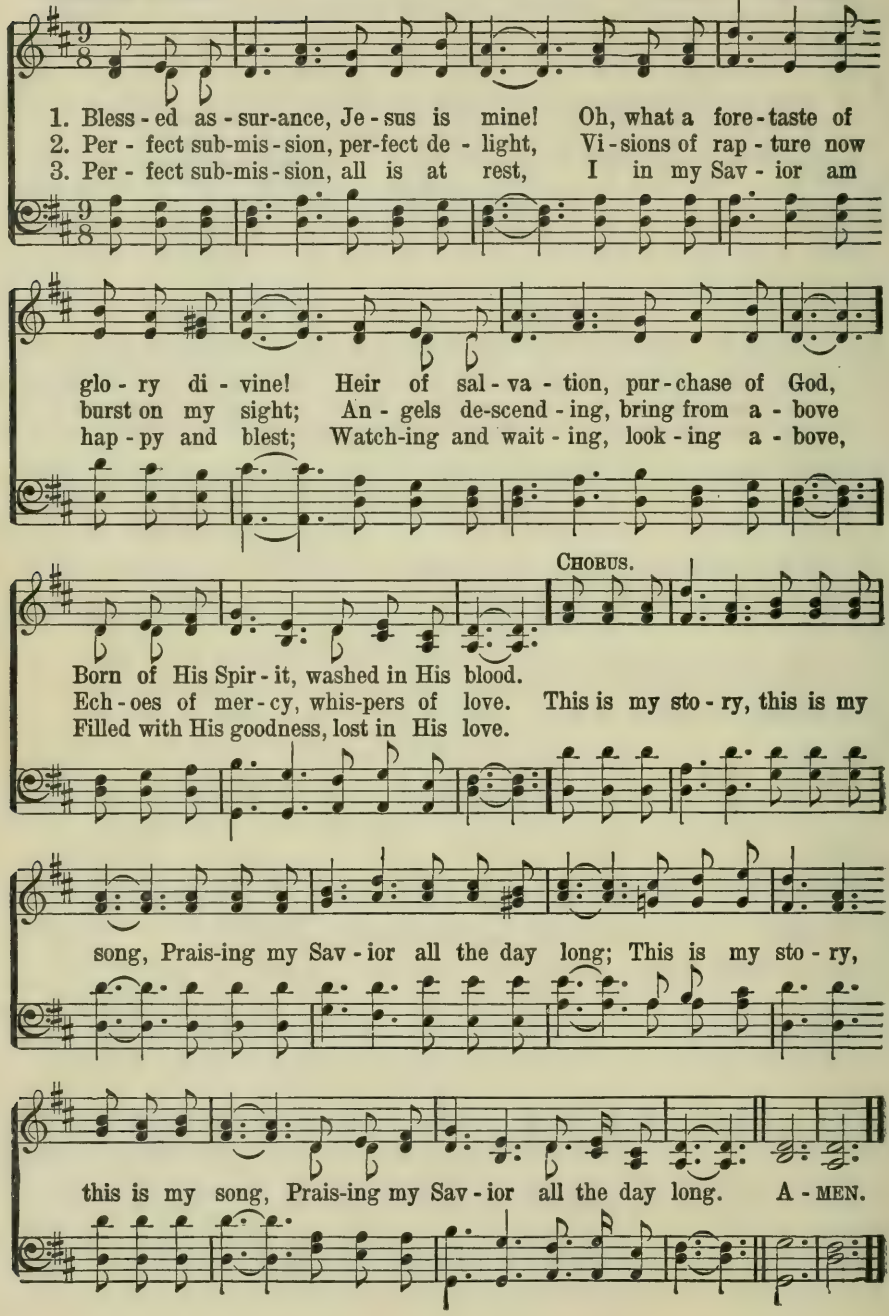


348 Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



349 Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days.

In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by;

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

350 He Is Knocking.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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B. D. Ackley.

1. He is knock-ing, soft-ly knock-ing at the door; Let Him in,.....
2. He is call-ing, gen-tly call-ing to you now; Let Him in,.....
3. He is wait-ing, kind-ly wait-ing still for you; Let Him in,.....

O let Him in,

O let Him in; He will bring you rich-est blessing ev - er - more;
O let Him in; See the plead-ing dews of mer-cy on His brow;
O let Him in; Give Him welcome, joy-ful welcome, warm and true;

O let Him in;

CHORUS.

Let Him in,..... O let Him in! Knock-ing, knock-ing!

O let Him in, O let Him in!

O-pen wide the door, Let Him in to - day, Ask Him in to stay;

O let Him in, Ask Him in, He's

Knock-ing, knock-ing! life He will re-store, When you o-pen wide the door....

bolt-ed door.

351 The Whispers of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.

James Rowe. E. S. Lorenz.

1. When the storm is rag - ing and the heart is sad, Lis - ten for the whis-pers of Je - sus; Sure - ly you will hear them and they'll make you glad,
2. When be-neath a bur - den you are bend-ing low, Lis - ten for the whis-pers of Je - sus; When your friends forsake you and the sad tears flow,
3. When the night seems end-less, when for cour - age pressed, Lis - ten for the whis-pers of Je - sus; When the soul is wea - ry and you sigh for rest,

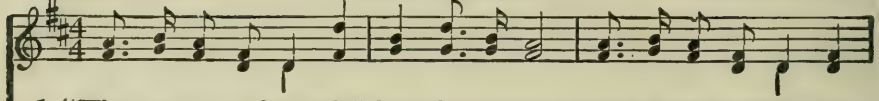
CHORUS.

Lis - ten for the whis - pers of Je - sus. Lis - ten! . . . . . Lis - ten for the whis - pers!

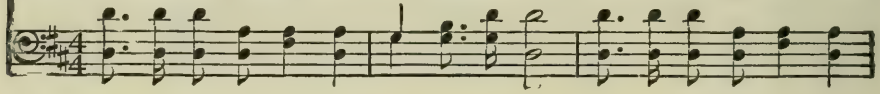
Lis - ten! . . . . Lis - ten for the whispers of Je - sus! Sure - ly you will hear them and they'll make you glad, Lis - ten for the whis-pers of Je - sus!
Lis - ten for the whis-pers!

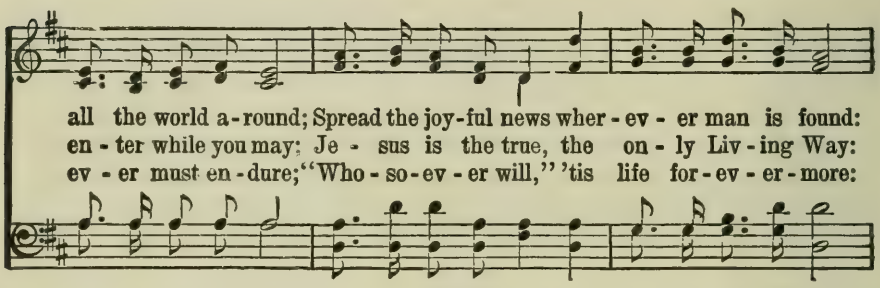
352 "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.



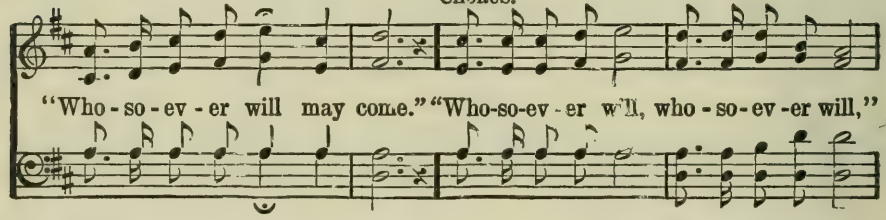
1. "Who - so - ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tid - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who-so-ev - er will," for-



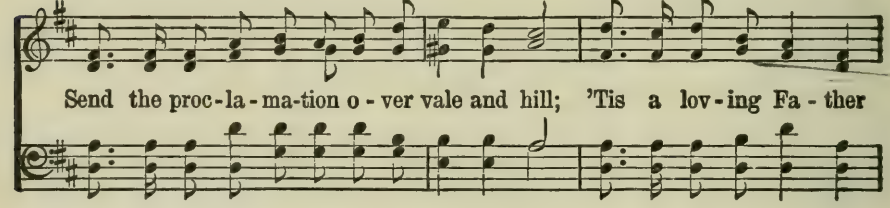


all the world a - round; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may: Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more:

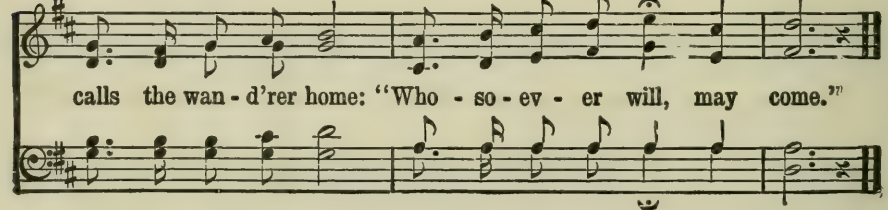
CHORUS.



"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"



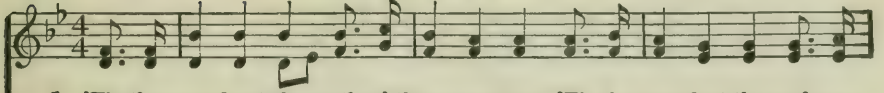
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther



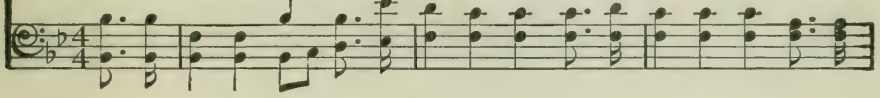
calls the wan - d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

353 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

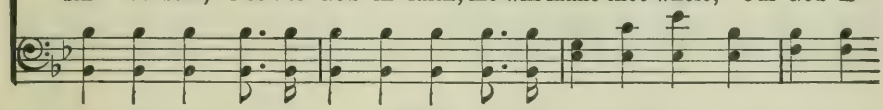
W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. W. A. OGDEN. RENEWAL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. A. Ogden.



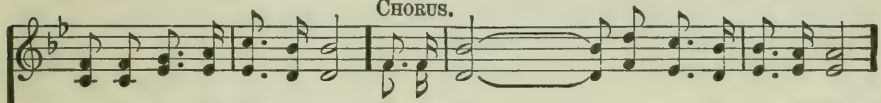
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the



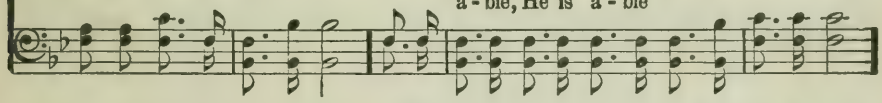
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain, "Our God is
sin-ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



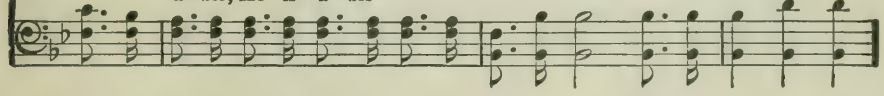
CHORUS.



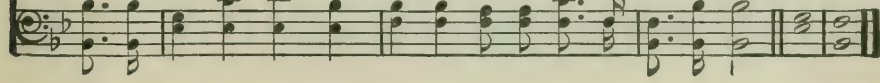
a-ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee,
a-ble, He is a-ble



He is a - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a-ble, He is a-ble



Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee." A-MEN.



354 Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of

out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
darkness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen

CHORUS.

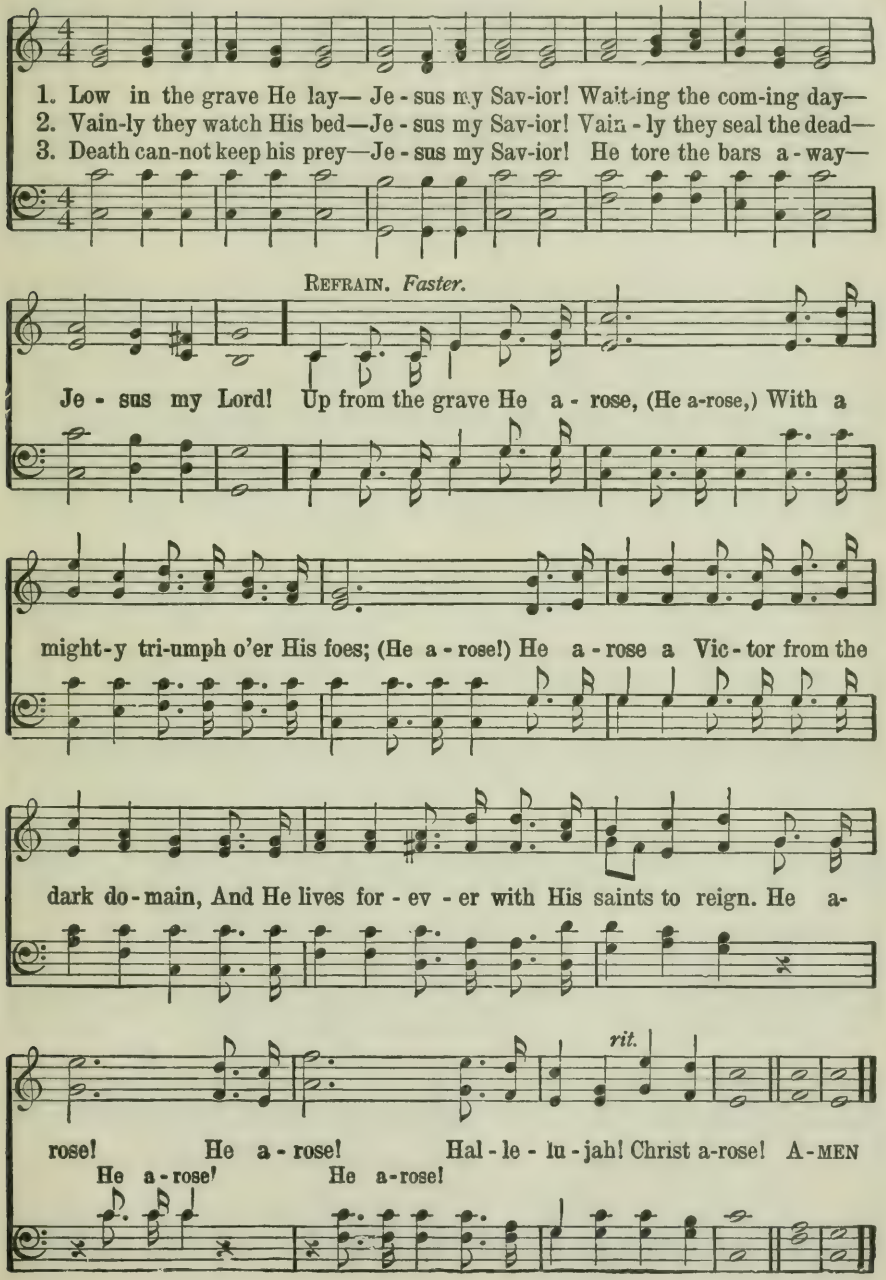
wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. Let a lit - tle sun-shine the

in, ... Let a lit - tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the darkened
sun - shine in, the sun-shine in;

win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. A-MEN.

355 Christ Arose.

Robert Lowry. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



356 His Word Was With Power.

E. E. Hewitt.

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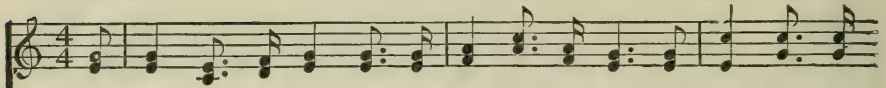
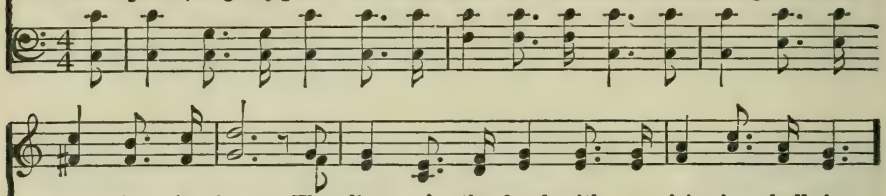
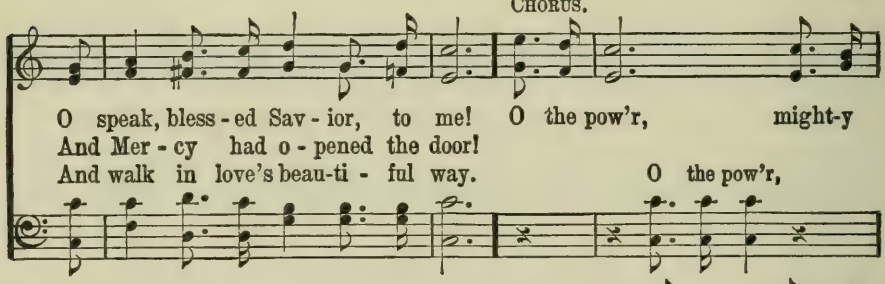
Howard E. Smith.



1. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the King; He speaks, and the
2. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in His par-don-ing word; He said, "Go, and
3. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the Lord, And strength He will

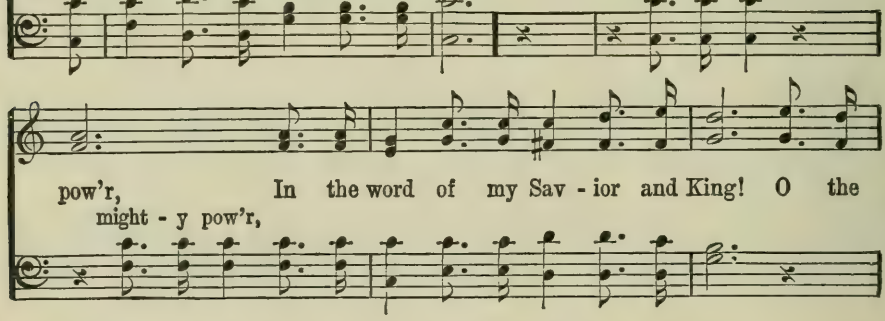


cap-tive is free; The lips of the dumb with re-joic-ing shall sing;
sin now no more!" How sweet was the hour when for-give-ness I heard,
give, when we pray, To fol-low His foot-steps, His good-ness re-cord,

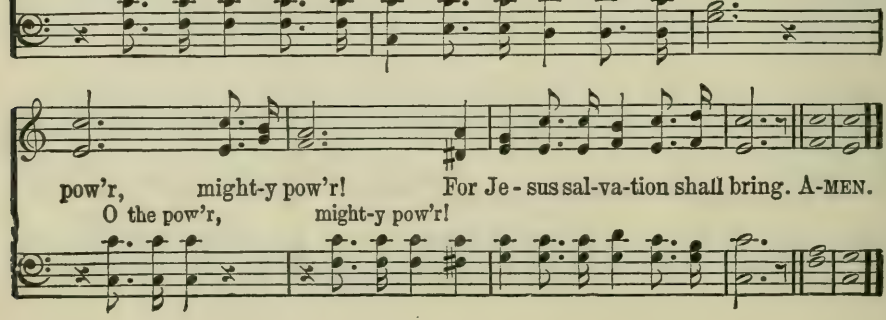


CHORUS.

O speak, bless-ed Sav-ior, to me! O the pow'r, might-y
And Mer-cy had o-pened the door!
And walk in love's beau-ti-ful way. O the pow'r,



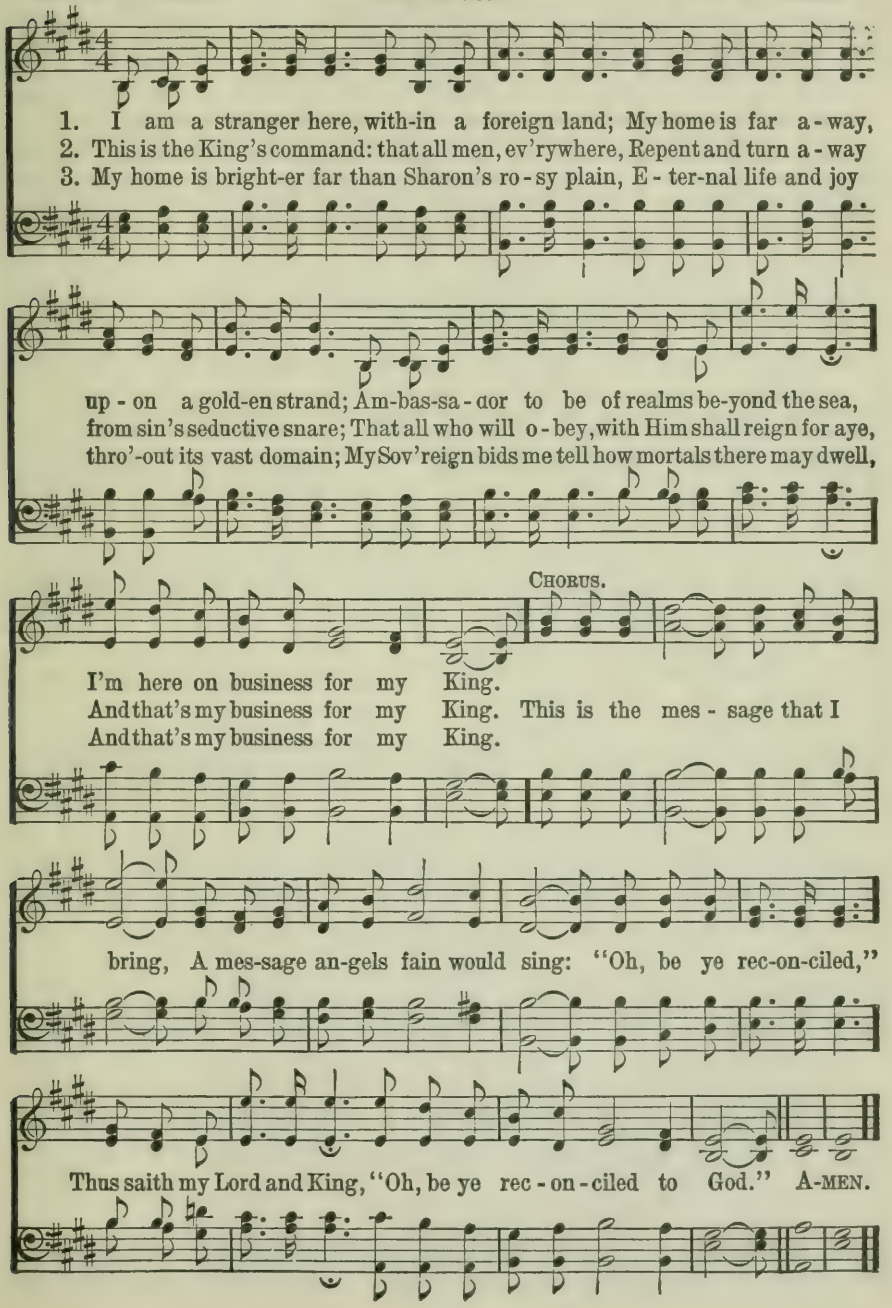
pow'r, In the word of my Sav-ior and King! O the
might-y pow'r,



pow'r, might-y pow'r! For Je-sus sal-va-tion shall bring. A-MEN.
O the pow'r, might-y pow'r!

357 The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.



358 "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should

rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said, Who - so - ev - er will, May
filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

CHORUS.

come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so - ev - er," sure - ly mean-eth me,
now I am set free. (set free.)

Sure - ly mean-eth me, O sure - ly mean-eth me; "Who - so - ev - er,"

sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean-eth me. A-MEN.
mean-eth me.

359 O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

rit. CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;. . . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me. A-MEN.

360 More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee,

rit.

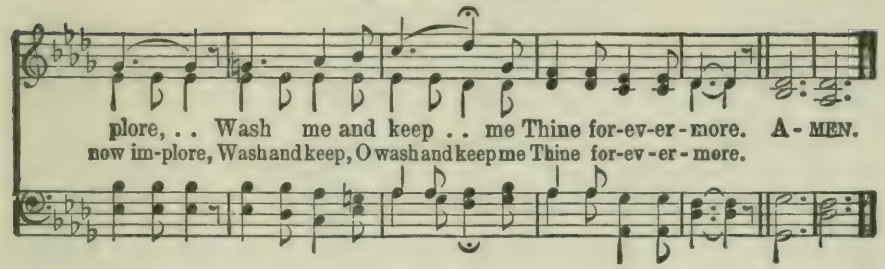
CHORUS.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. . . . . Take my heart, O

heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master.



361 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P. *Slowly.*

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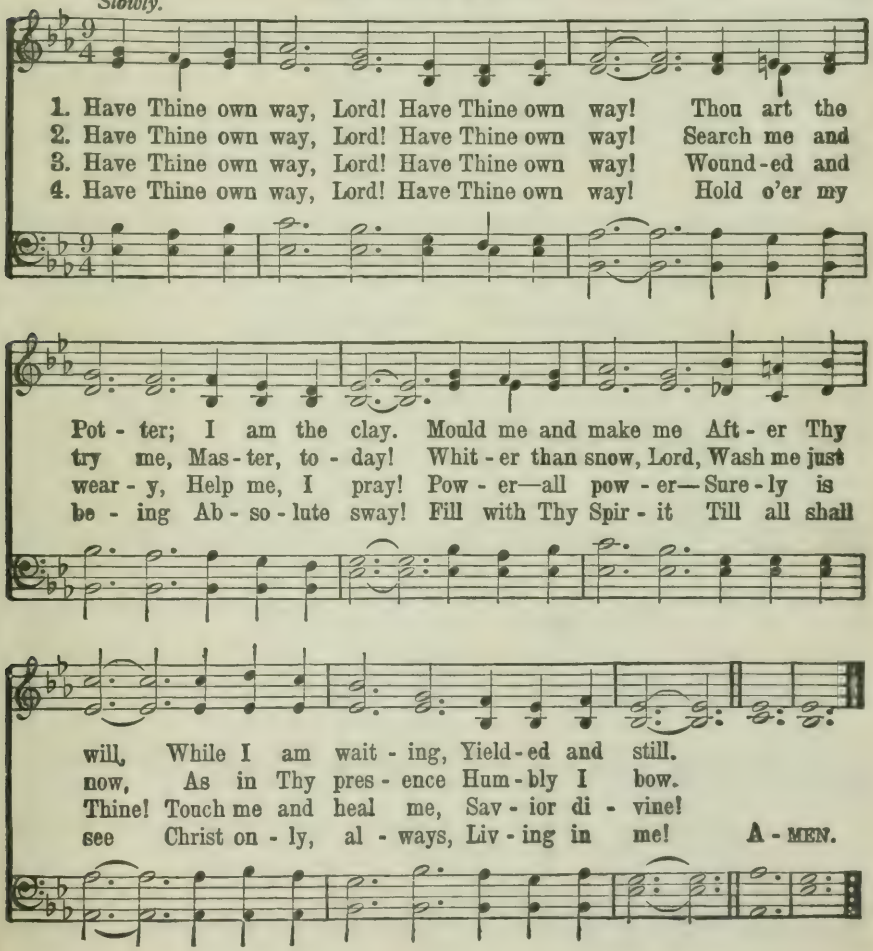
Geo. C. Stebbins.



362 Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

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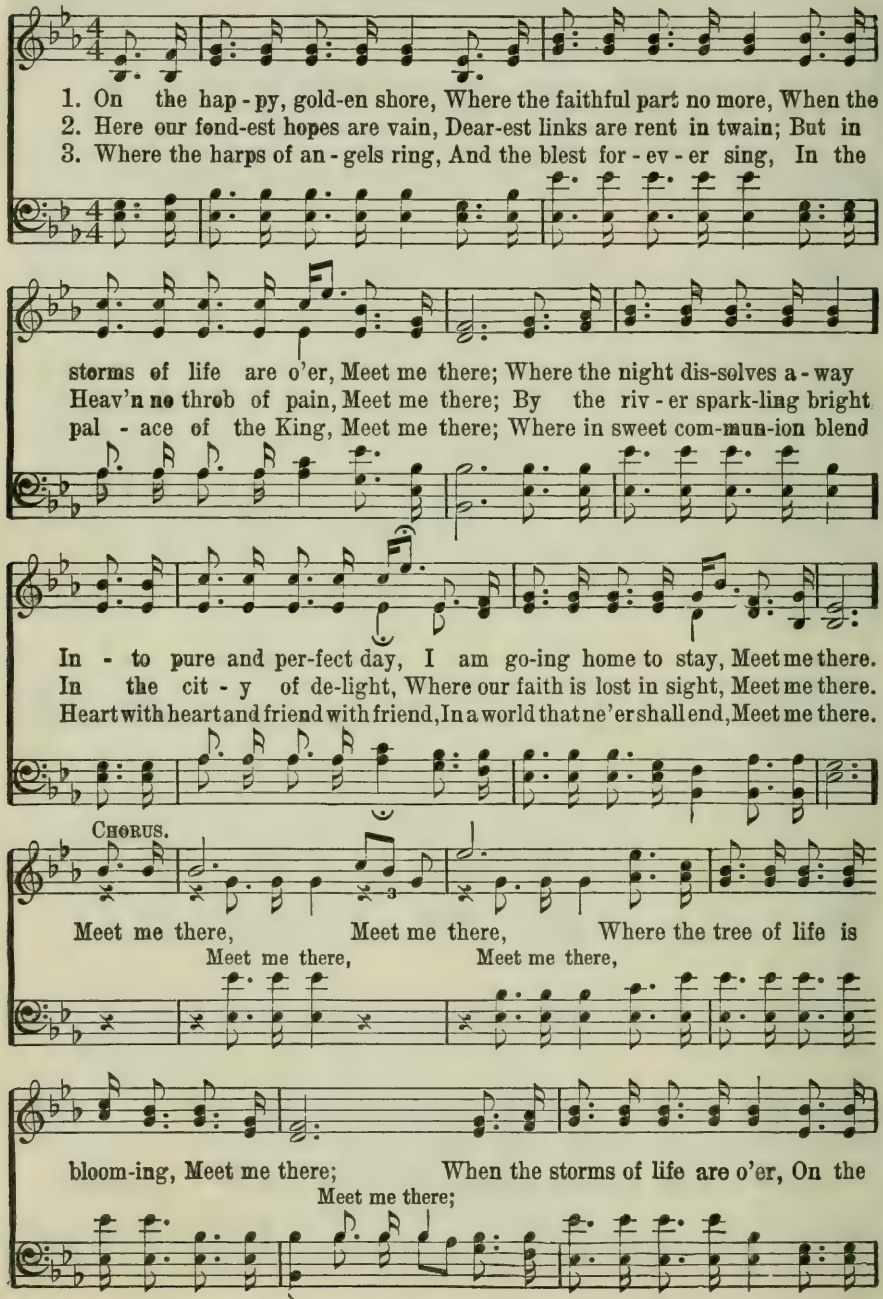
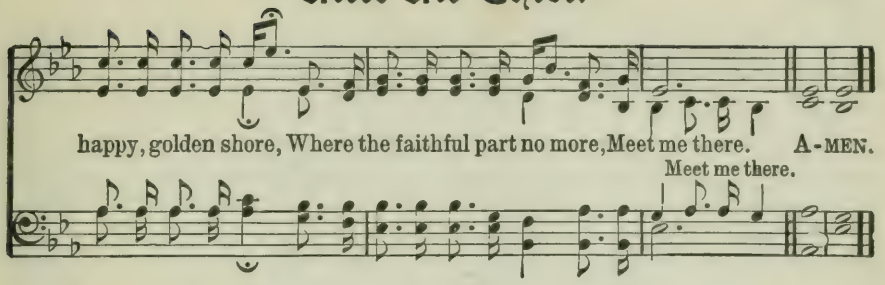
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

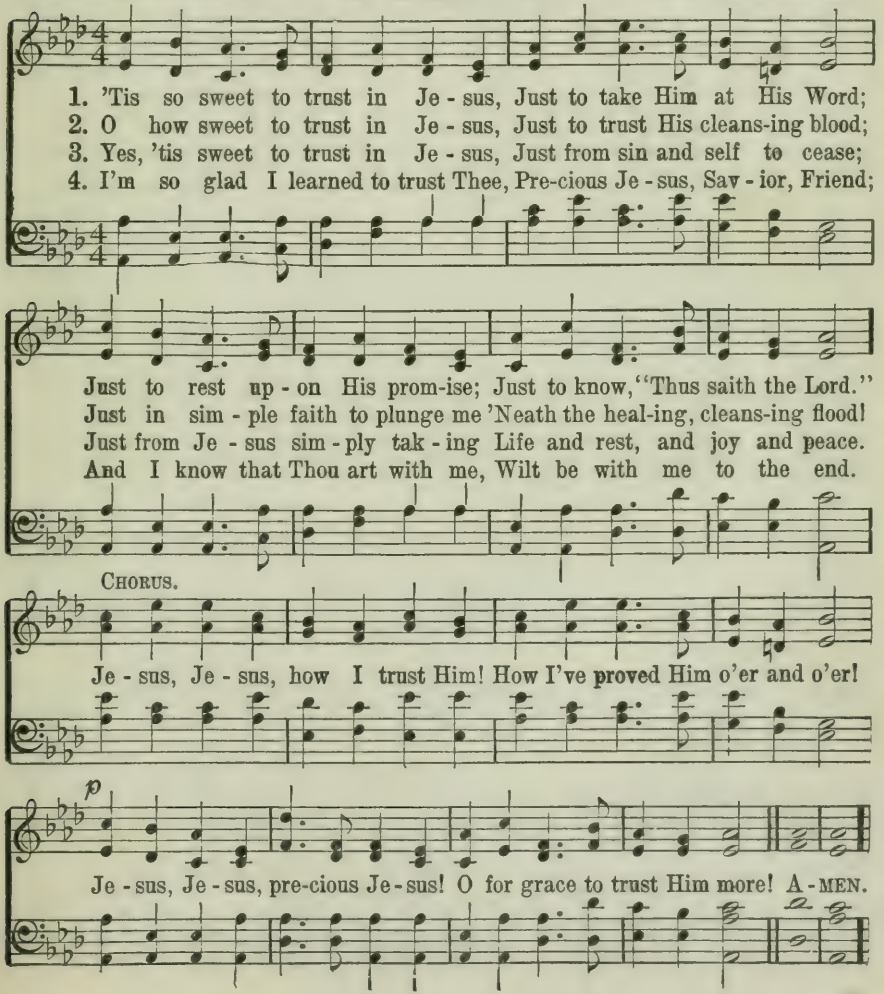


Meet Me There.



363 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Louisa M. R. Stead. Copyright, 1910. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



364 Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him

call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
for thee;

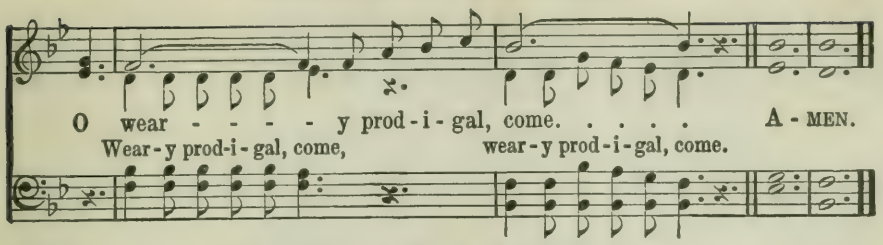
pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing now for thee, ... O wear - - - - y
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come,

prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.



365 Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. Robert Lowry.

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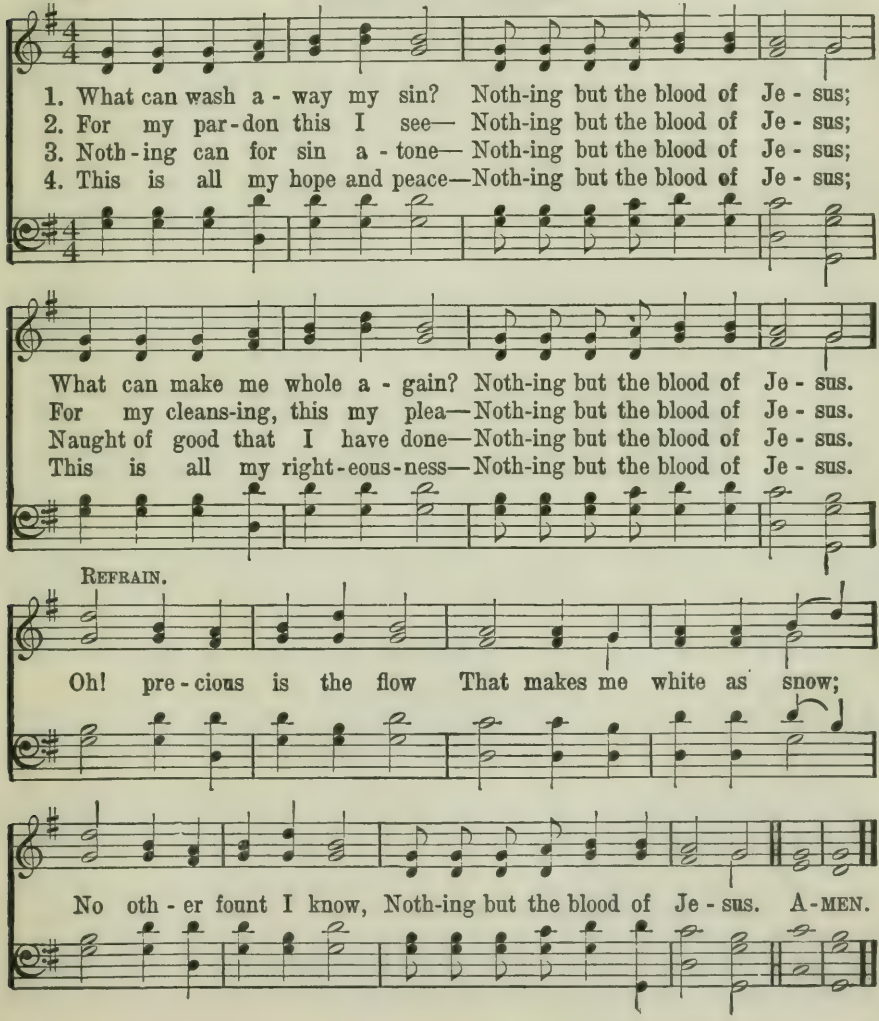

366 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

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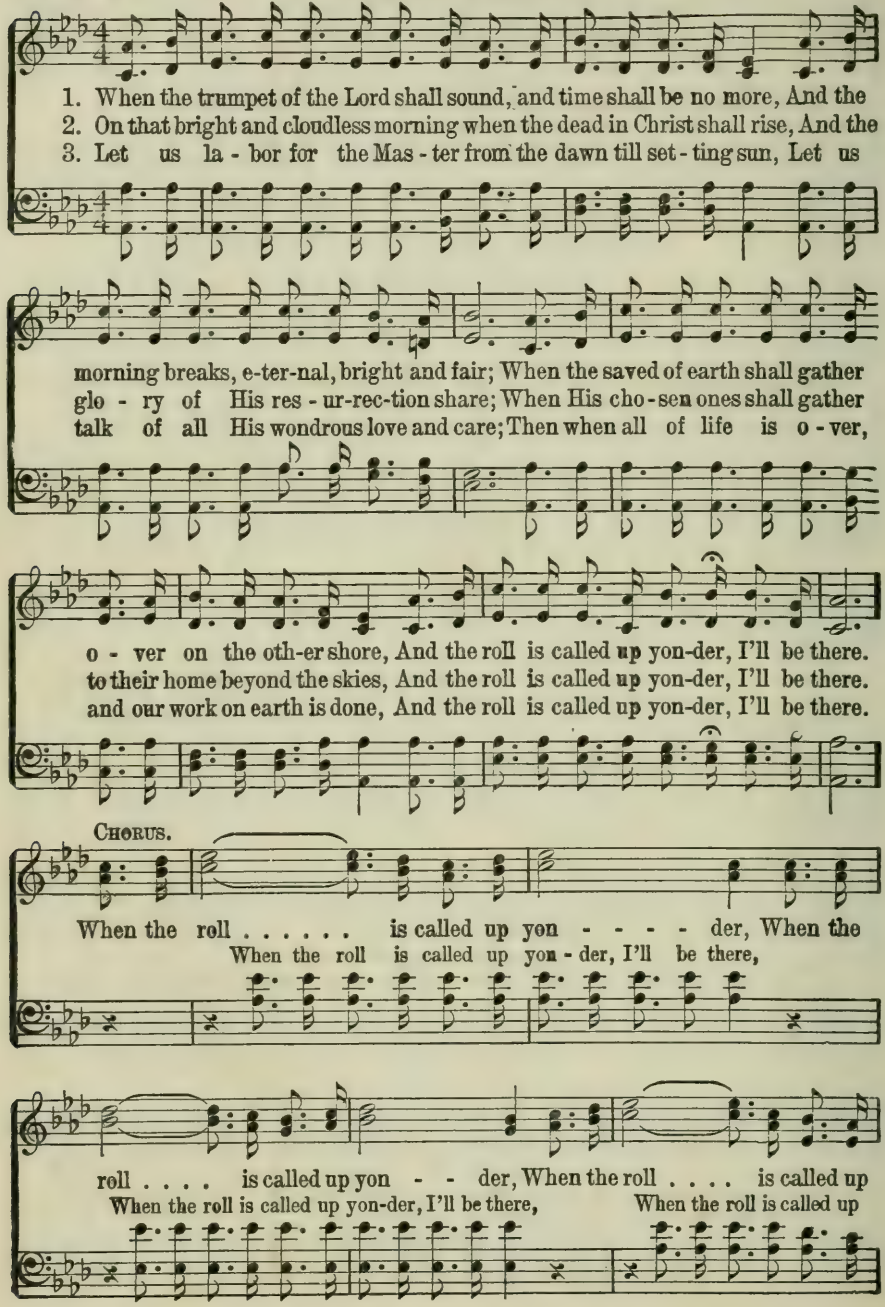
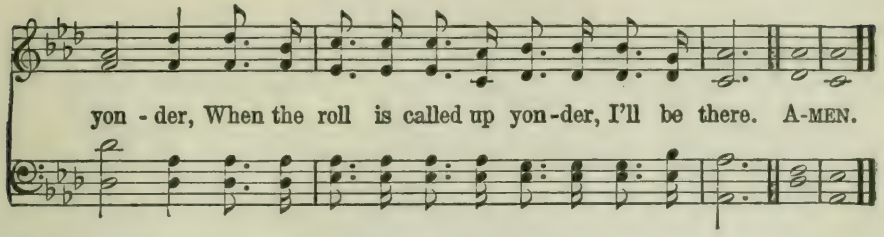
Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

J. M. Black.

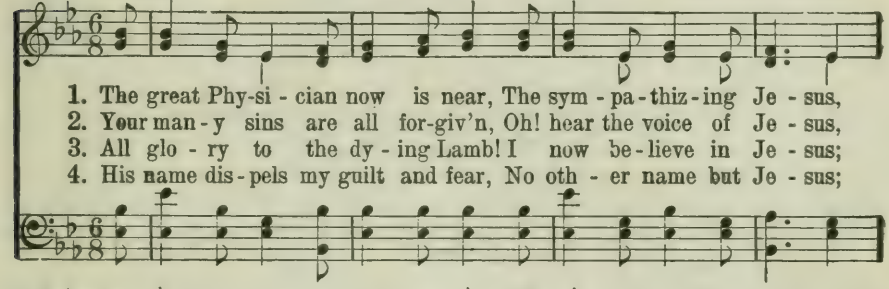


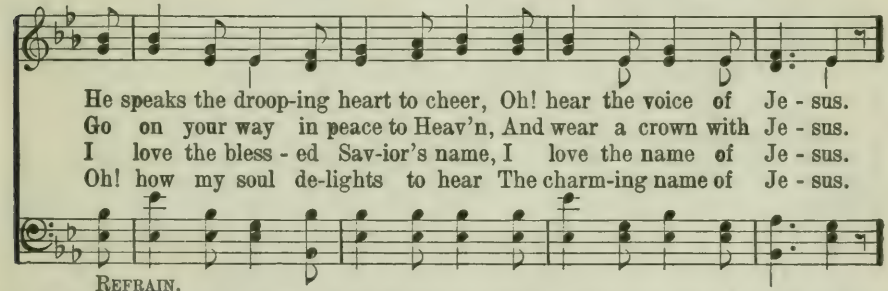
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



367 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter — J. H. Stockton.





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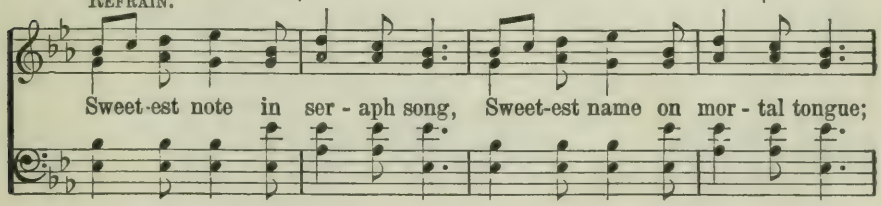

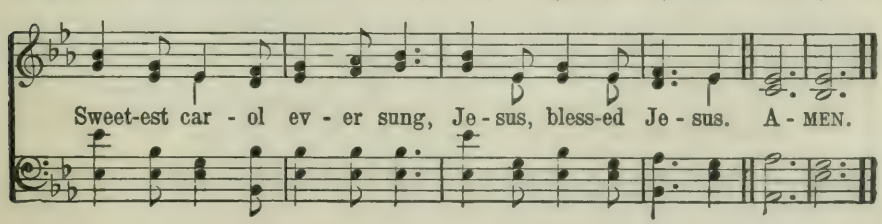

368 My Savior.

C. M. F.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, I've a Sav - ior full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from Heav-en To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been un - wor - thy, He has con - stant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, He would be your Sav - ior, too;

And a smile of win-ning sweet-ness Ev - er beams up - on His face:
Bore my guilt, tho' He was guilt - less, And tho' blame-less, took my blame:
Tho' I wronged Him, He for-gave me When I would my vows re - new;
Will you not ac - cept the par - don Which He free - ly of - fers you?

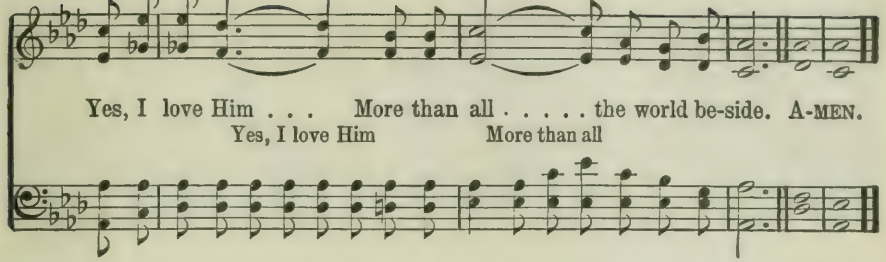
In my heart's shrine of af - fec - tion He shall hold the high-est place.
Can I ev - er cease to love Him, And His good - ness to pro-claim?
Tho' I spurned Him, He with kind-ness My re - bel - lious heart did woo.
Take Him now as your Re-deem - er, Earth has not a friend so true.

CHORUS.

How I love Him! . . . How I love Him! . . . Since for
How I love Him! How I love Him!

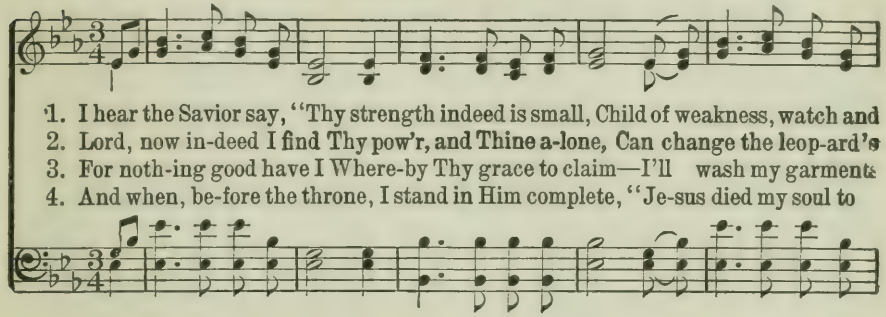
me . . . . . He bled and died; How I love . . . . Him!
Since for me He bled and died; How I love Him!

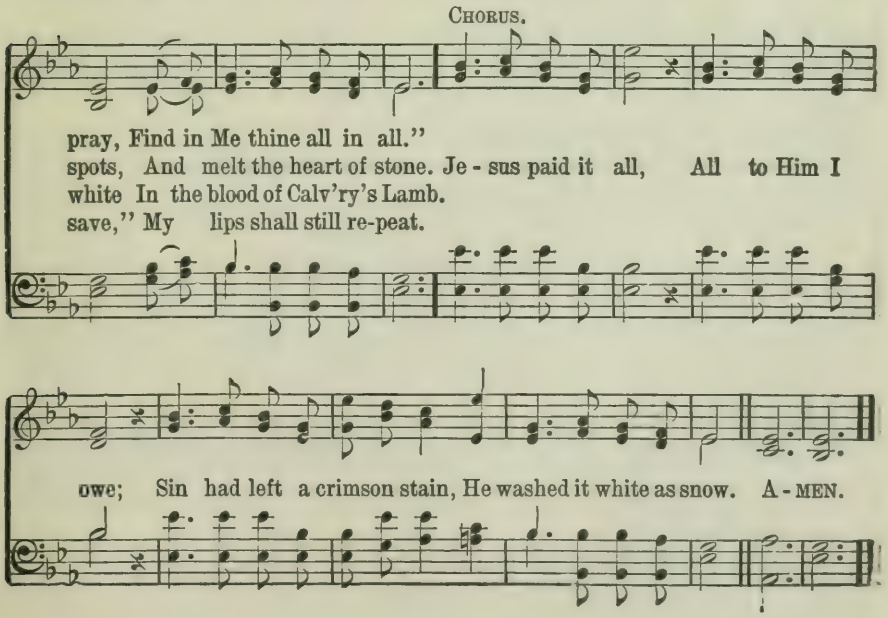
My Savior.



369 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.





370 I've Had a Talk With Jesus.

Ida Scott Taylor. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. E. PENN. W. E. Penn.

1. I've had a talk with Je - sus, I've told Him all my care;
2. I've had a talk with Je - sus, His prom - ised peace to share;
3. I've had a talk with Je - sus, We held com - mun - ion sweet;

I've sought His bless - ed pres - ence, And dropped my bur - den there;
We walked by heal - ing wa - ters Thro' pas - tures green and fair;
I've laid my joys and sor - rows, Like Ma - ry, at His feet—

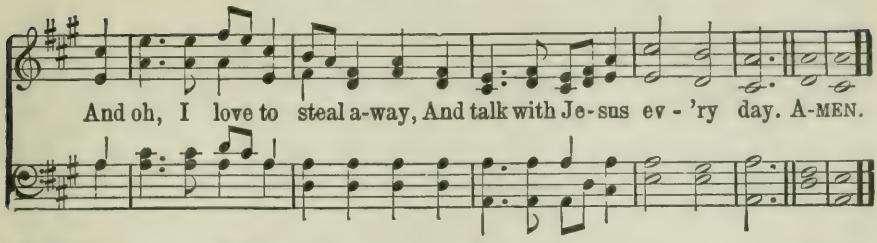
And when I knelt be - fore Him, I felt my spir - it thrill
His arms of love were round me, And blest in - deed was I,
I've told Him ev - 'ry long - ing That throbbed with-in my breast;

To hear His gen - tle whis - per, "I love thee; peace, be still."
And oh, I dwelt in safe - ty With such a ref - uge nigh!
He filled my soul with com - fort, And gave His peace and rest.

CHORUS.

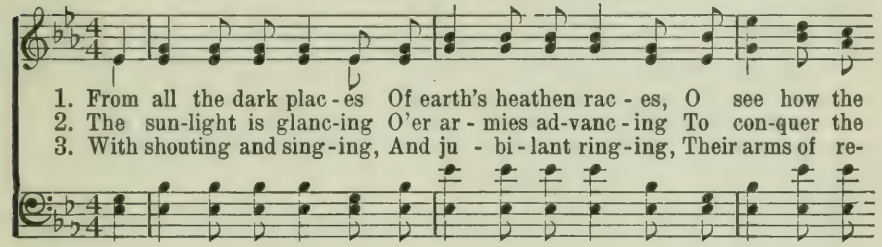
O blest com-mun-ion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy com-plete;

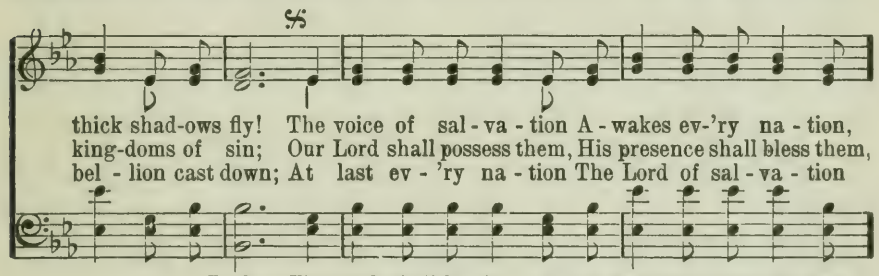
I've Had a Talk With Jesus.



371 The Kingdom is Coming.

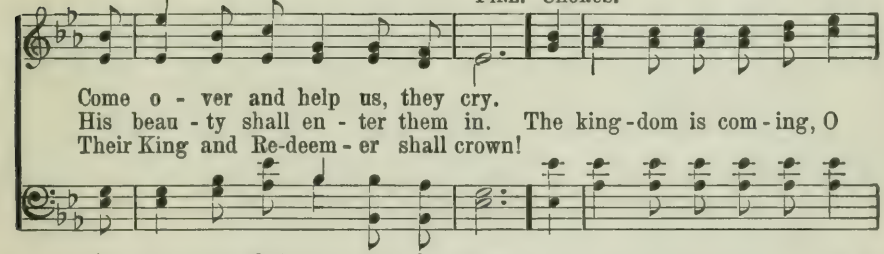
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.





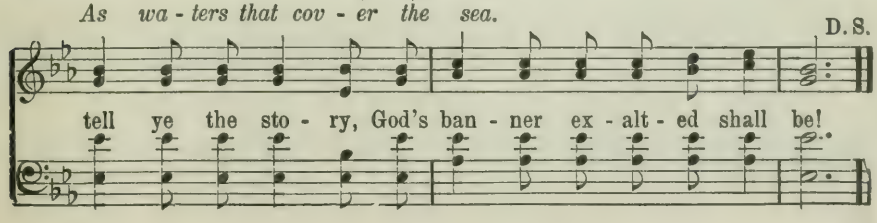
D. S.—*The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo-ry,*

FINE. CHORUS.



As wa-ters that cov-er the sea.

D. S.



372 Where is Thy Refuge?

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

1. Say, where is thy ref-uge, poor sin-ner, And what is thy prospect to - day?
2. The Mas-ter is call-ing thee, sin-ner, In tones of com-pas-sion and love,
3. As sum-mer is wan-ing, poor sin-ner, Re-pent, ere the sea-son is past;

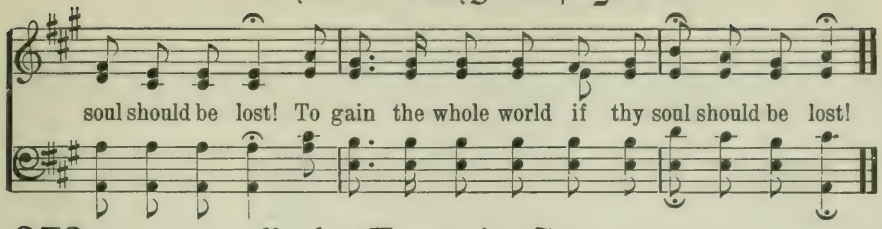
Why toil for the wealth that will per-ish, The treasures that rust and de - cay?
To feel that sweet rapture of par-don, And lay up thy treasure a - bove:
God's goodness to thee is ex-tend-ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

Oh! think of thy soul, that for-ev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ran - som thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning re-peat-ed With all the bright moments that roll,

When thou, in the dust art for-got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mer - cy will hold thee, The arm that is might-y to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

CHORUS.

'Twill prof - it thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy



373 Only Trust in Jesus.

Miss Pauline Sadler. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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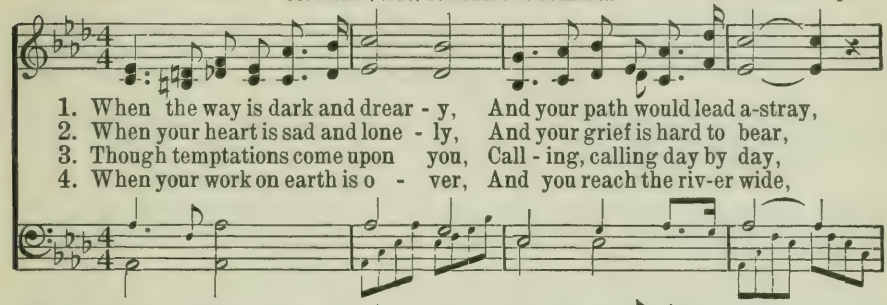
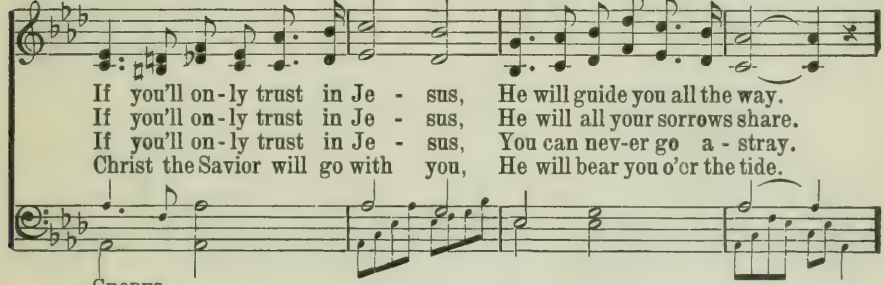
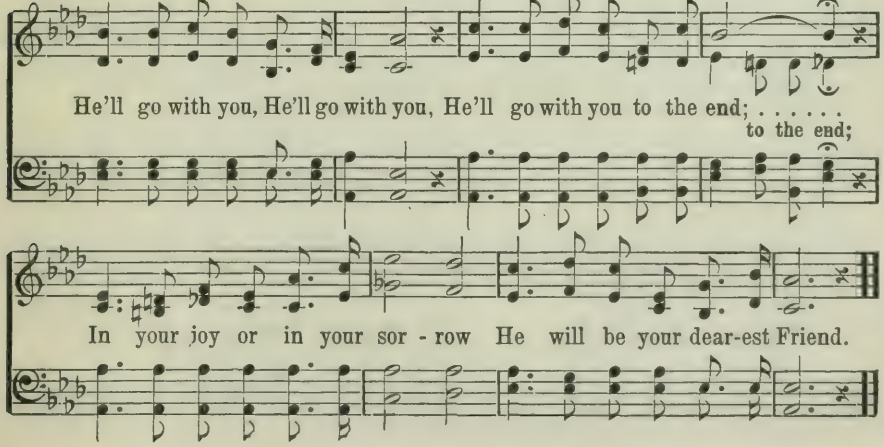




CHORUS.



374 Saved By His Wonderful Grace.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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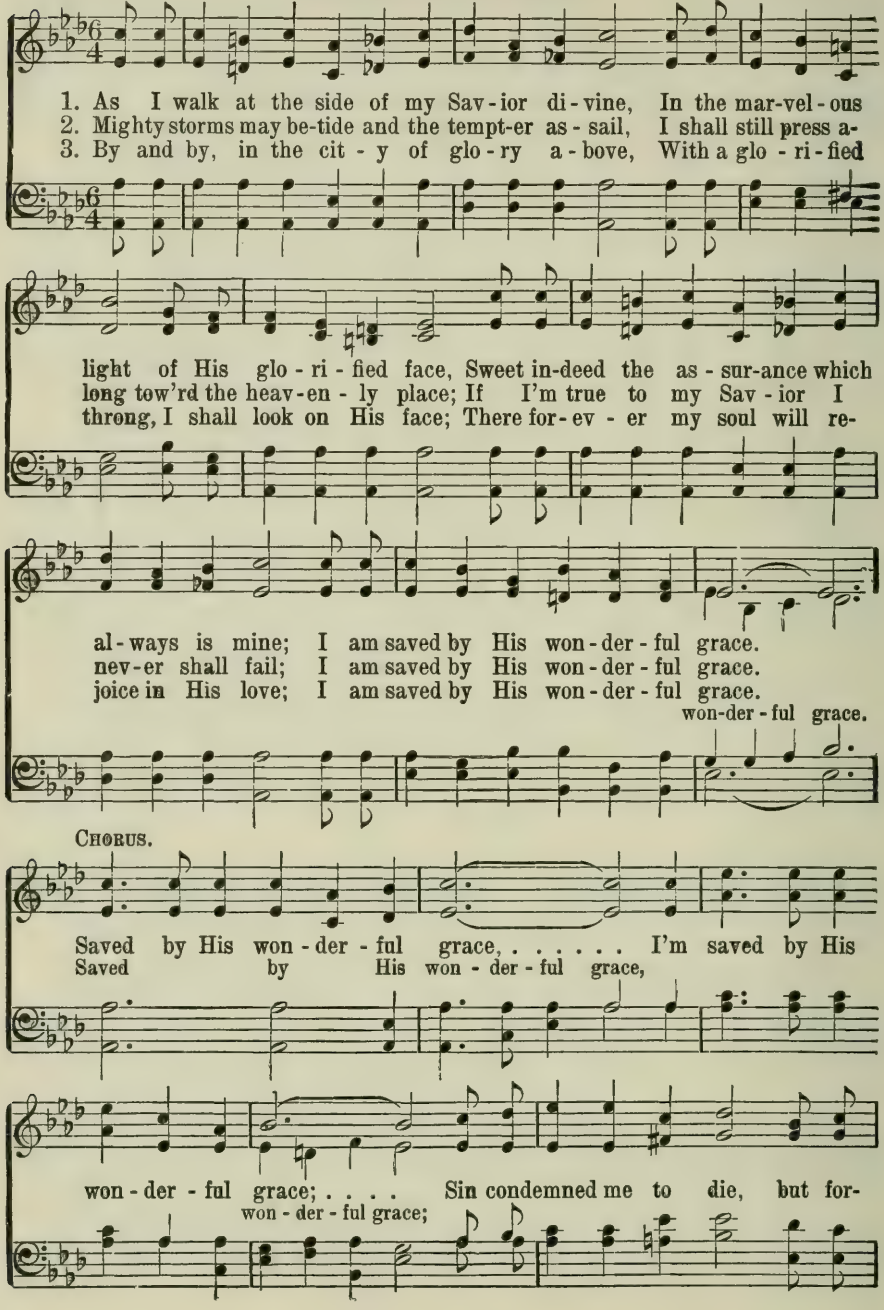
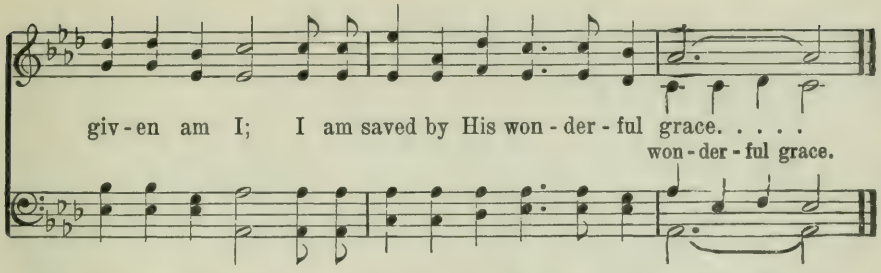


Saved By His Wonderful Grace.



375 Always Together, My Lord And I.

James Rowe. Henry P. Morton.

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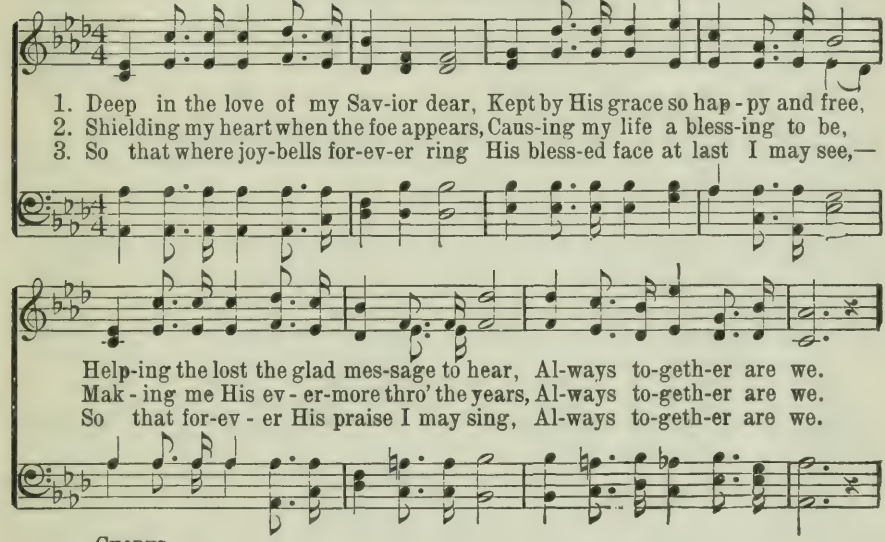
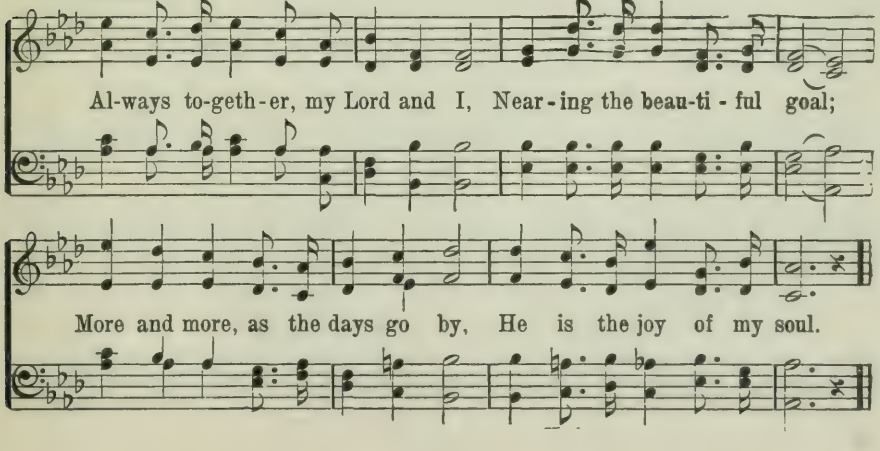


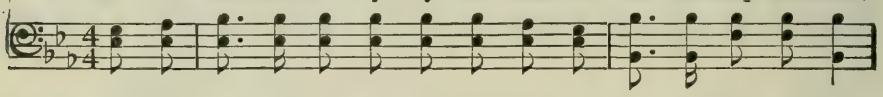
CHORUS.

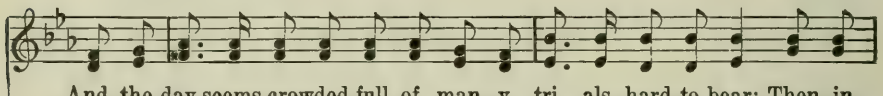


376 More Than Satisfied.

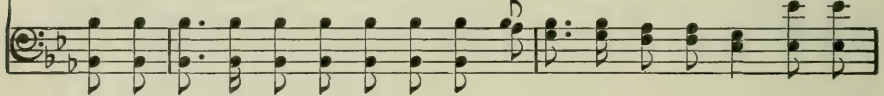
Rev. J. J. Pierson. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. James M. Black.

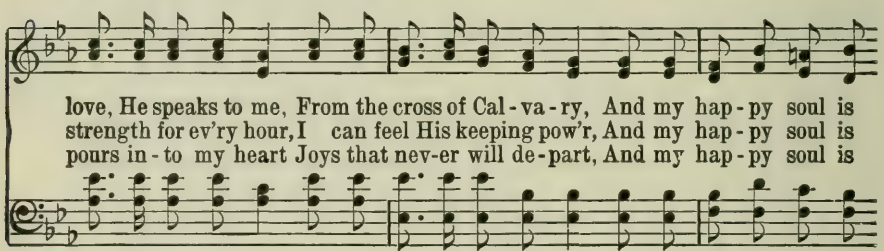
1. When my heart is o - ver-bur-dened with a heav - y load of care,
2. Now I car - ry all to Je - sus, and I tell Him ev - 'ry-thing,
3. He is near me ev - 'ry day in bless - ed fel - low-ship so sweet,





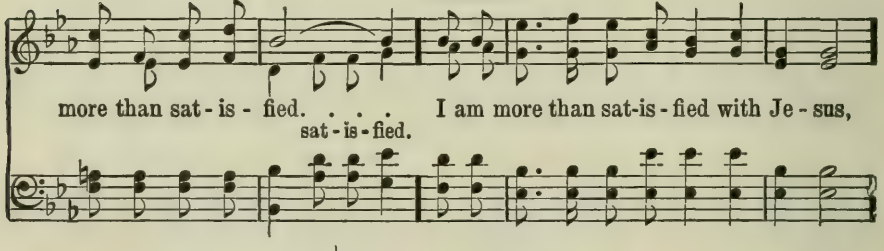
And the day seems crowded full of man - y tri - als, hard to bear; Then, in
For I know He un-der-stands, and He a - lone can comfort bring; Gives me
Ev - 'ry tri - al, ev - 'ry bur-den now I lay at Je - sus' feet; And He



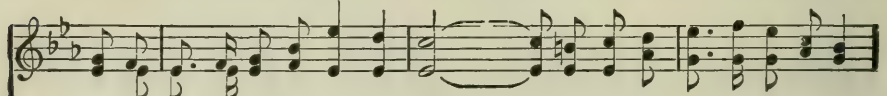


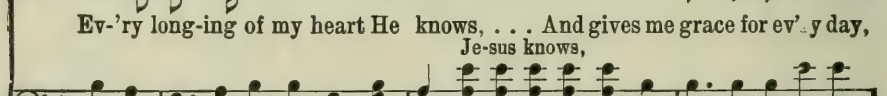
love, He speaks to me, From the cross of Cal - va - ry, And my hap - py soul is
strength for ev'ry hour, I can feel His keeping pow'r, And my hap - py soul is
pours in - to my heart Joys that nev-er will de - part, And my hap - py soul is

CHORUS.

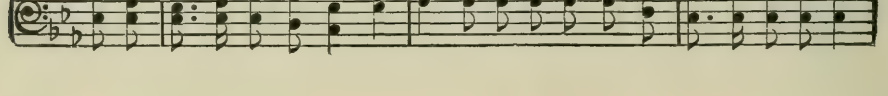


more than sat - is - fied. . . . I am more than sat-is - fied with Je - sus,
sat - is - fied.

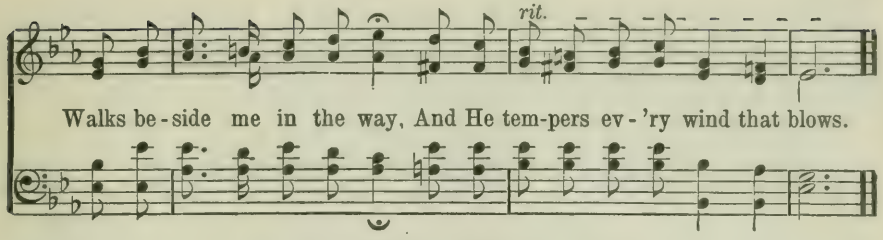




Ev-'ry long-ing of my heart He knows, . . . And gives me grace for ev'ry day,
Je-sus knows,



More Than Satisfied.



377 Come Into My Heart.

Martha S. Clingan. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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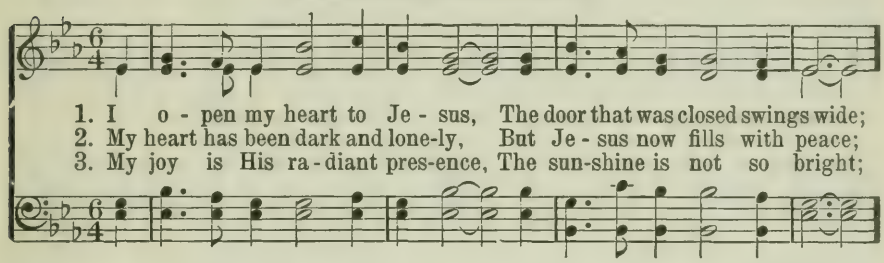
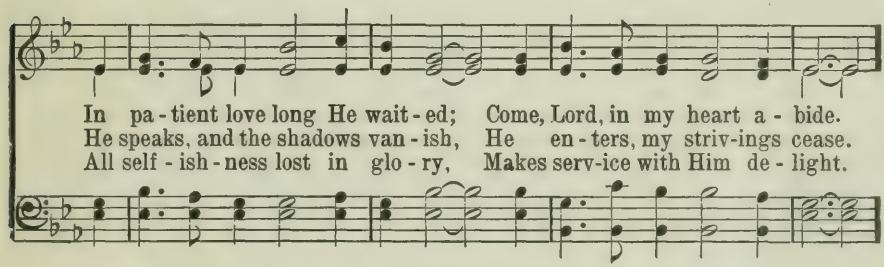
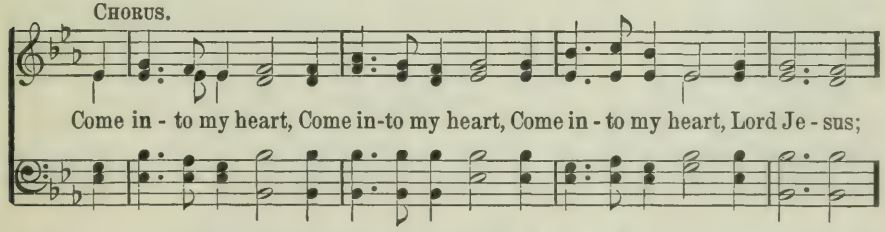
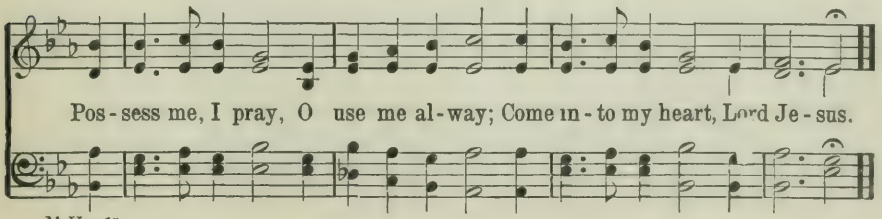




CHORUS.





378 The Fight is On.

C. H. M.

Copyright, 1905. By Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
Hope Publishing Co., owner.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wear-y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last! A-MEN

Vic-t'ry, Vic-t'ry,

379 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be;

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-MEN.

380 A Friend to Man.

Adapted by B. B. McK. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. B. B. McKinney.

DUET. *Slowly.*

1. Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, Where the races of men press on,
2. Let me see as I trav-el up-on my way, On the great high-way of life,
3. Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, Where some sin-burdened soul I'll meet

The men who are weak from their load of sin, And the men who are good and strong.
The men who press on with the ardor of hope, And the men who are faint with strife;
Let me be a balm to his ach-ing heart, And a guide to his way-ward feet;

PARTS.

I would not look with a scorn-er's eye, Nor hurl the cyn-ic's ban.
Let me turn not away from their smiles and tears, Both part of an all-wise plan,
Let me tell him of Christ who has died to save, Let me give him sal-va-tion's plan,

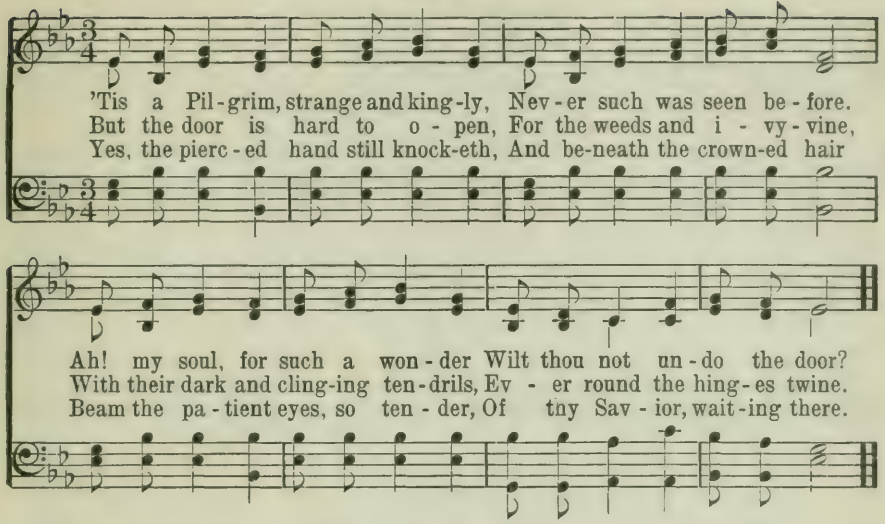
Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.
Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.
Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.

381 Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. Geo. F. Root.

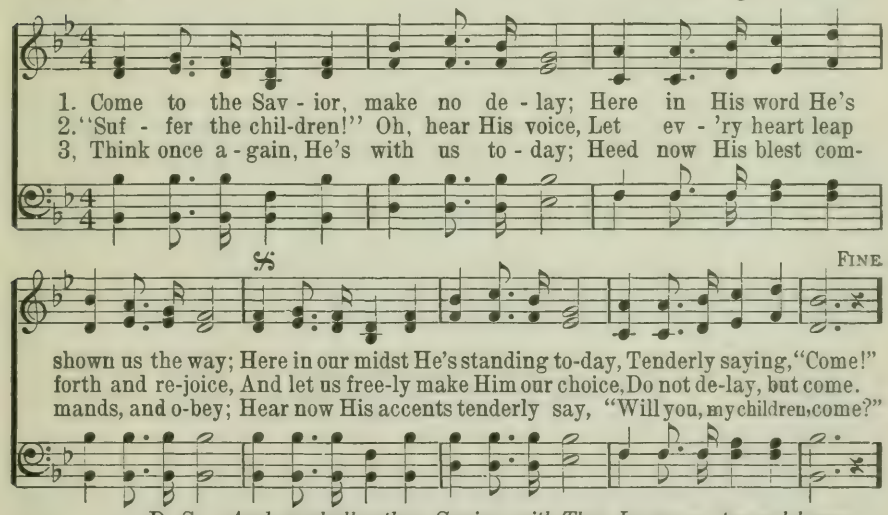
1. Knock-ing, knock-ing, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
2. Knock-ing, knock-ing, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, won-drous fair;
3. Knock-ing, knock-ing,—what, still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

Knocking, Knocking.



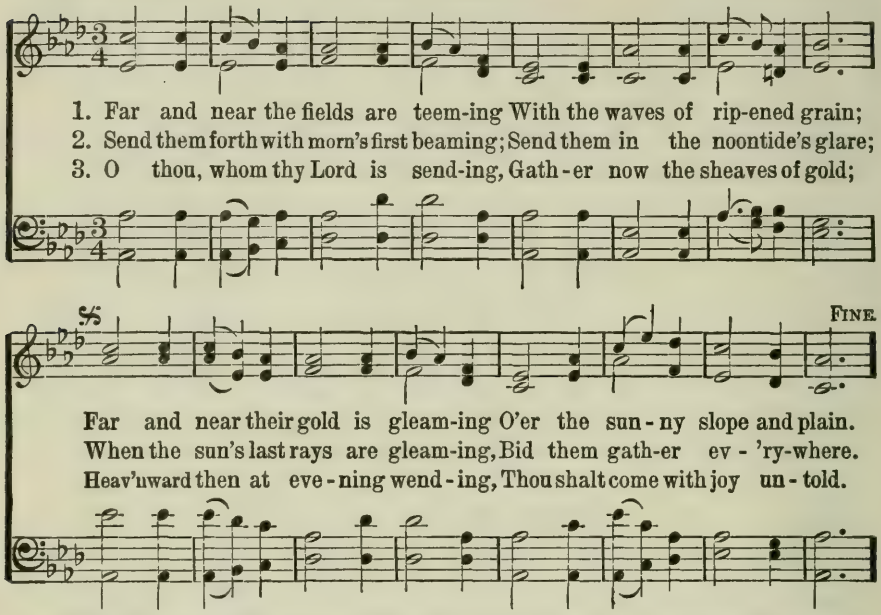
382 Come to the Savior.

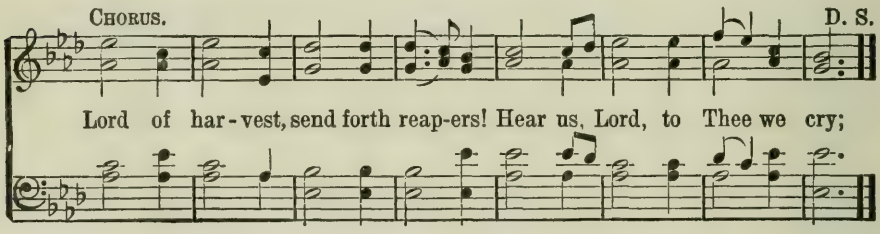
G. F. R. George F. Root.



383 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHILLIPS & HUNT. USED BY PERMISSION. J. B. O. Clemm.

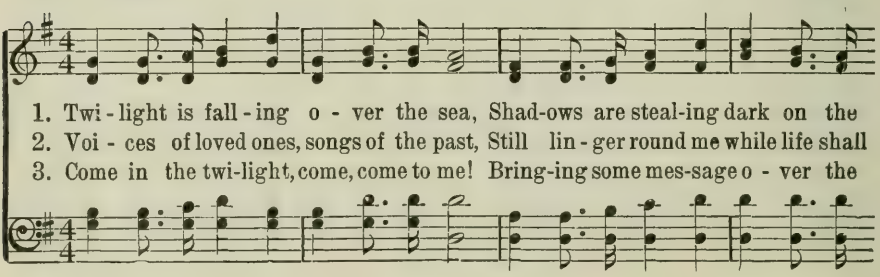




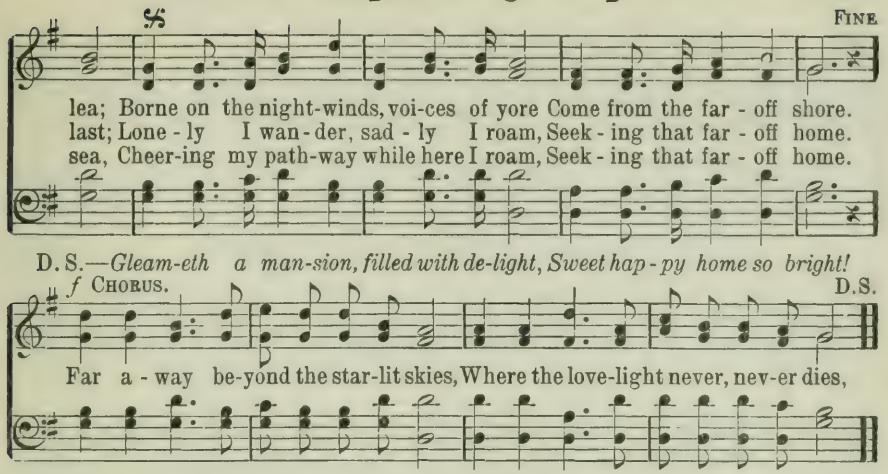
384 Twilight Is Falling.

USED BY PERMISSION.

A. S. Kieffer. B. C. Unseld.

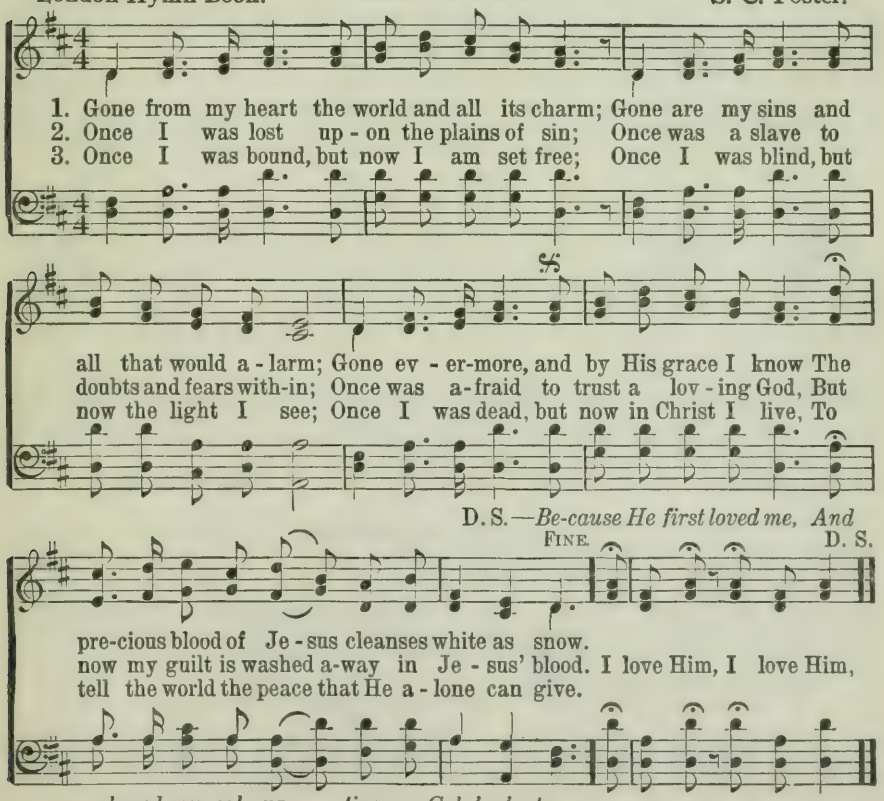


Twilight Is Falling.



385 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.



386 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each

CHORUS.

mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me.

387 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

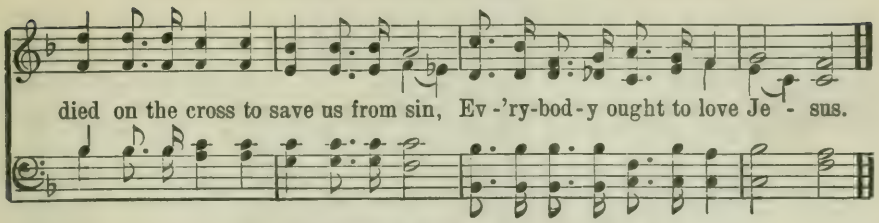
H. D. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY H. D. LOES.
W. ELMER BAILEY, OWNER.

Harry Dixon Loes.

Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus; He
Je-sus Christ the won-der-ful Sav-ior;

Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.



388 O Why Not To-night?

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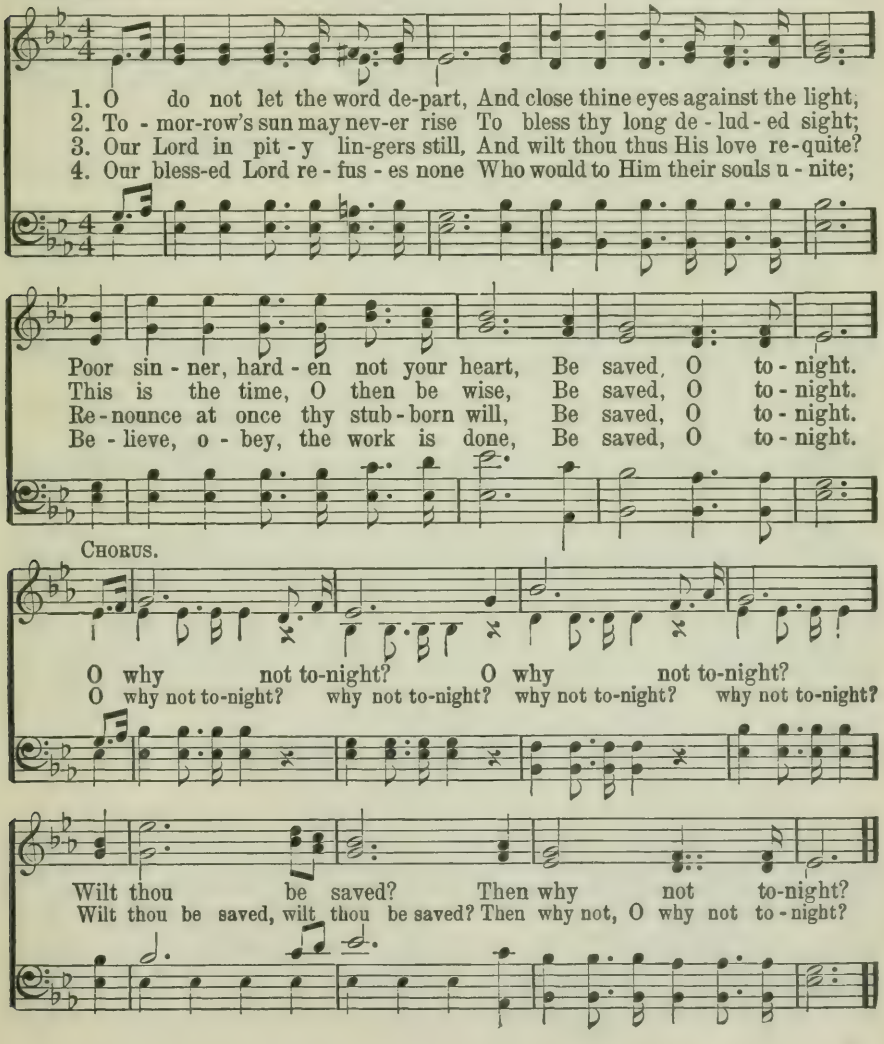
Elizabeth Reed. J. Calvin Bushey.



389 Church Bells.

(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. E. Howard
Owned by Robert H. Coleman

W. E. H. W. E. Howard.

1. To and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
2. "Come to church," they seem to say, "'Tis the hour of prayer; Come, and wor-ship
3. Let me, like the bells a - bove, Nev - er wea-ry grow, Tell - ing of the

CHORUS.

loud - ly sing Un-der-neath the sky.
God to - day In His tem-ple fair." "Ding, dong, ding," The great bells ring,
Lord I love, So the world may know.

Call-ing "This is Sun-day morn-ing; Ding, dong, ding, Ding, dong, ding," The

great bells sing; Hear them loud - ly sing - ing in the morn - ing!

390 Good Morning Song.

(PRIMARY.)

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY WM. E. HOWARD.

W. E. H. Wm. E. Howard.

1–3. "Good morn - ing, good morn - ing, God gives the morn - ing,

Good Morning Song.

rall.

1. God gives the sun - shine," The bird seemed to say.
2. God gives the rain - drops," The flow'r seemed to say.
3. We will sing prais - es, Sing prais - es to Him!

391 Give, O Give!

(PRIMARY.)

Anon. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Give, said the little stream, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the little stream,
2. Give, said the lit-tle rain, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the lit-tle rain,
3. Give, said the vio-let sweet, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the vio-let sweet,

As it hurried down the hill; I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, Give, O give,
As it fell up - on the flow'rs; I'll raise the drooping heads a-gain, Give, O give,
In its gentle spring-like voice; From cot and hall they will hear my call, Give, O give,

give, O give; I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, The fields grow greener still
give, O give; I'll raise the droop-ing heads a-gain, And fresh-en summer bow'rs.
give, O give; From cot and hall they will hear my call, They will find me and re-joice.

CHORUS.

{ Singing, singing, all the day, Give a - way, give a-way;
{ Singing, singing, all the day, (*Omit*.....) } Give, O give a-way.

392 Good Morning to You!

Brightly.

1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you,
2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you,
3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you,
4. 'Tis love brings us here, 'Tis love brings us here,

Good morn-ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
Hap - py birth-day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!
A wel-come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!
'Tis love, dear chil - dren, 'Tis love brings us here.

393 Praise Him, Praise Him!

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.

394 The Best Friend is Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY P. P. BILHORN. RENEWAL, 1919.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

DUET.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace im-part;
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He brings; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor-row, And the chill-y waves of Jor - dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
4. When at last to our home we gath-er, With the loved ones who have gone be- fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for-ev - er-more;

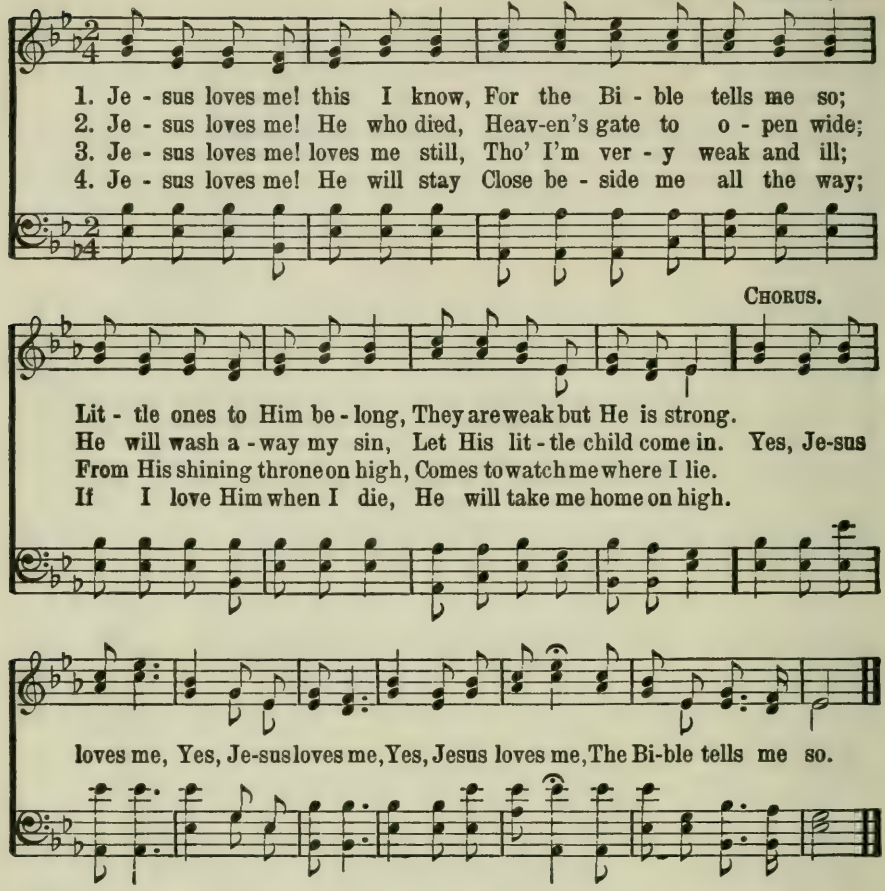
CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is Je - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - sus; He will help you Je-sus ev-'ry day, Je-sus all the way; when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

395 Jesus Loves Me.

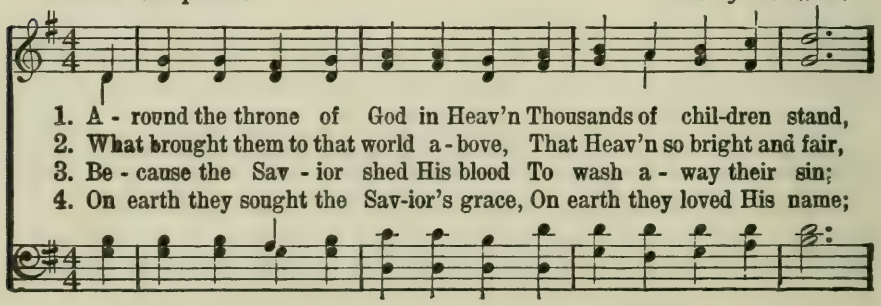
(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

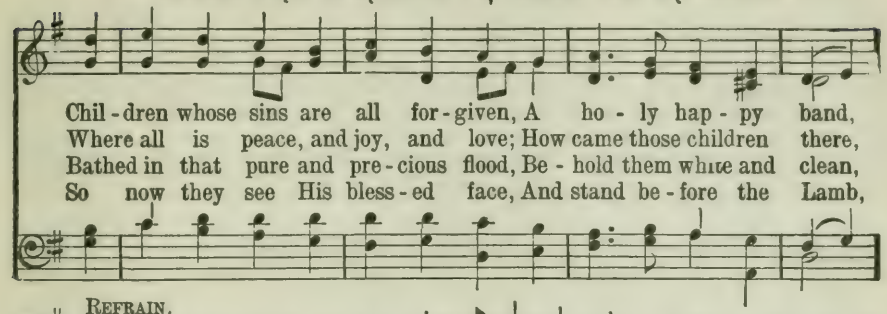


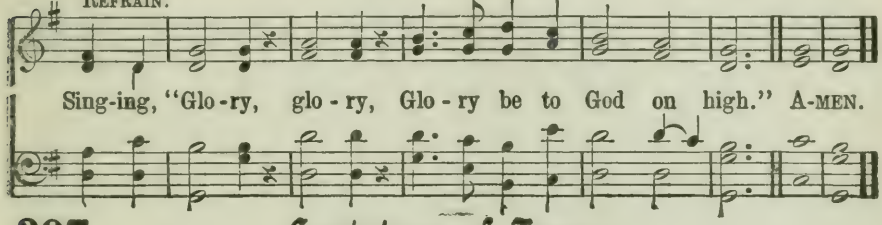
396 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Anne H. Shepherd. Arr. by H. E. M.



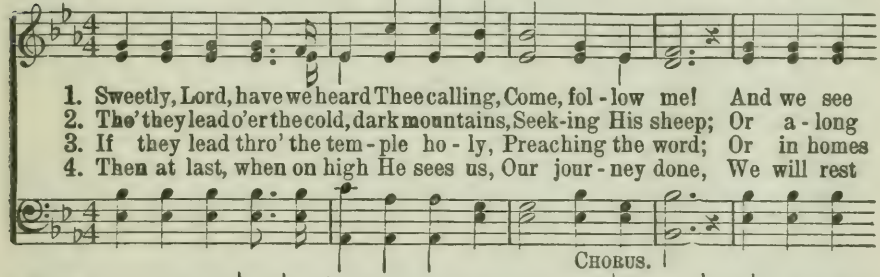
Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

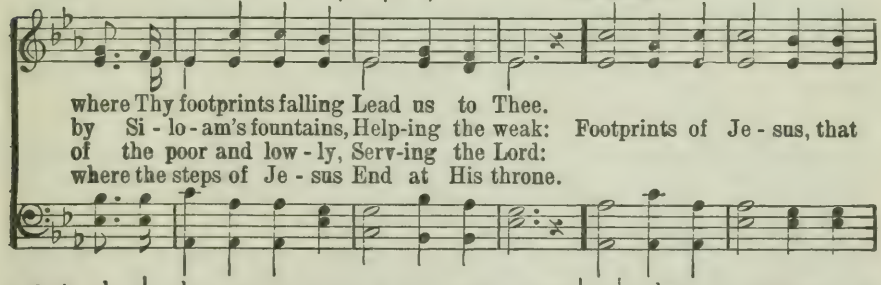


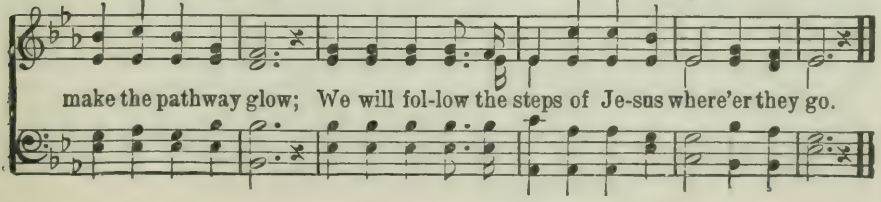


397 Footsteps of Jesus.

Mary B. C. Slade. USED BY PERMISSION OF R. M. MCINTOSH, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. A. B. Everett.







398 That Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. *Davenant. 11s. 8s. D.* Old Melody.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And

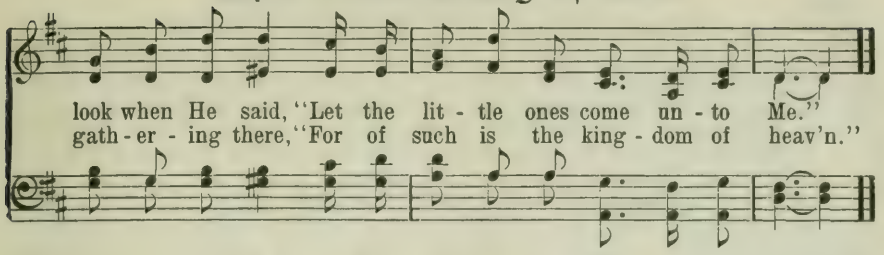
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For

arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil-dren are

That Sweet Story of Old.



399 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

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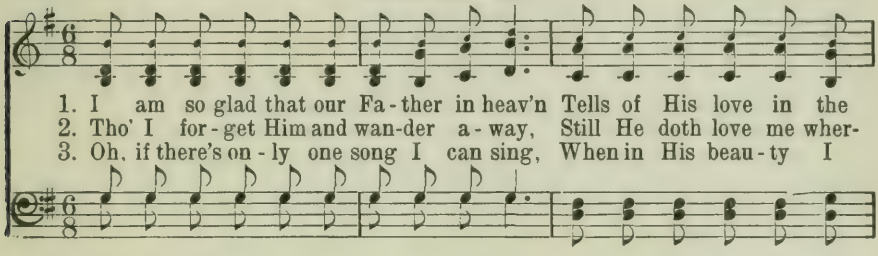

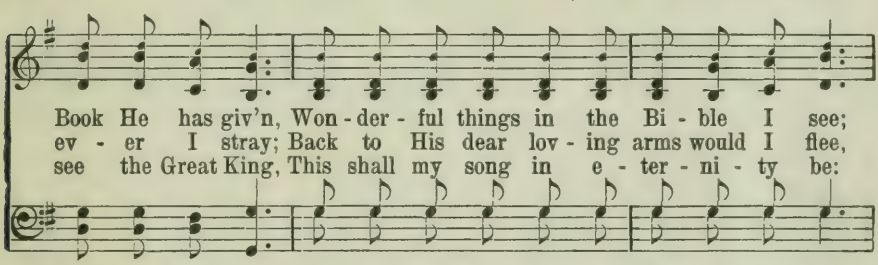

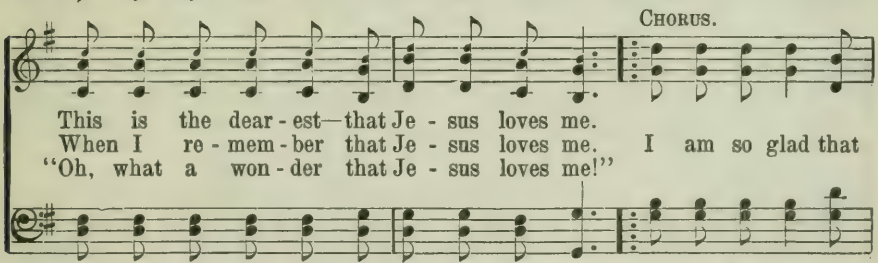

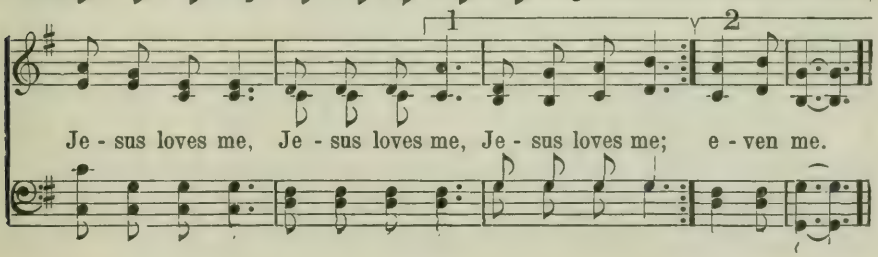

400 Serve the Lord in Youth.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HALL-MACK CO.
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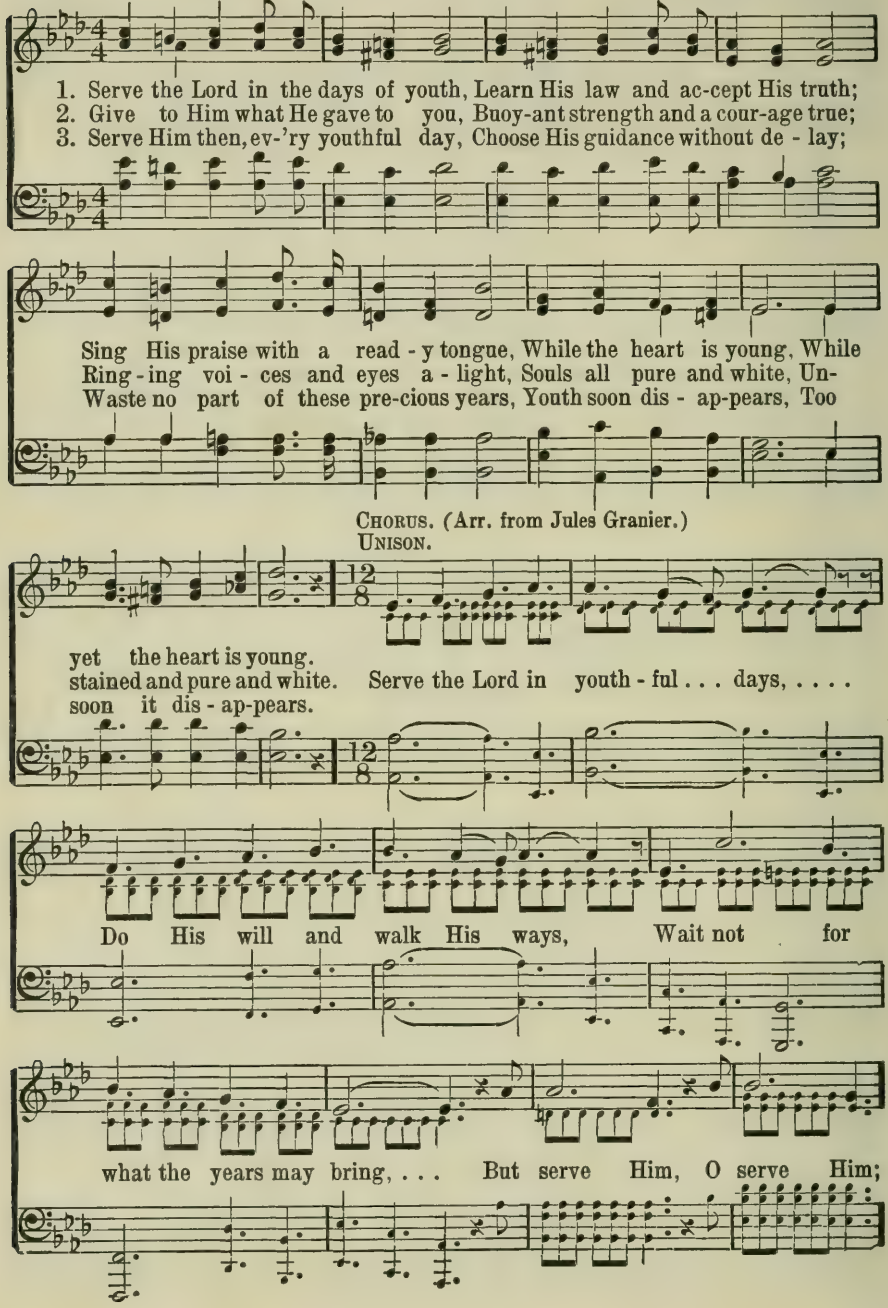


Serve the Lord in Youth.

PARTS.

While life is like the spring, O serve our Lord and King.

401 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;

What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

402 Just a Little Helper.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Man - y are the deeds that I can nev - er do, For my strength is small, and in-suf-fi-cient too; But un - to the Lord I ev - er would be true, And be a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus.

2. Speaking words of kind-ness to the troub-led heart, Shin - ing for the Mas-ter till the shades depart, With a sun-ny smile new courage to im-part, I'm just a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus. Just a lit - tle help - er for Je-sus an - y-where, Gladly doing service for Him here and there; Patiently I will work, my du - ty I will not shirk, I'm just a lit - tle help-er for Je - sus.

3. Work-ing for the Mas - ter joy - ful - ly I go, Where-so - e'er He sends me here on earth below, Do - ing as He or-ders, letting oth-ers know I'm just a lit - tle work - er for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

403 Be a Little Sunbeam.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO.

Alice Jean Cleator. Grant Colfax Tullar.

1. Be a lit-tle sun-beam ev-'ry-where you go; Help to drive the darkness
2. Be a lit-tle sun-beam ev-'ry-where you go; Shine, O shine for Je-sus
3. Be a lit-tle sun-beam, shining bright and clear; Some-one may be wand'ring

from this world be-low; You will see the shad-ows swift-ly flee a-way,
with a ra-diant glow; Lit-tle ones may help this dark world to il-lume,
in the dark-ness near; You may help to scat-ter shad-ows of the night,

CHORUS.

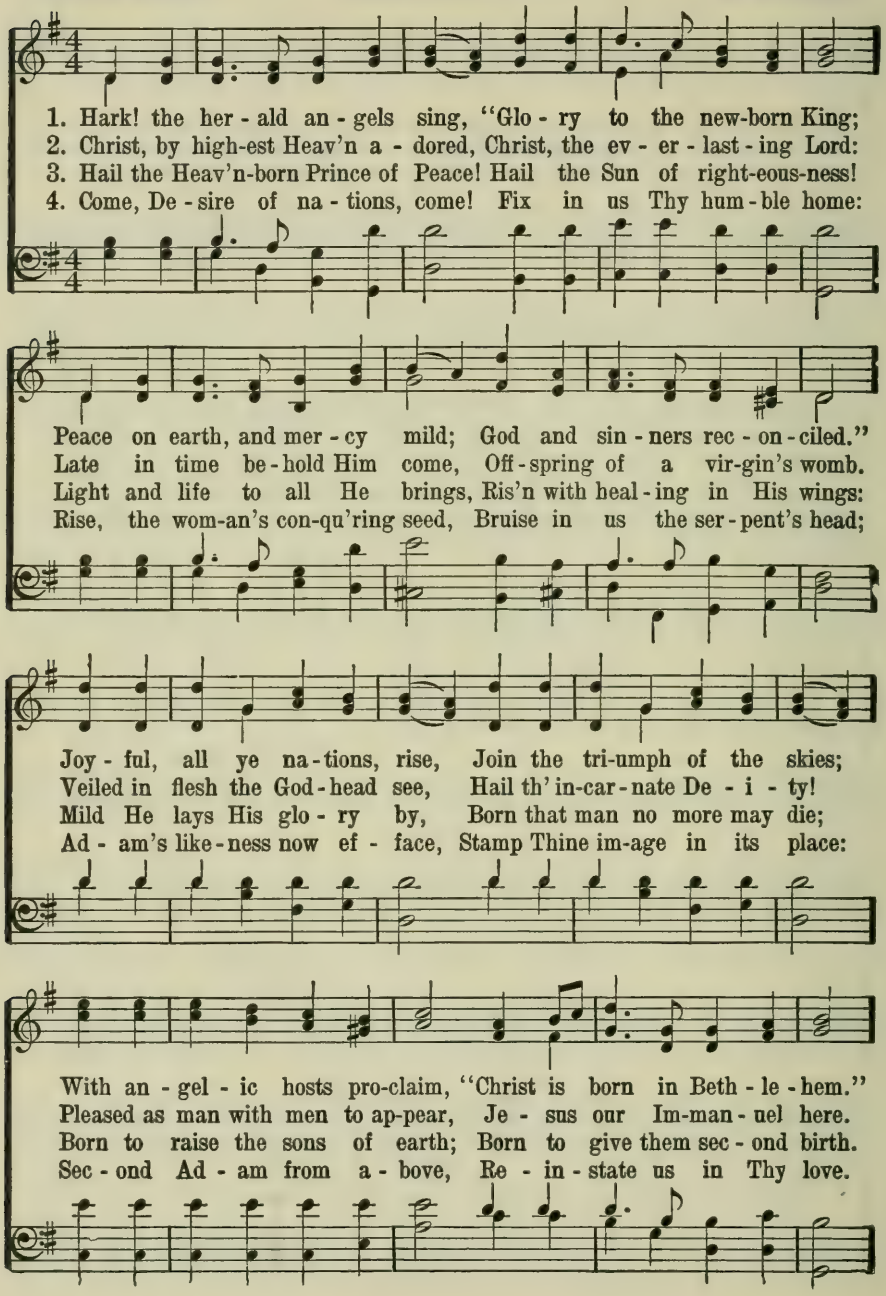
If you'll be a sun-beam ev-'ry day,
Send-ing gold-en sun-shine thro' the gloom. Be a lit-tle sun-beam tho' your
Lead-ing un-to Christ who is the Light.

light be small, Let its gleam of beauty o'er the dark-ness fall; You will see the

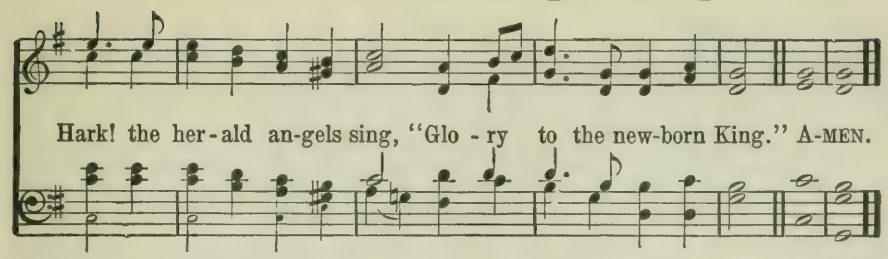
shad-ows swift-ly flee a-way, If you'll be a sun-beam ev-'ry day.

404 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley. *Mendelssohn. 7s. D.* Mendelssohn.

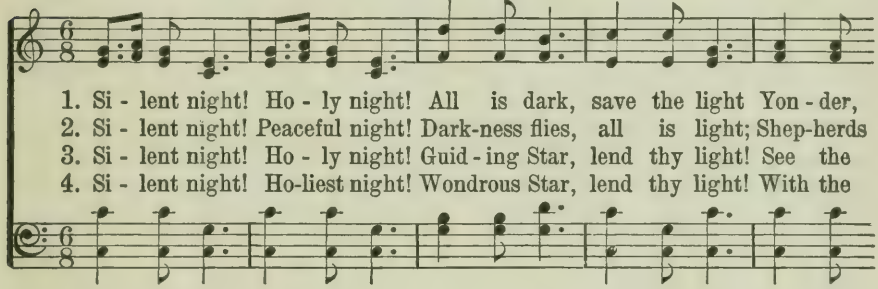


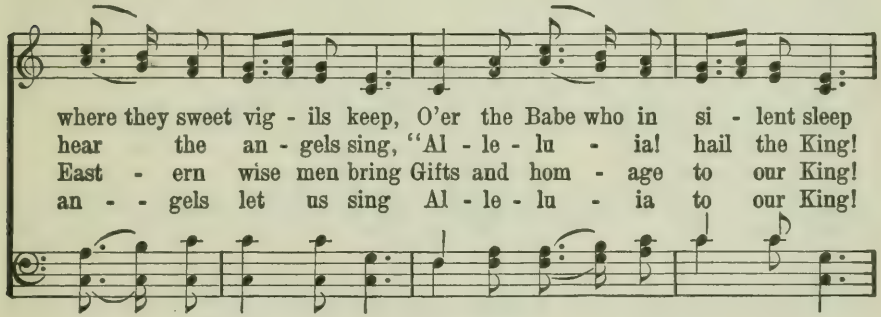
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

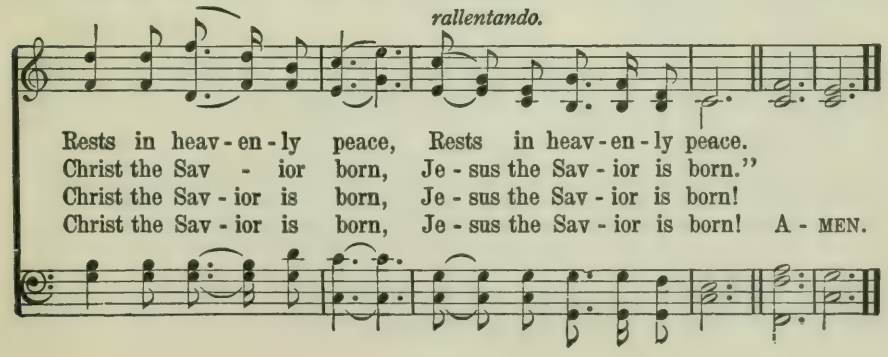


405 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. *Christmas Carol.* Franz Gruber.

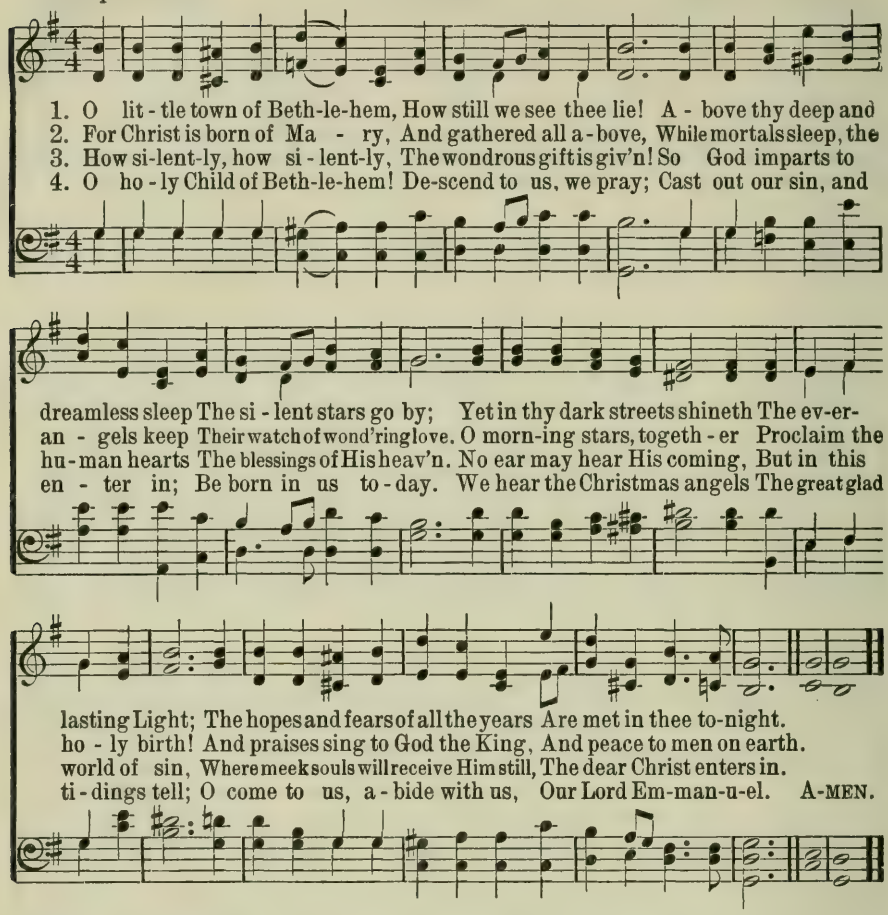






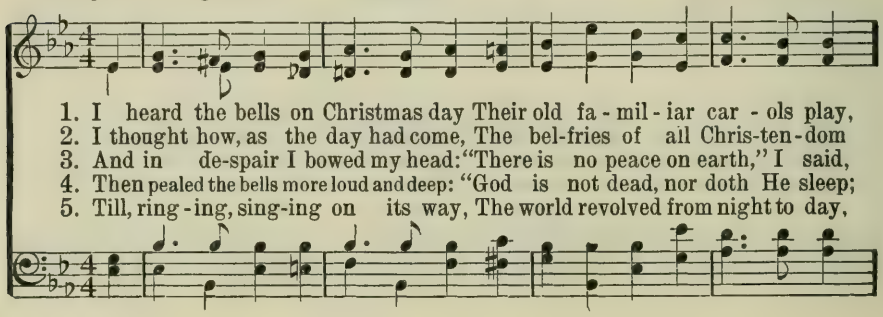
406 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. *St. Louis.* Lewis H. Redner.

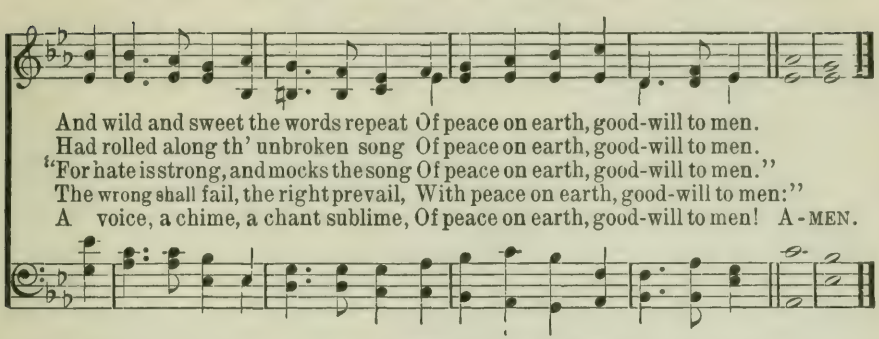


407 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

Henry W. Longfellow. *Waltham. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.

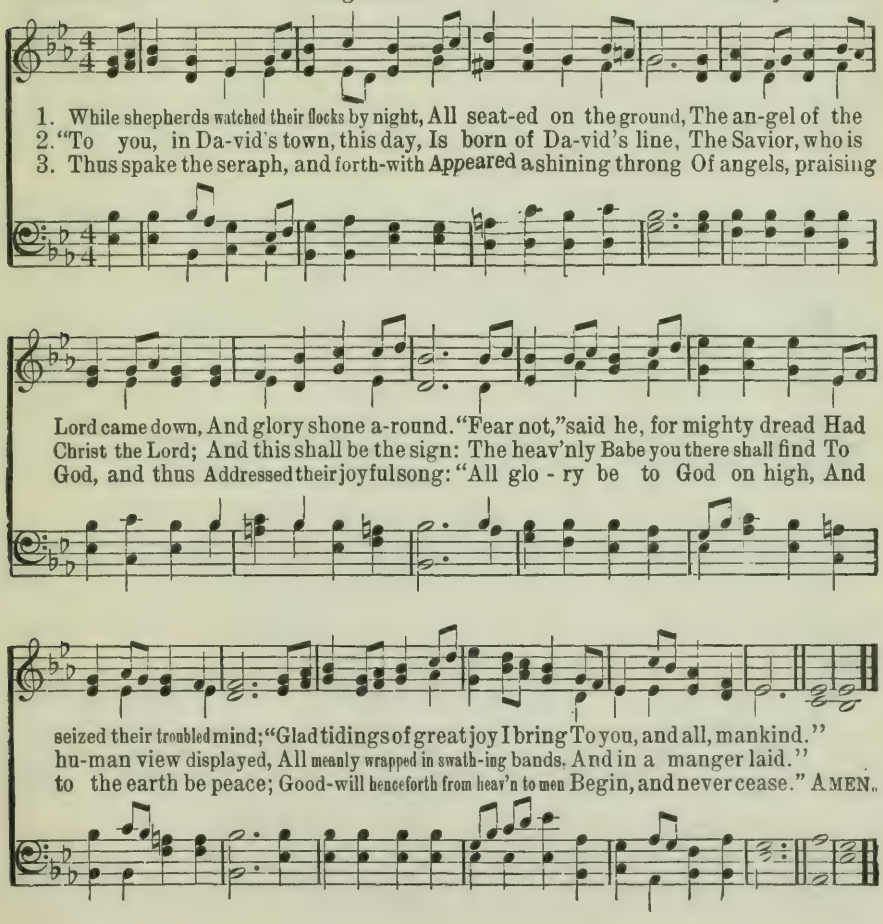


I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.



408 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.

Nahum Tate. *Teignmouth. C. M. D.* Anonymous.



409 The Story of Jesus Will Never Grow Old.

B. B. McKinney.

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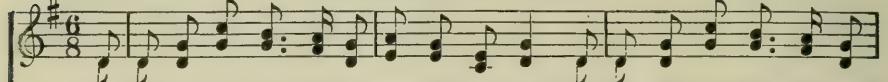
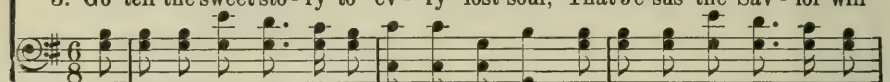
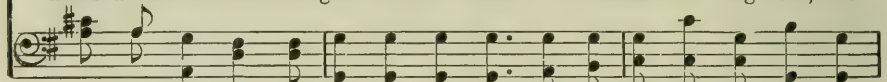
John Josey.



1. The sto-ry of Je - sus is precious and sweet, Its message brings gladness and
2. The sto-ry of Je - sus the crit-ics may bar, 'Twill shine thro' the a-ges a
3. Go tell the sweet sto-ry to ev-'ry lost soul, That Je-sus the Sav-ior will

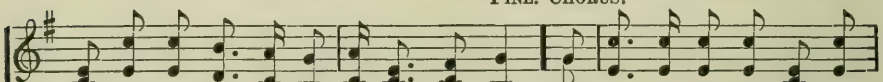


joy so complete, More pre-cious than dia-monds or sil-ver and gold; The
bright morn-ing star, The guide to that cit-y where joys are un-told; The
cleanse and make whole And give them a home in that shel-ter-ing fold; The

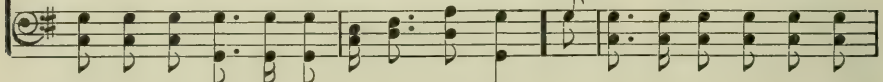


D. S.—*'Twill lead to that cit-y, where streets are pure gold, The*

FINE. CHORUS.

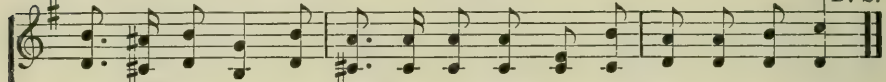


sto-ry of Je-sus will nev-er grow old. The sto-ry of Je-sus will

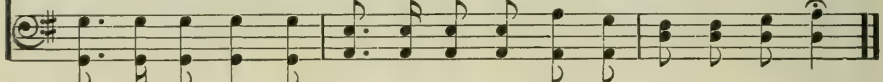


sto-ry of Je-sus will nev-er grow old.

D. S.



nev-er grow old, Its mes-sage is sweet-er each time it is told;



410 Are We Down-Hearted?

R. H.

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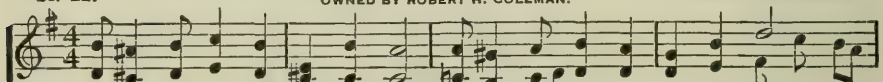
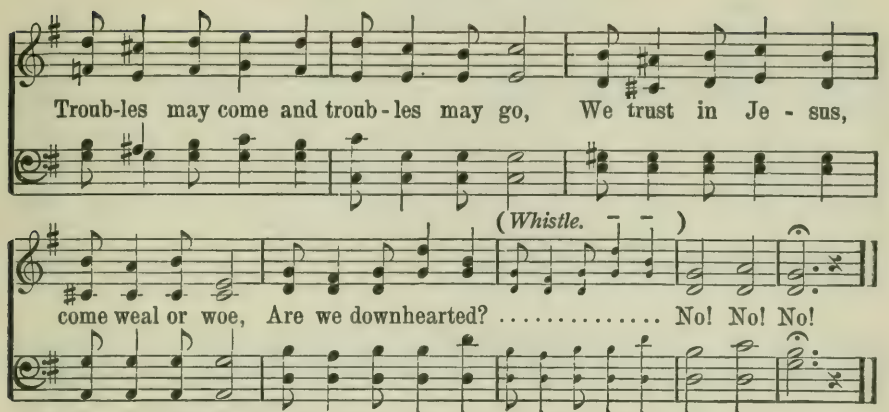
Robert Harkness.



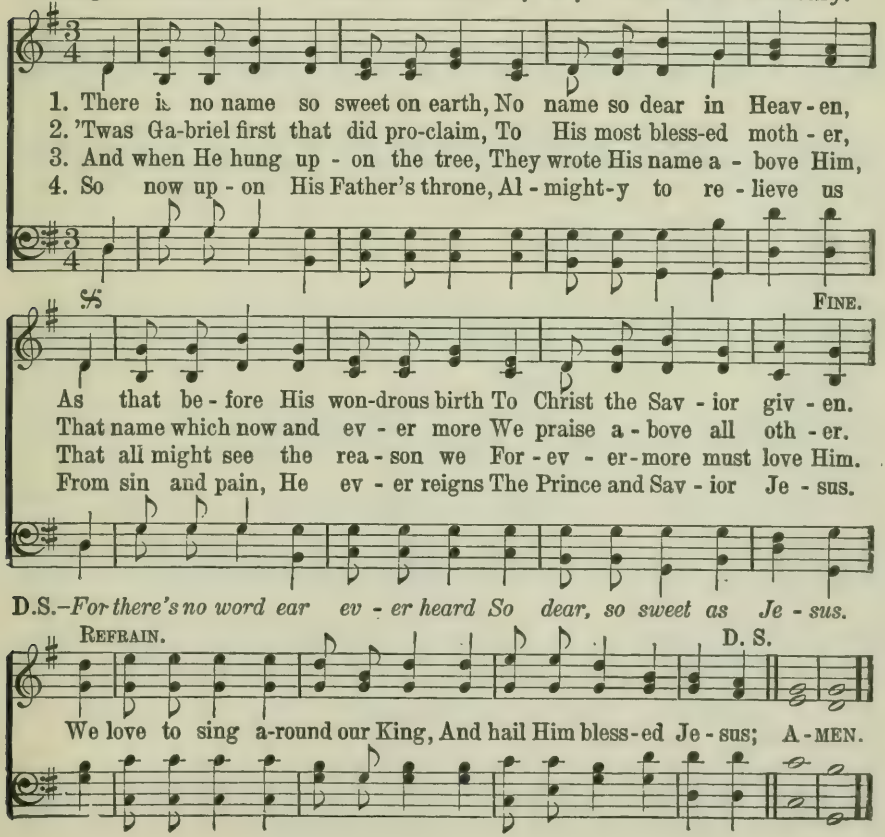
Are we downhearted? No! No! No! Are we downhearted? No! No! No! (Oh no!)

Are We Down-Hearted?



411 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Bethune. *Sweetest Name. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William B. Bradbury.



412 Will My Dreams Come True?

James Rowe

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B. D. Ackley

Do not hurry.

1. Oft in dreams I stand on the gold - en strand, With the Friend who hides my past; And with Him I share all the glo - ries there, Will my
2. Am I liv - ing right in the Mas-ter's sight, To the life - line hold - ing fast? Will the crown be won, when the day is done, Will my
3. Bless-ed Sav - ior dear, make my du - ty clear, Keep me true till life be past; I am weak, I know; but I love Thee so! Let my

CHORUS.

dreams come true at last?
dreams come true at last? Will my dreams come true at last,
dreams come true at last.

When the cares of earth are past? Shall I see that place and my Sav - ior's face, Will my dreams come true at last?

413 Why Should He Love Me So?

R. H.

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Robert Harkness.

1. Love sent my Sav - ior to die in my stead, Why should He
2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He
3. O how He ag - o - nized there in my place, Why should He

love me so? Meek - ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,
love me so? He suf - fered sore my sal - va - tion to win,
love me so? Noth - ing with-hold - ing my sin to ef - face,

CHORUS

Why should He love me so? . . Why should He love me so? . .

Why should He love me so? . . . Why should my Sav - ior to
love me so?

Cal - va - ry go? Why should He love me so? . . . .
love me so?

414 The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

Eleanor Allen Schroll. COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO.
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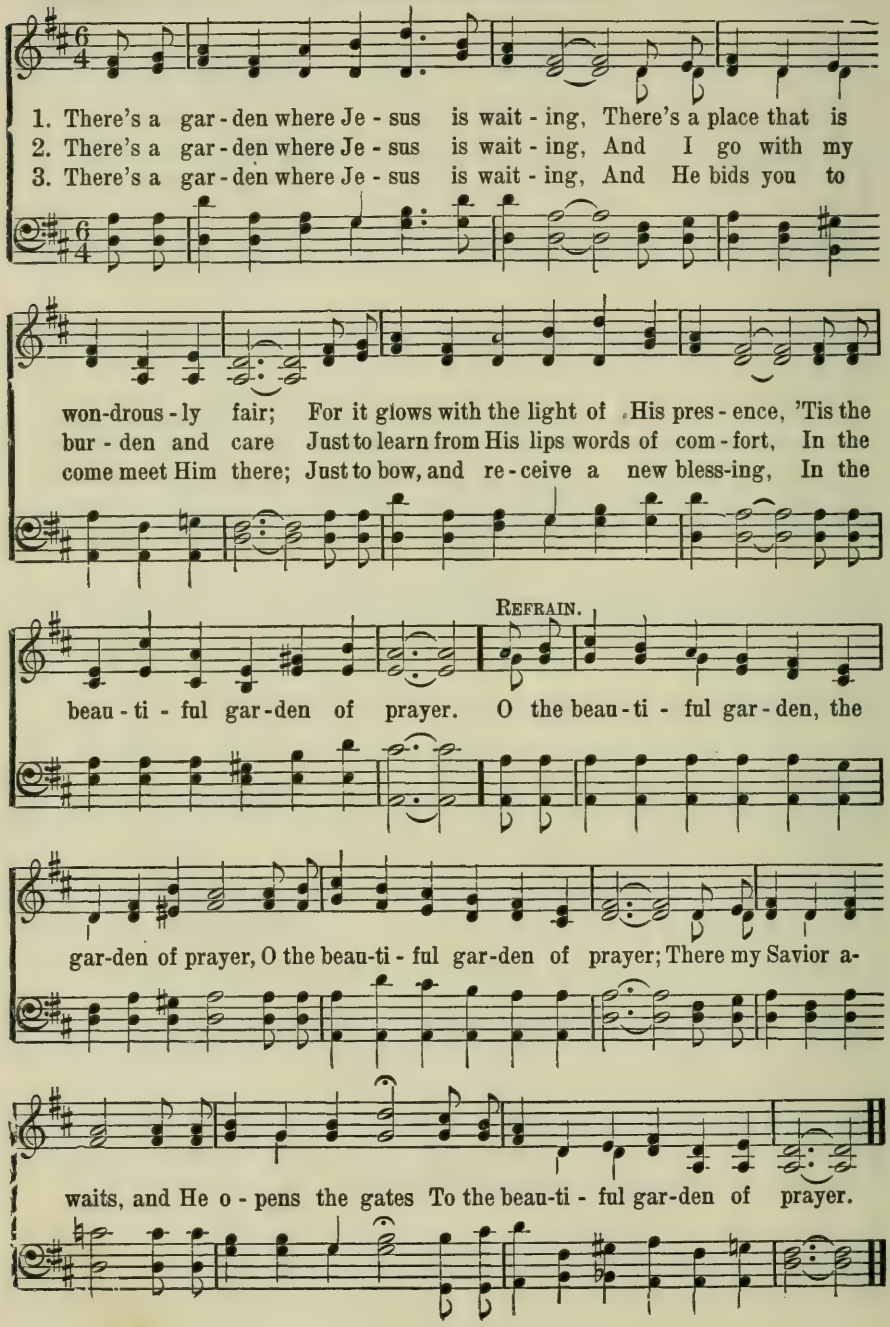

415 One of God's Days.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. OWNED BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. W. Stillman Martin.

1. One of God's days ev - 'ry dark cloud, Hid - ing the sun-light of
2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je - sus in
3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo - ry are

heav - en - ly grace, He will re-move, And face to face, we shall see
life's con-stant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
sing - ing His praise, Lost for a - while, We shall soon meet, with all the

CHORUS.

Je - sus One of God's days.
mean-ing One of God's days. One of God's days, beau - ti - ful days,
ran-somed, One of God's days.

We shall in glo - ry sing His praise; Fight - ings all done,

rit.

Vic - to - ries won, We shall see Je - sus, One of God's days.

416 In the Garden.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The Son of God dis - clos - es.
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

CHORUS.

417 Thinking of Me.

W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.
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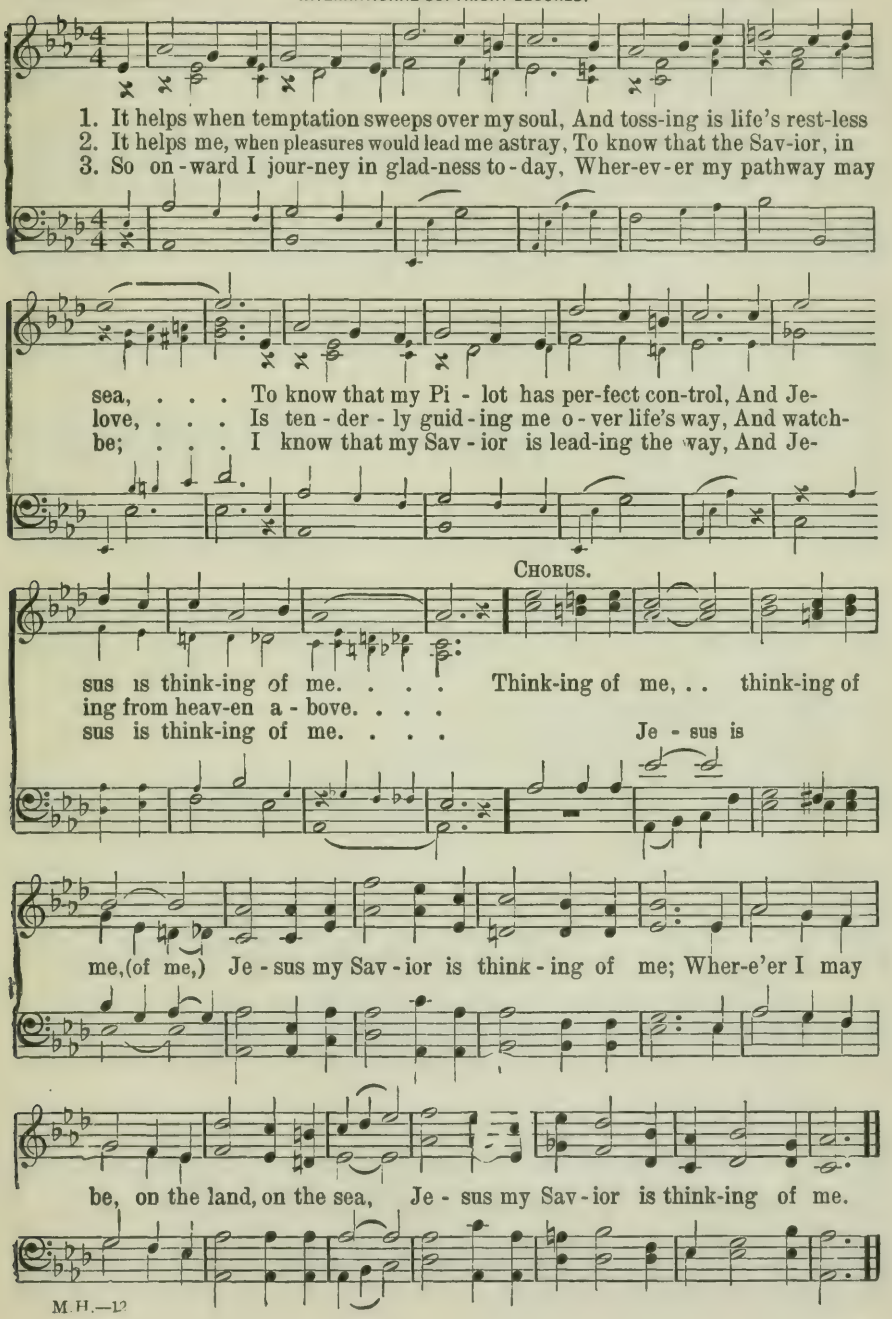

418 Oh, It Is Wonderful.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO.

Mabel J. Rosemon. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Smoothly.

1. In His un-dy-ing love Christ came from heav'n a-bove, Came to re-deem us from
2. While we in sin were dead, Christ the Re-deem-er bled, Suffered and sorrowed on
3. Je - sus, the Ho-ly One, God's well-be - lov - ed Son, Of-fers to ran - som thy

rit.

death and de - spair; Come, then, make no de-lay, turn from thy sin a - way,
Cal - va-ry's tree; Match-less the love He showed, it was the debt we owed,
sin - bur-dened soul; Pleads with thee ten-der-ly, will-ing to par-don thee;

CHORUS.

Cast - ing on Him ev - 'ry sor - row and care.
Bless-ed the tho't, that He suf-fered for me. Oh, it is won-der-ful, So ver - y
Yield to His love, let Him now make thee whole.

rit. *a tempo.*

won - der-ful, That we by grace should be Saved thro' e-ter - ni - ty; Oh, it is

won-der-ful, So ver - y won-der-ful, That He should suf-fer on Calv'ry for me.

419 The Cross.

Martha S. Clingan. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Robert Harkness.

DUET.

1. Christ had come to His own, they from Him turned away, Hear their shout–"Cru-ci-
2. He was calm in the midst of their rage and their strife, Tho' His friends all for-
3. He was sin - less, the sin of the world Je - sus bore On the cross, on the

fy! Cru-ci - fy!" On the cross which He carried that sor-row-ful day, For the
sook Him and fled; And His maj-es - ty shone when He offered His life, As a
cross when He died; He our sin will for-give, will re-mem-ber no more, If we

CHORUS.

sin of the world He must die.
lamb to the slaugh-ter was led. O they led Him a - way un - to
trust in the Christ cru - ci - fied.

Cal - va-ry one day, There a-tone-ment for sin Je-sus made; . . . On the
He made;

cross, on the cross, dreadful anguish and loss, It was your debt and mine that He paid.

420 He Lives On High.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Words by
B. B. McKinney.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.

1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the
2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re-demp-tion from

lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-
sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a

glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
mor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - bove.
bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o-ver sin and all its

stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a-gain.

421 It Pays to Serve Jesus.

F. C. H.

Copyright, 1909, by Frank C. Huston.
The Standard Publishing Co., owners.

Frank C. Huston.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas - ure af - fords, In Him there is joy with - out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His words; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.
2. It pays to serve Je - sus what - e'er may be - tide, It pays to be true what - e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a- bide; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.
3. Tho' sometimes the shad - ows may hang o'er the way, And sor - rows may come to beck - on us home, Our pre - cious Re - deem - er each toil will re- pay; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.

CHORUS.

It pays to serve Je - sus, it pays ev - 'ry day, It pays ev - 'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the pathway to glo - ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap - py each step of the way.

ev - 'ry step of the way;

422 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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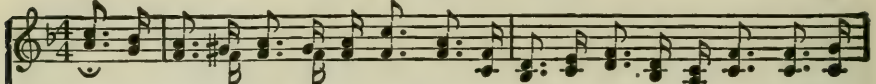
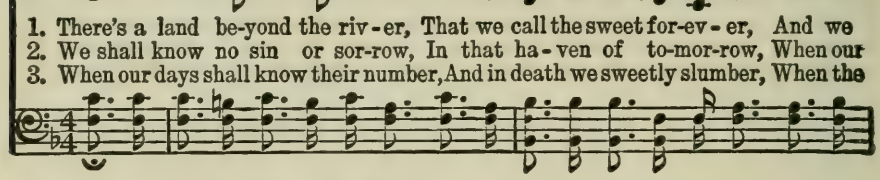
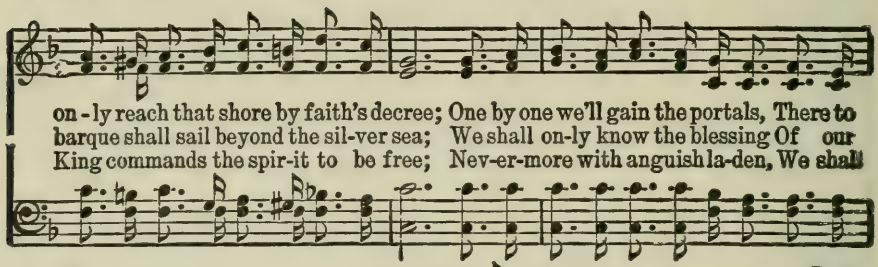
Dion De Marbelle.



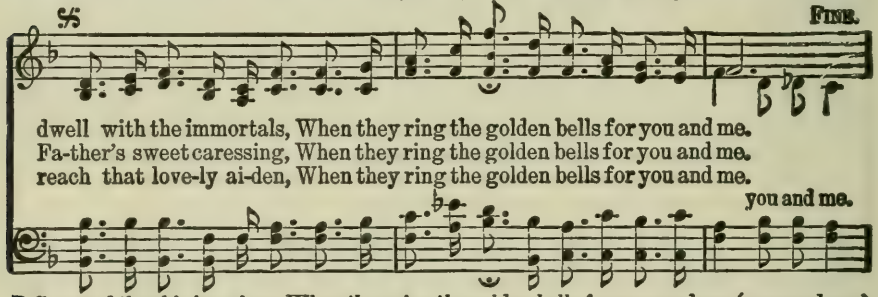
1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the



on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

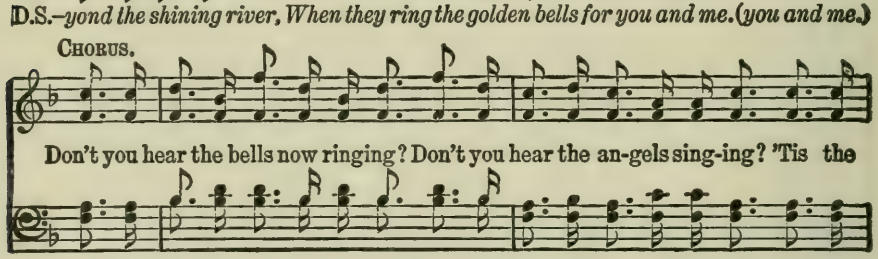


dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.

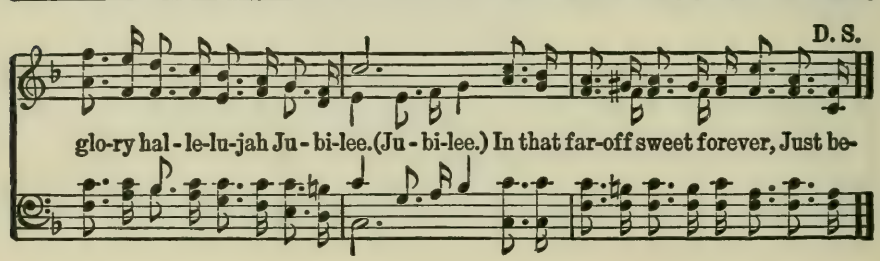


D.S.—*yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.* (*you and me.*)

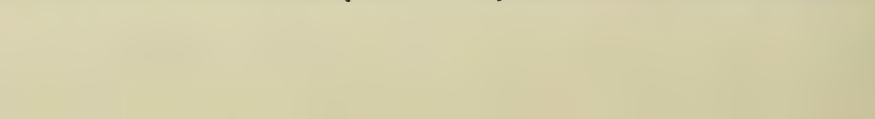
CHORUS.



Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-



423 Saved, Saved.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend.. who is all to me,.... His
2. He saves me from.... ev-'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.... how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His
love He said to me, ..."Come un - to Me.... and I'll

lift - ed me....And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

424 This Very Same Jesus.

Avis Burgeson.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ARTHUR W. MCKEE.
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Arthur W. McKee.

1. The One who once walked on the wa - ters, The Mas - ter of
2. The One who could heal ev - 'ry sick - ness, And cause the blind
3. And now He is liv - ing in glo - ry, Some day His dear

earth and of sea, The Christ who spoke peace to the tem - pest, Is the
sin - ner to see, The Christ who bro't Life to the dy - ing, Is the
face I shall see; The Christ whose re-turn I am wait - ing, Is the

CHORUS.

ver - y same One that loves me. This ver - y same Je-sus loves me, ...
ver - y same One that loves me. This ver - y same Je-sus loves me, ...
One that has always loved me. This ver - y same Je-sus loves you, ...
this Je-sus loves me,

This ver - y same Je - sus loves me; . . . . . The Christ who could
This ver - y same Je - sus loves me; . . . . . The Christ who could
This Je - sus so ten-der and true; . . . . . The Christ whose dear
this Je - sus loves me,

walk on the waves of the sea, Is the ver - y same One that loves me.
cause the blind sin-ner to see, Is the ver - y same One that loves me.
face you are wait-ing to view, Is the One that has al - ways loved you.

425

In His Keeping.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When the ear-ly morn-ing breaking, Slumber from my eye-lids shaking, Comes the bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Day ad-van-ces, la-bor bringing, Care, her mantle 'round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing,
2. Some-times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be-fore me, Still, my Sav-ior, I a-dore Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me,
3. Gen-tle e-ven-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-ap-pear-ing, Still the bless-ed tho't so cheer-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Now night's curtains gather 'round me, Yet its dangers have not found me, For His an-gel guards surround me,

CHORUS.

I am in His care. I am in my Father's keeping, I am in His ten-der care; Wheth-er wak-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care. A-MEN.

rit.

426 Anchored on the Rock.

Martha S. Clingan.

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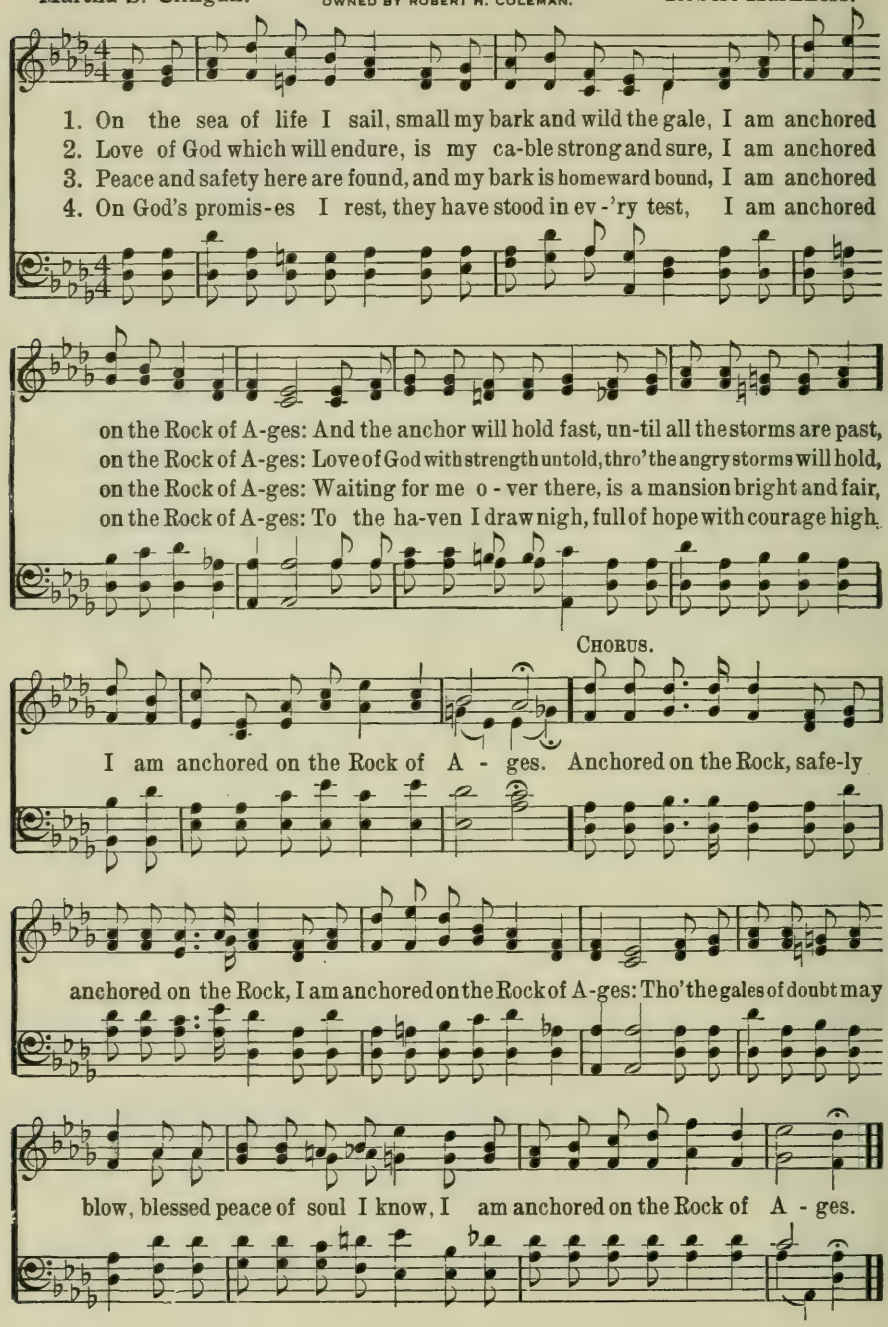
Robert Harkness.



427 Satisfied With Jesus.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

Slowly.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He has done so much for me,
2. He is with me in my tri - als, Best of friends of all is He;
3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus Call - ing out so plead - ing - ly,
4. When my work on earth is end - ed, And I cross the mys - tic sea,

He has suf-fered to re - deem me, He has died to set me free.
I can al-ways count on Je - sus, Can He al-ways count on me?
"Go and win the lost and stray - ing;" Is He sat - is - fied with me?
Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing, "I am sat - is - fied with thee."

CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is-

fied with Je - sus, But the ques - tion comes to me, As I

rit.

think of Cal - va - ry, Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?

428 The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

Not too fast.

1. When a child, I used to hear my moth - er Sing a song that nev-er
2. I have yield-ed to this Christ, my Sav - ior, And the half has nev-er
3. I am walk-ing ev-'ry day with my Sav - ior, And each day new treas-ures

has grown old; 'Twas the first time I had heard of the Sav - ior, 'Tis the
yet been told; For each day He is to me grow-ing dear - er, 'Tis the
I be - hold; How we thro' His love and grace find God's fa - vor, Is the

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told. That's the sweet-est sto - ry ev - er

told, It's a sto - ry that ne'er grows old; How His won - der - ful

rit.

love bro't Him down from a - bove, 'Tis the sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told.

429 No Longer Lonely.

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R. H. Robert Harkness.

1. On life's pathway I am nev - er lone - ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor - row, He will sus-tain me un - til the
3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val - ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not

vine; Ev - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon - ger
end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon - ger
fear; He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me, No lon - ger

CHORUS.

lone-ly, for He is mine....
lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone - ly, For
lone-ly! He will be near.....

Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me;..... No lon-ger lone - ly, No lon-ger
to me;

lone - ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.
of friends to me.

430 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY P. P. BILHORN.
RENEWAL, 1919.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A glad and a joy - ous re - frain; (re - frain;) I sing it a- gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My debt by His death was all paid; (all paid;) No oth - er foun- da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) In Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; (a-bove;) Oh, won - der - ful, won-der-ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

431 Wonderful, Wonderful Jesus.

Annie B Russell. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. Ernest O. Sellers.

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust-ing Je - sus Will
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be-
3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a wand'ring one, (not one,) But that God can in mer - cy par - don Thro'

CHORUS.

some-where find a song. (a song.)
cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus,
car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)
Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)

In the heart He im - plant-eth a song: . . . . . A song of de-

He plant - eth a song:

liv'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im-plant-eth a song. (a song.)

432 I Cannot Get Beyond His Love.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Grant Colfax Tullar.

1. Wher-e'er I go the Sav-ior will go with me, It mat-ters not how dark and rough my way, With ten-der love He cir-cles all my jour-ney, I can-not get be-yond His lov-ing sway.
2. In sor-row's hour His ten-der love a-bid-eth, For ev-'ry woe He hath a sooth-ing balm; 'Mid ev-'ry storm-y tem-pest, wild-ly beat-ing, whis-pers peace, and there is in-stant calm.
3. Oh, peer-less love, be-yond all un-der-stand-ing! And ev-'ry soul this last-ing love may choose! Far-reach-ing love, so meas-ure-less, so bound-less, How strange that hearts can e'er such love re-fuse!
4. No pow'rs, no depths, no tow-'ring heights a-bove me, Nor life, nor death, nor tri-als an-y-where, Can sep-a-rate me from the love of Je-sus, Or keep me from His watch-ful, ten-der care.

CHORUS.

I can-not get be-yond the cir-cle of His love, I can-not get be-yond the cir-cle of His love; His pres-ence goes be-fore me, And His love-light shin-eth o'er me, So I can-not get be-yond His love.

433 When I Get to the End of the Way.

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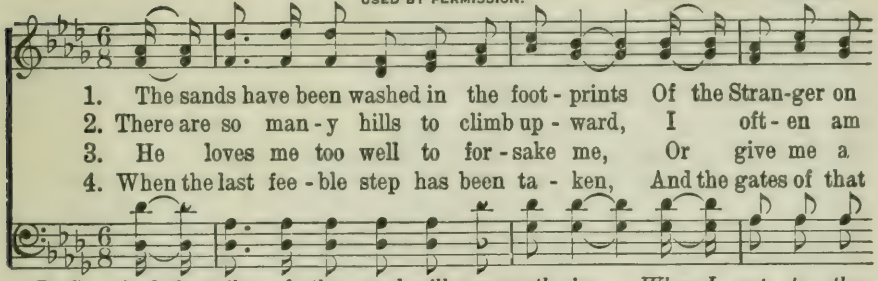
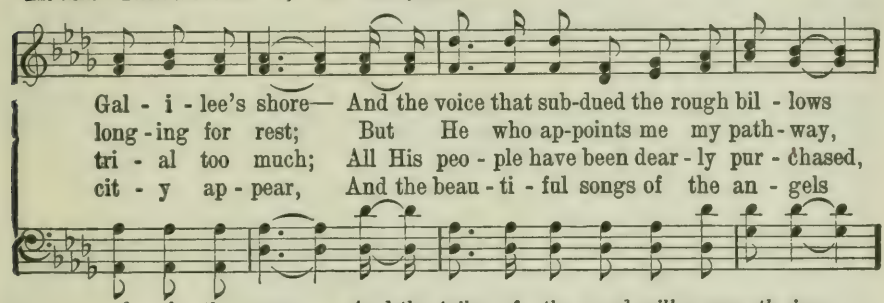
Charlie D. Tillman.



1. The sands have been washed in the foot - prints Of the Stran-ger on
2. There are so man - y hills to climb up - ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, Or give me a
4. When the last fee - ble step has been ta - ken, And the gates of that

D. C.—*And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing, When I get to the*

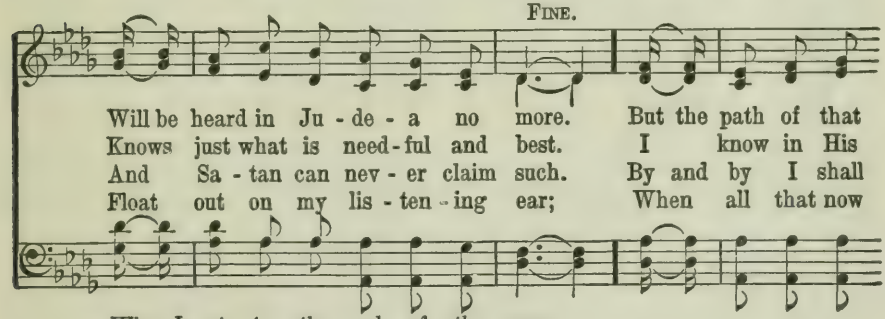
Last verse.—*Then the toils of the road, etc.*



Gal - i - lee's shore— And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil - lows
long - ing for rest; But He who ap-points me my path - way,
tri - al too much; All His peo - ple have been dear - ly pur - chased,
cit - y ap - pear, And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels

end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing,

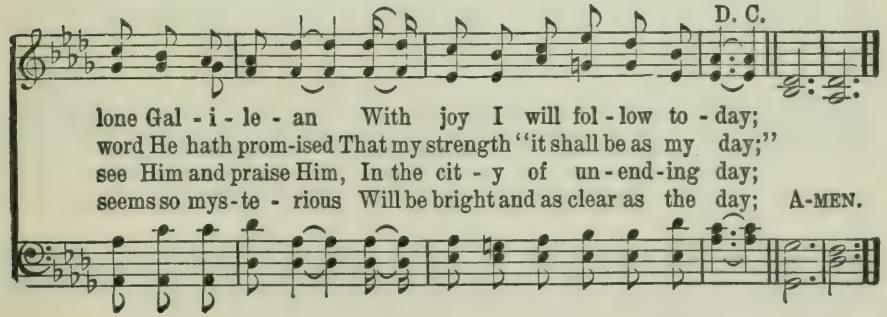
FINE.



Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need - ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my lis - ten - ing ear; When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.



lone Gal - i - le - an With joy I will fol - low to - day;
word He hath prom-ised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day;
seems so mys - te - rious Will be bright and as clear as the day; A-MEN.

434 He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon.

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Robert Harkness.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.

When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast. . . .
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast. . . .
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast. . . .
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast. . . .

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;

rall.

For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast. A-MEN.

435 The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Jesse P. Tompkins. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

Duet.

1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The brighter the col - ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair - er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morn-ing Land, The fair - er the gold - en light;

I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crys-tal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shadows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the wa-ters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal light.

CHORUS.

Home, Home, Heav-en - ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The

near-er I reach the end of time, The sweeter thou art to me. A-MEN.

436 Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

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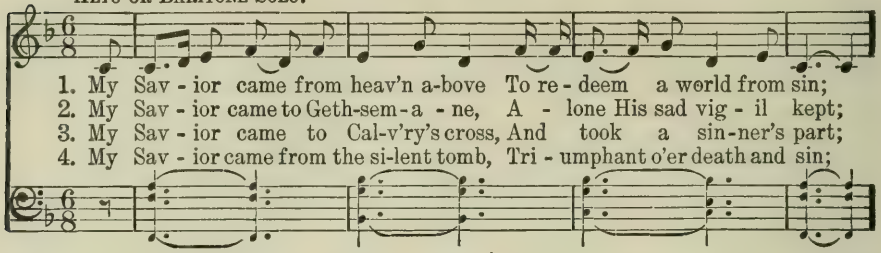
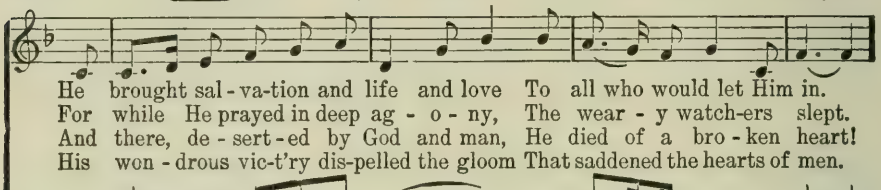
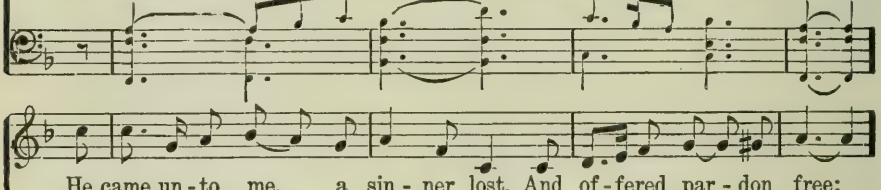
ALTO OR BARITONE SOLO.



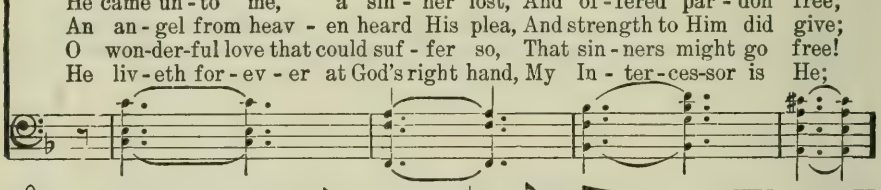
1. My Sav - ior came from heav'n a-bove To re - deem a world from sin;
2. My Sav - ior came to Geth-sem-a - ne, A - lone His sad vig - il kept;
3. My Sav - ior came to Cal-v'ry's cross, And took a sin-ner's part;
4. My Sav - ior came from the si-lent tomb, Tri - umphant o'er death and sin;



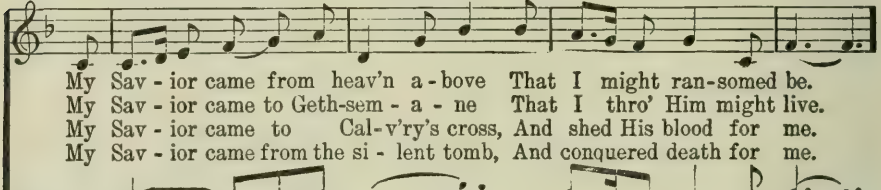
He brought sal - va-tion and life and love To all who would let Him in.
For while He prayed in deep ag - o - ny, The wear - y watch-ers slept.
And there, de - sert - ed by God and man, He died of a bro - ken heart!
His won - drous vic-t'ry dis-pelled the gloom That saddened the hearts of men.



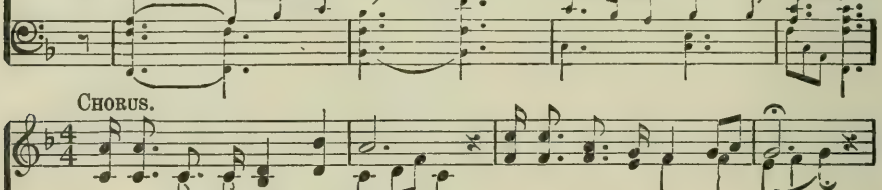
He came un - to me, a sin - ner lost, And of - fered par - don free;
An an - gel from heav - en heard His plea, And strength to Him did give;
O won-der-ful love that could suf - fer so, That sin - ners might go free!
He liv - eth for - ev - er at God's right hand, My In - ter-ces-sor is He;



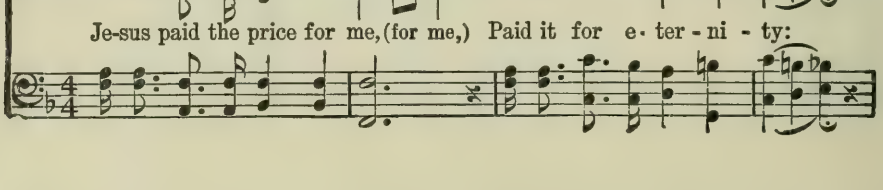
My Sav - ior came from heav'n a - bove That I might ran-somed be.
My Sav - ior came to Geth-sem - a - ne That I thro' Him might live.
My Sav - ior came to Cal-v'ry's cross, And shed His blood for me.
My Sav - ior came from the si - lent tomb, And conquered death for me.



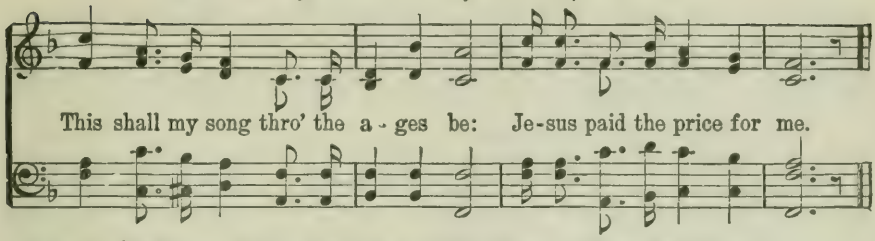
CHORUS.



Je-sus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for e - ter - ni - ty:



Jesus Paid the Price for Me.



437 When the Night Shades Are Falling.

M. B. J.

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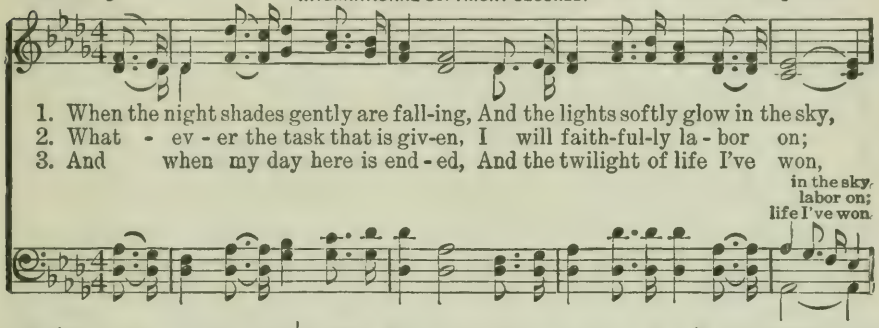
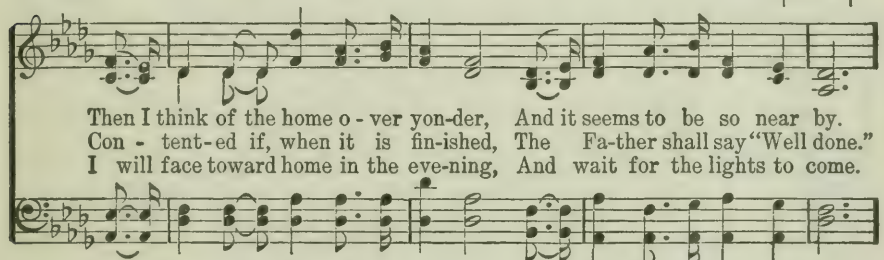
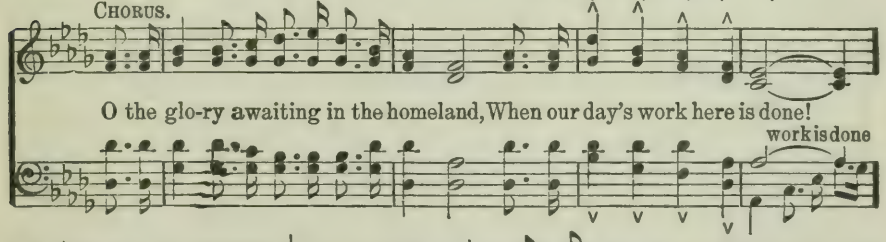
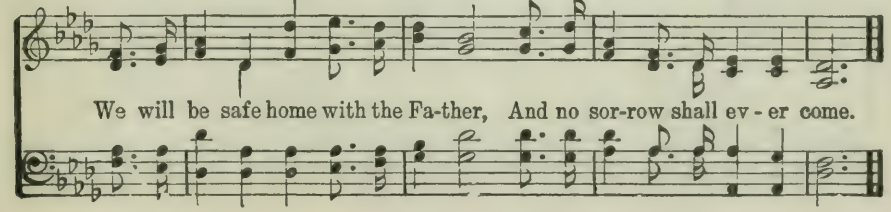
Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.









438 My Father Watches Over Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,..... Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,.... He guides the ea-gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den,..... On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shad-ows deep,.... But O, the Shep-herd

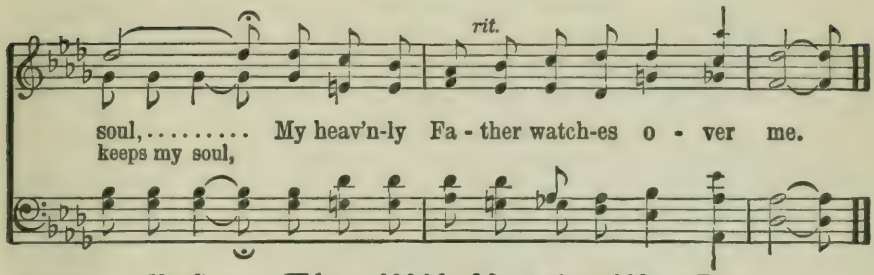
on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And sure-ly He Re-mem-bers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly

rit.

CHORUS.

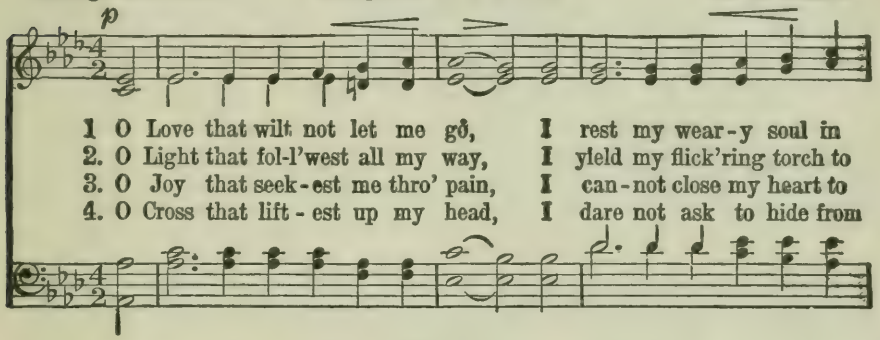
Fa-ther watch-es o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me,..... On moun-tain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On moun-tain bleak or on the
sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea; Tho' bil-lows roll, He

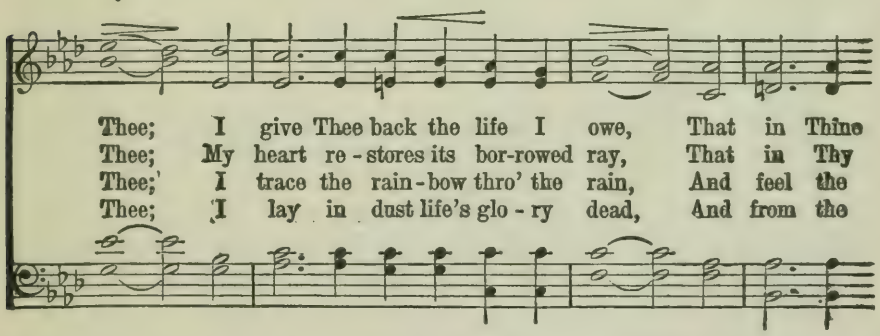
My Father Watches Over Me.

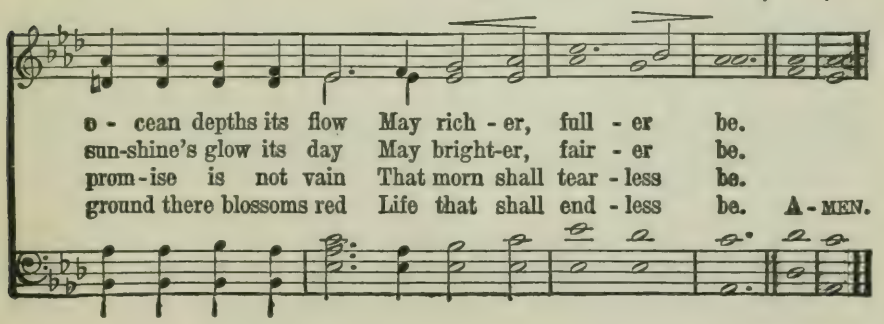


439 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. *Margaret.* 8. 8. 8. 8. 6. A. L. Peace.







440 Living For Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE HEIDELBERG PRESS. C. Harold Lowden.

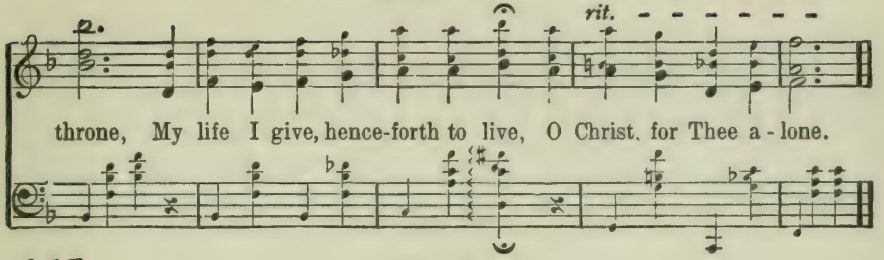
Not fast.

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss,
4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,

*Chorus. *Unison. A little slower.*

This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy A-tone-ment, Didst give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy
Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
Bringing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.

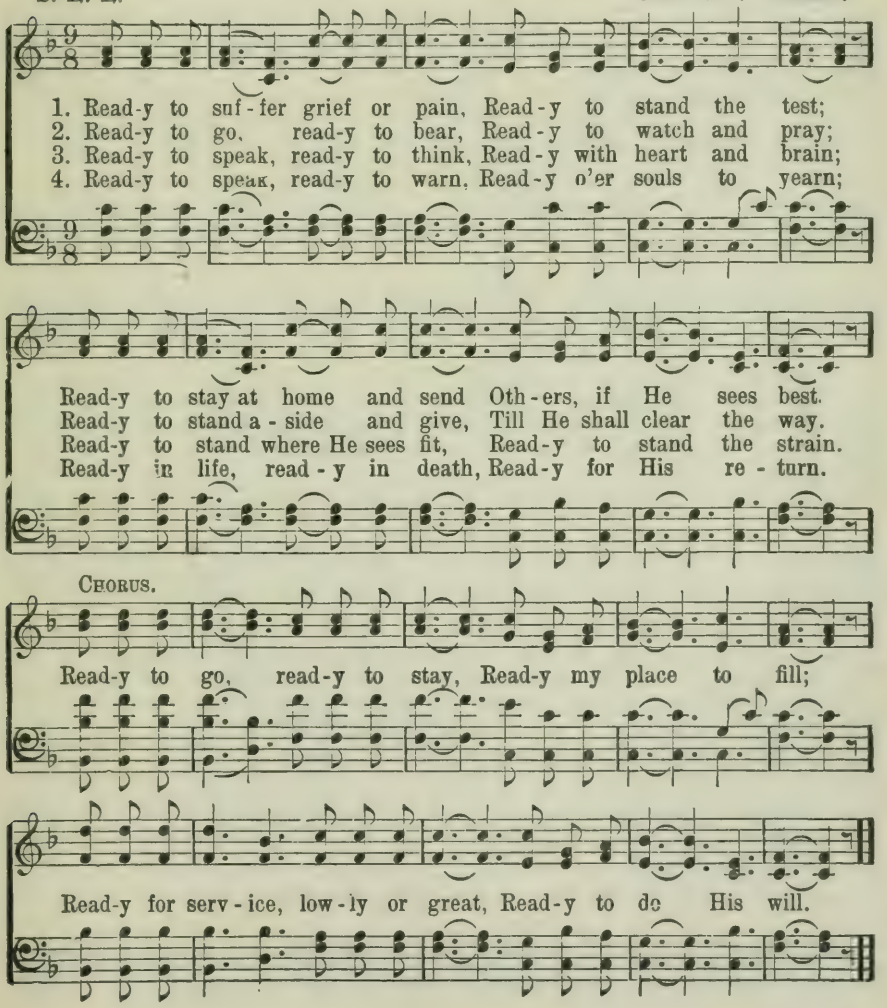
*Note.—Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes



441 Ready.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

S. E. L. Charlie D. Tillman.



442 Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey.
Arr. B. B. McKinney.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit - y, Far a-way in the kingdom of God;
2. I have read of bright mansions in heaven, Which the Savior has gone to prepare;
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sinners may ask and re-ceive

I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its streets are all golden and broad.
And the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest for-ev - er with Christ o-ver there;
When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter, And my glo - ry e - ter-nal - ly share;"
Peace and pardon from ev'ry transgression, If when ask-ing they on-ly be - lieve.

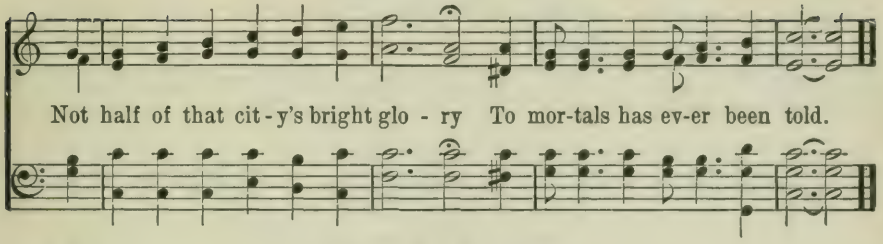
In the midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys-tal and pure to be - hold;
There no sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor-row The in - hab - it-ants nev-er grow old;
How the righteous are evermore bless-ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold;
I have read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His fold;

But not half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of the joys that a - wait them To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of the won - der-ful sto - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of His goodness and mer - cy To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told;(been told;) Not half has ev - er been told;(been told;)

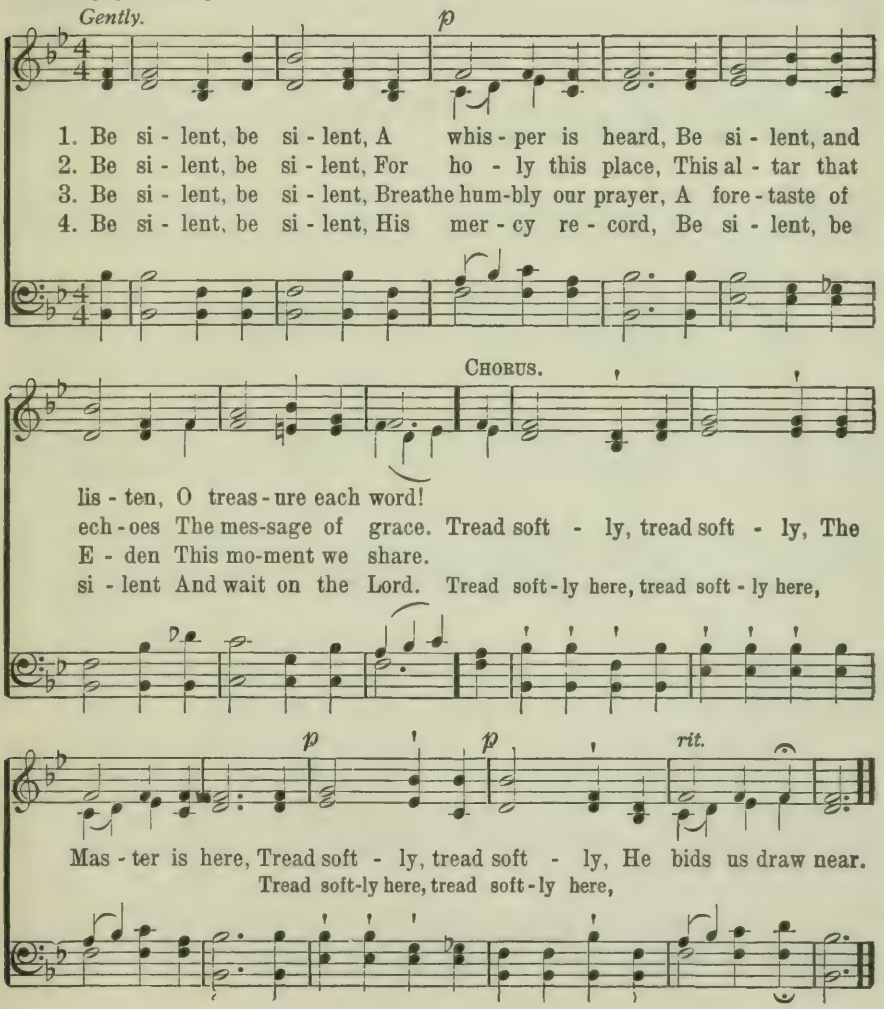
Not Half Has Ever Been Told.



443 Tread Softly.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. H. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



On Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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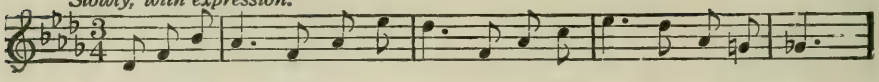
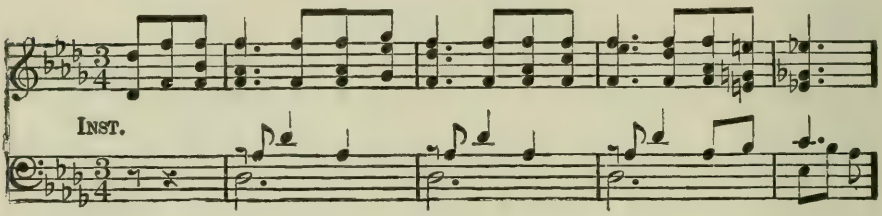
B. D. Ackley.

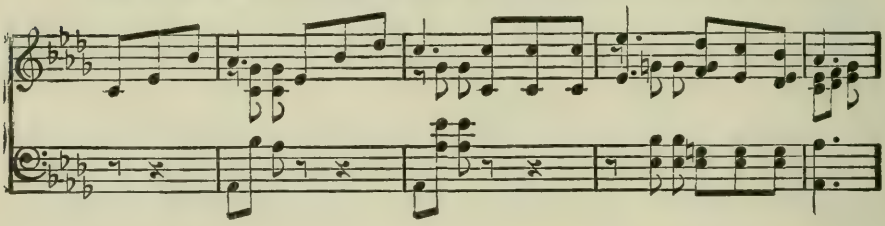
Slowly, with expression.

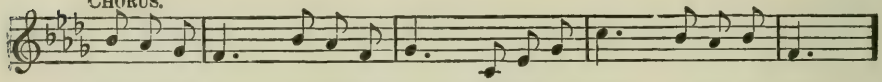


1. Up Cal-va-ry—there climbed one day God's on-ly Son up-on His way
2. On Cal-va-ry—His life He gave, My ran-som there, my soul to save;
3. On Cal-va-ry—God's on-ly Son O'er death and sin the vic-t'ry won,
4. To Cal-va-ry— I look to-day For light to guide me on life's way,

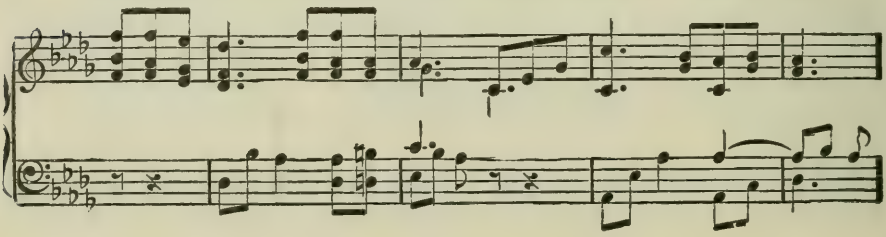


To die for you, to die for me, Up-on the cross of Cal-va-ry.
Up-on the Lord was laid my sin, That I His courts might en-ter in.
And to the cross bro't glo-ry bright, To light the world with Ho-ly Light.
And to its cross my trust-ing soul Shall cling while end-less a-ges roll.

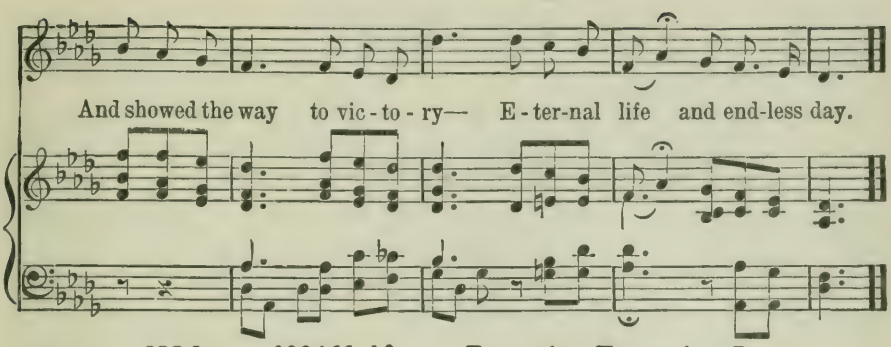




On Cal-va-ry— He died for me, And took the stain of sin a-way,

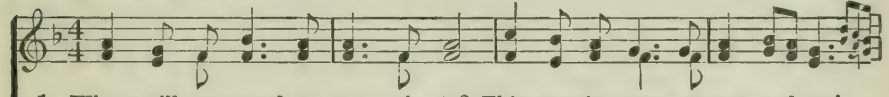


On Calvary.

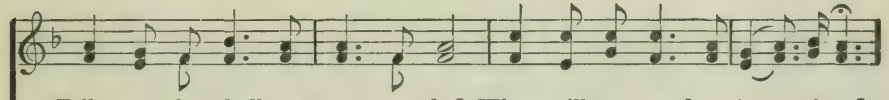


445 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

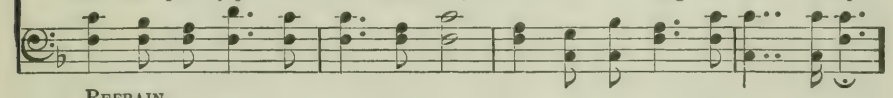
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Man - y are choos-ing Christ to - day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way;
3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the downward road to-day,
4. Re - pent, be - lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav-ior's grace and pow'r,



Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their hap-py por - tion be; Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!



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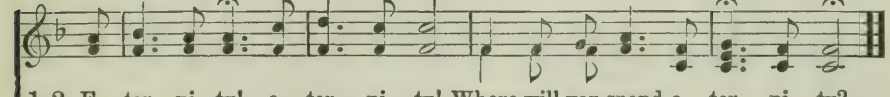
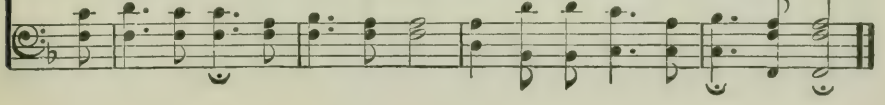


1–2. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!



446 No Other Name.

C. B.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

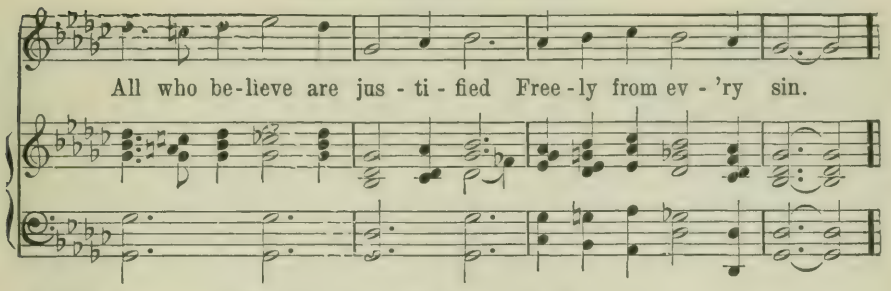
Charlie Butler.

1. There's none oth - er name giv - en a - mong men, There's none car with Him com - pare; All oth - ers are marred, by sin they are scarred, He's fair - er than all the fair.
2. On a cross lift - ed high went a Man forth to die, And the arm of the Lord re - vealed: In sor - row for - lorn, our griefs He hath borne, And with His stripes we are healed.
3. This Lamb that was slain has ris - en a - gain, His tri - umph we all shall see; Once dy - ing in shame, soon com - ing a - gain, This Sav - ior the King shall be.

CHORUS.

Je - sus the Lamb of God has died, O-p'ning the door to heav - en wide;

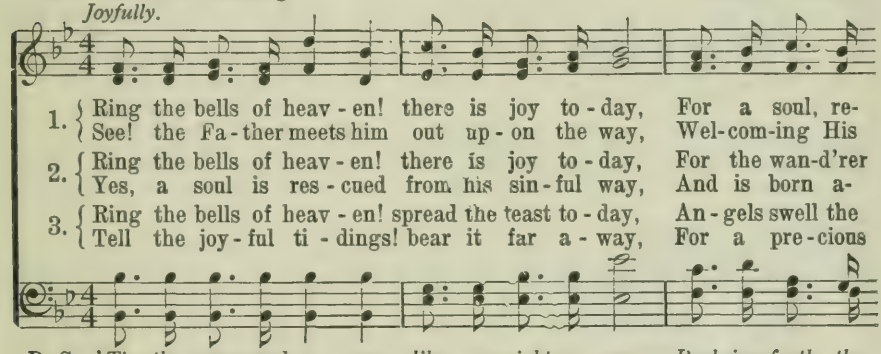
No Other Name.

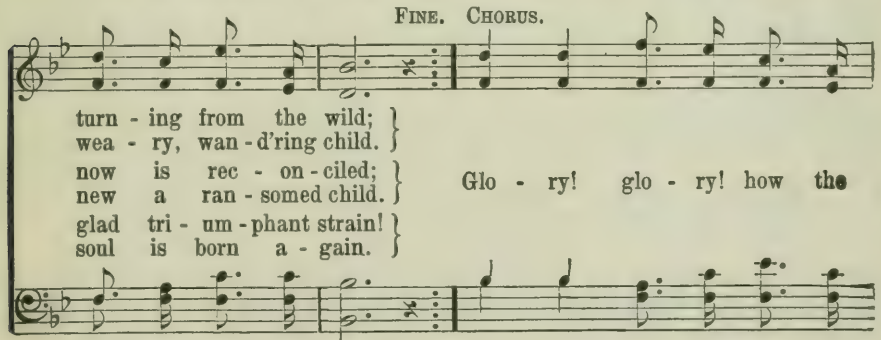


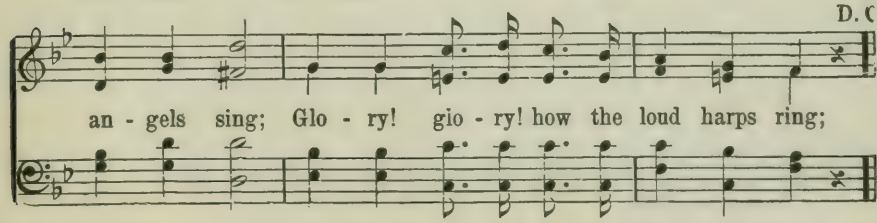
447 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.







448 List to the Voice.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT. H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McK. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From "Whispering Hope."

DUET.

1. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,
2. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing the wea-ry, op - prest,
3. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing to you and to me,

Filled with a mes-sage so ten - der, Filled with a mes-sage of love;
Lov - ing-ly, ten-der-ly plead - ing, "Come, and I will give you rest."
Call - ing us o - ver the tu - mult, Call - ing us o - ver the sea;

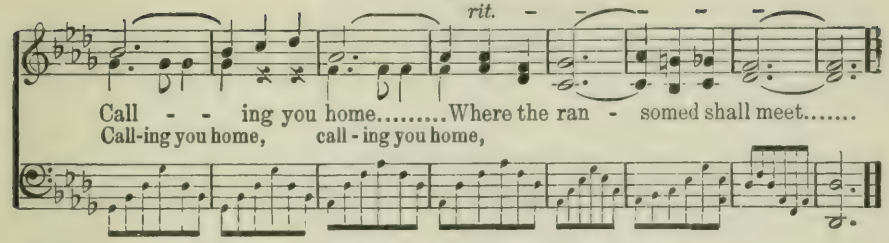
Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten - der - ly speaks to the sad;
Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your bur-den of sin;
Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing, Far from the Sav- ior they roam:

Turn-ing their night in-to morn - ing, Mak - ing the lone - ly heart glad.
Trust in the bless-ed Re -deem - er, Life ev - er - last-ing you'll win.
"Go in the by-ways and hedg - es" Bring-ing the wan-der-ers home.

CHORUS.

List.....to the voice, ... O how ten - - der and sweet,.....
List to the voice, list to the voice, Ten-der and sweet, O how ten-der and sweet,

List to the Voice.



449 Trust, Try and Prove Me.

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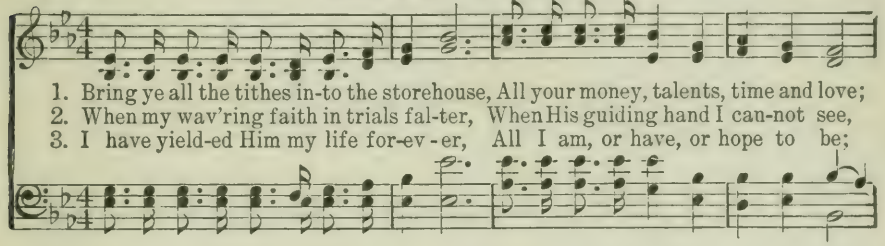
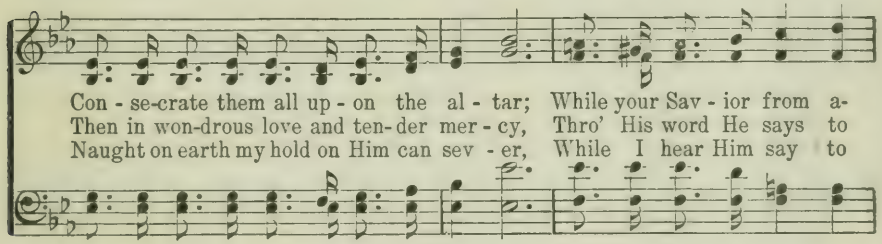
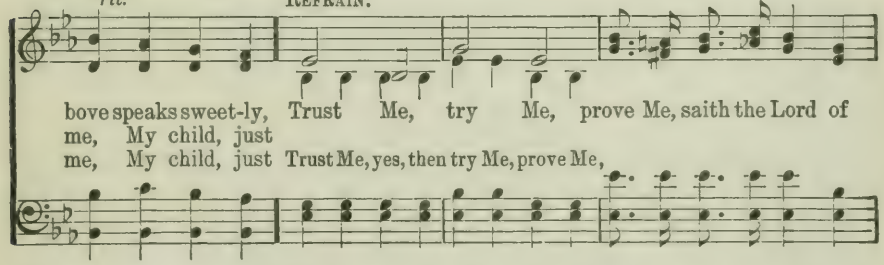
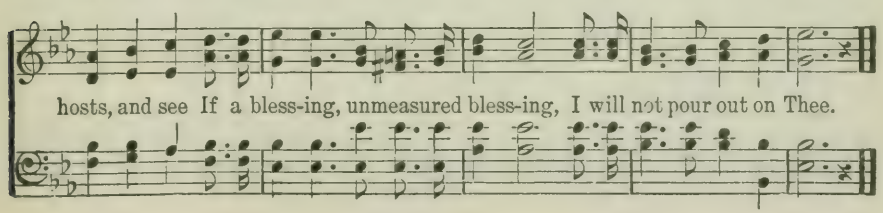
ROBERT H. COLEMAN OWNER

L. S. L. Lida Shivers Leech.









450 Love.

B. B. McK.

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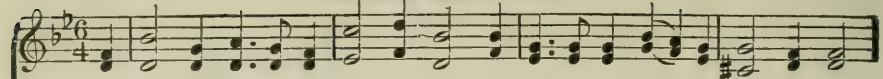
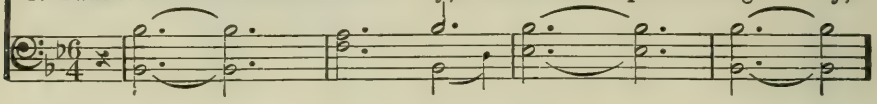
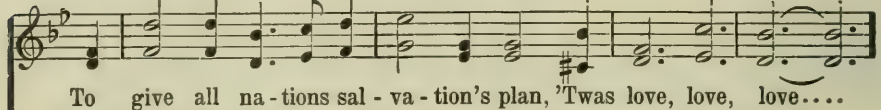
B. B. McKinney.

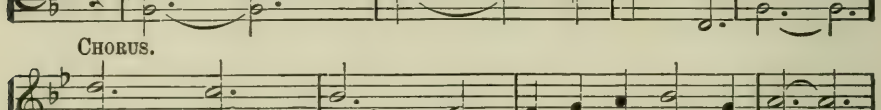


1. Love led my Sav-ior from glo-ry-land In-to a dark world with sin-ful man,
2. 'Twas love that caused Him to leave His own, And kneel in Geth-sem-a-ne a-lone,
3. 'Twas love that led Him to Cal-va-ry, To suf-fer the pain and ag-o-ny,

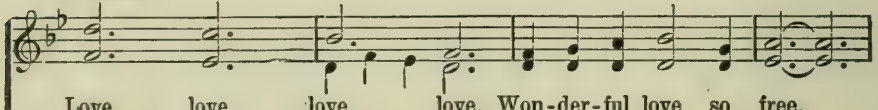




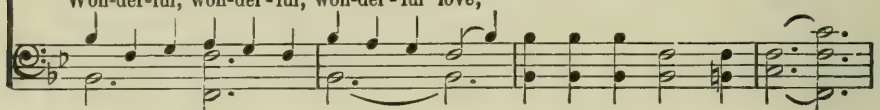
To give all na-tions sal-va-tion's plan, 'Twas love, love, love....
And cry, "My Fa-ther, Thy will be done!" 'Twas love, love, love....
'Twas love that caused Him to die for me, 'Twas love, love, love....

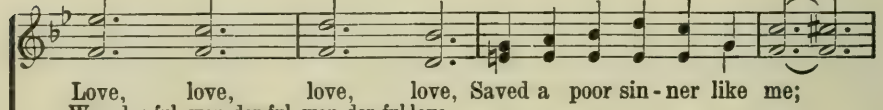


CHORUS.

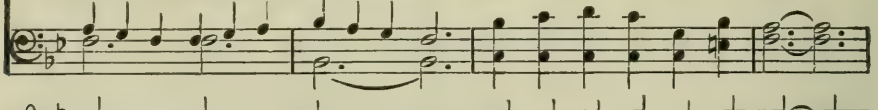


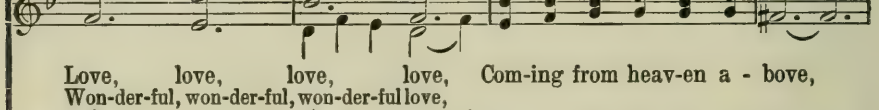
Love, love, love, love, Won-der-ful love so free,
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



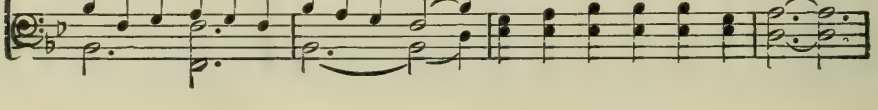


Love, love, love, love, Saved a poor sin-ner like me;
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,





Love, love, love, love, Com-ing from heav-en a-bove,
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



Love.

rit. - - - - - - - -

Love, love, love, love, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.....
Won-der-ful, wonderful, won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love.

451 Rejoice.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Re-joice, re-joice in Christ the Sav-ior, Who died that we might live a-gain;
2. Re-joice, re-joice in His sal-va-tion, He of-fers free to one and all;
3. Re-joice, re-joice in Him for-ev-er, Who guides us in the homeward way;

Re-joice, re-joice, for He is com-ing, And on the earth shall reign.
Let ev-'ry tribe and ev-'ry na-tion Be-fore His pres-ence fall.
Re-joice, for He will leave us nev-er, He's with us day by day.

CHORUS.

Re-joice, (Re-joice,) re-joice, (re-joice,) To-geth-er let our prais-es ring; Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice,.. In Christ the com-ing King.....
Re-joice, re-joice.

452

Shadows.

R. H.

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Robert Harkness.

SOLO.

1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shad - ows, When life's day is end - ed and its sor - rows o'er; When the summons comes to meet the bless-ed Sa - vior, When we rise to dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.

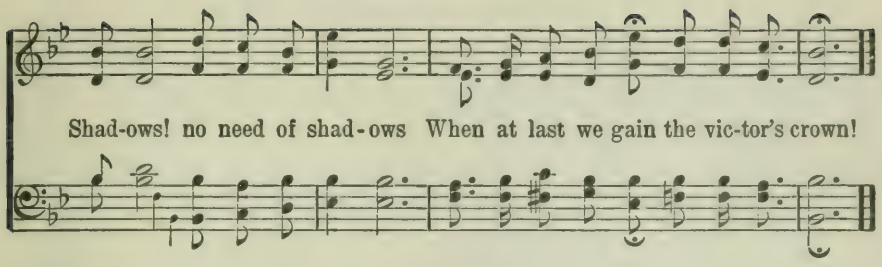
2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shad - ows, If their faith is fixed in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with Him who died to save them, To be with the One whom they have long a-dored.

3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shad - ows, When He comes in all His glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trump of God shall sound and loved ones waken, When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.

CHORUS.

Shad-ows! no need of shad-ows When at last we lay life's bur-den down;

Shadows.



453 Sometime!

R. H.

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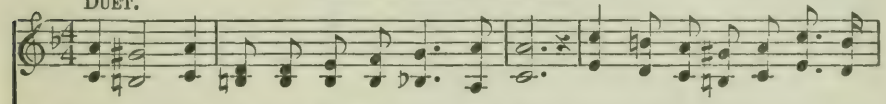
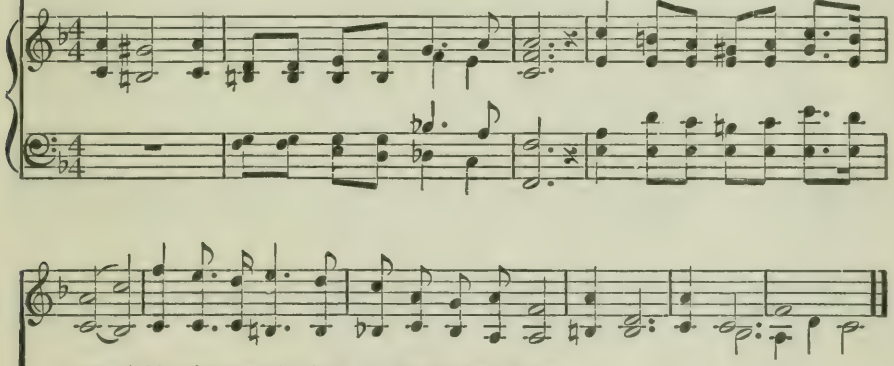
Robert Harkness.

DUET.



1. Some-time all sor-rows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earth-ly care be known no more! Oh, what re-joic-ing on the golden shore,
2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we meet, On-ly to sit for-ev-er at His feet, Some-time, some-time soon!
3. Some-time when sets at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour-ney end-ed, la-bor done, Oh, what a crown for ev-'ry vic-t'ry won, some-time soon!
4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a-gain for me, Then I shall reign with Him e-ter-nal-ly,



454 Tell Mother I'll Be There.

Copyright, 1926, Renewal, by Charles M. Fillmore, Owner.

C. M. F.

Charles M. Fillmore.
Arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - ol - lect
2. Though I was oft - en way-ward, she was al - ways kind and good;
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree,
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come

How I would grieve my moth-er with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And
So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my ways were rough and rude; My
She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn-ing aft - er me; And
If I would see my moth-er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I

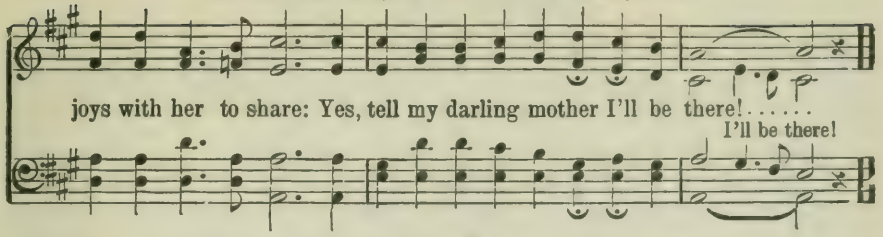
now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care: O Sav-ior, tell my
childhood griefs and tri-als she would glad-ly with me share: O Sav-ior, tell my
day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care: O Sav-ior, tell my
promised her, be - fore she died, for heav-en to pre - pare: O Sav-ior, tell my

CHORUS.

moth-er I'll be there!..... Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her prayer;
I'll be there!

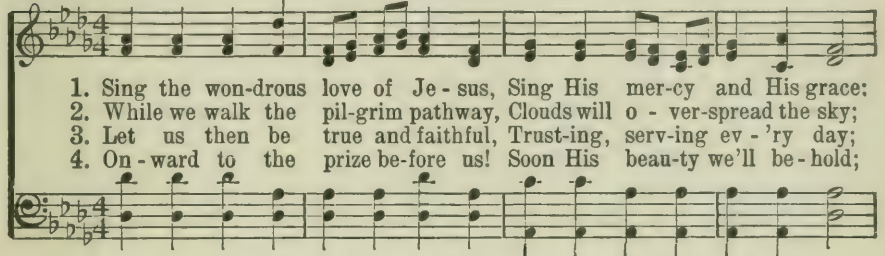
This message, bless-ed Savior, to her bear! Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

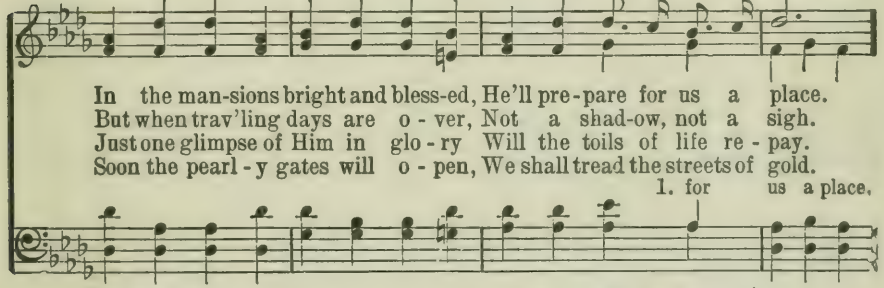
Tell Mother I'll Be There.

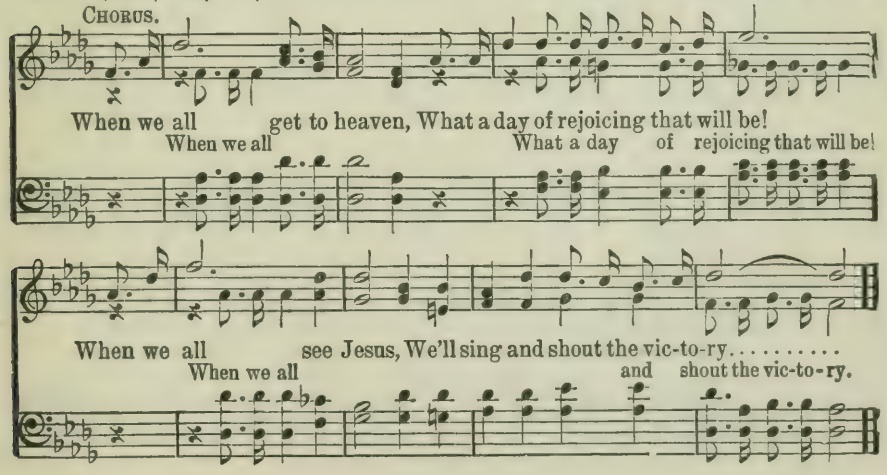


455 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.







456 The Prodigal Son.

T. O. Chisholm.

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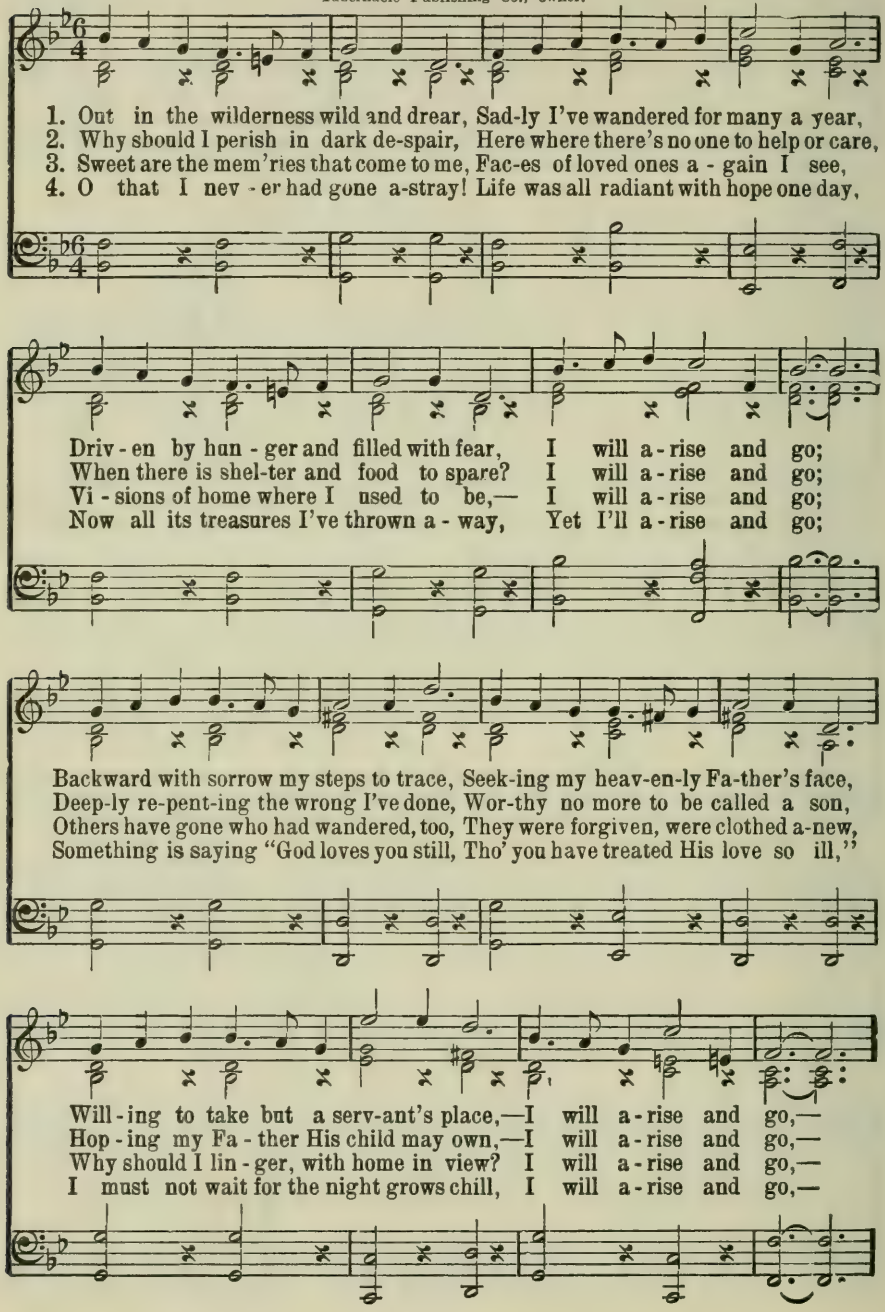
Geo. C. Stebbins.



The Prodigal Son.

CHORUS.

Back to my Fa-ther and home, Back to my Fa-ther and home,
and home,

I will a-rise and go Back to my Fa-ther and home.
and go

457 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart. *Arise. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Arr.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Lost and ru-ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;

CHO.—*I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*

D. C. for Chorus.

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-MEN

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

458 He is the King of Love.

CHORUS SONG.

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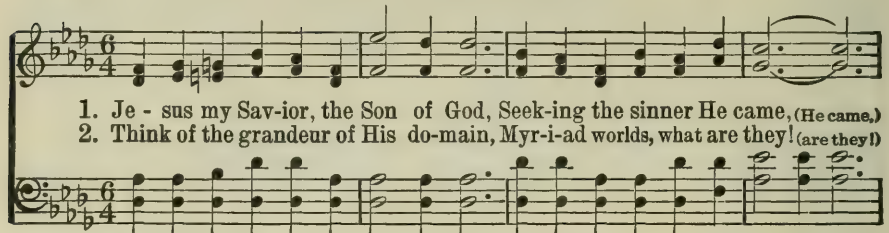
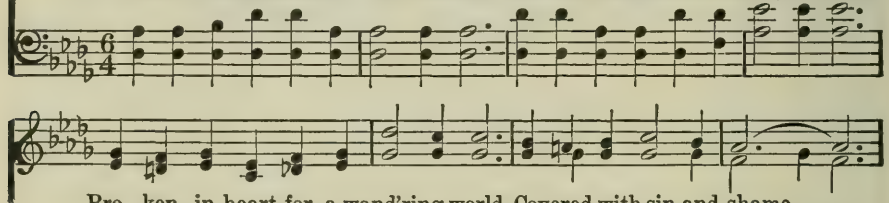
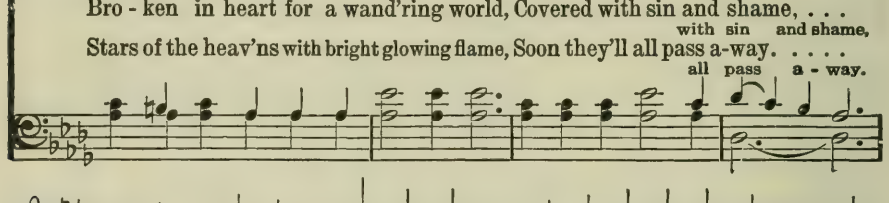


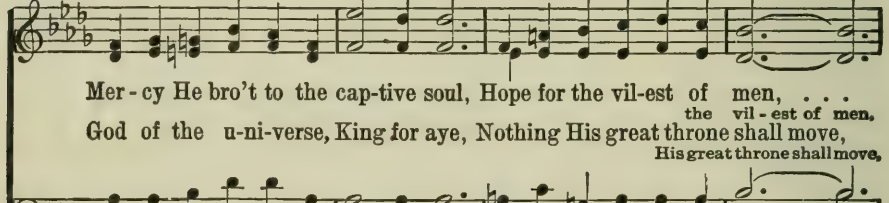
1. Je - sus my Sav-ior, the Son of God, Seek-ing the sinner He came, (He came,)
2. Think of the grandeur of His do-main, Myr-i-ad worlds, what are they! (are they!)



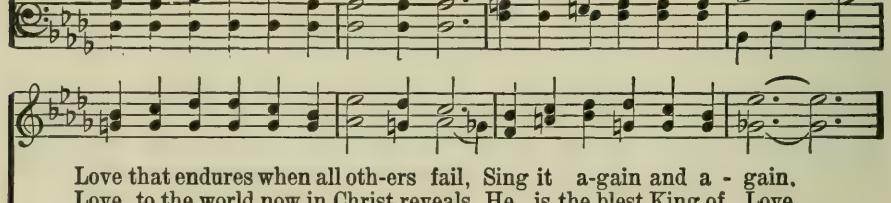
Bro - ken in heart for a wand'ring world, Covered with sin and shame, . . .
with sin and shame,
Stars of the heav'ns with bright glowing flame, Soon they'll all pass a-way. . . . .
all pass a - way.



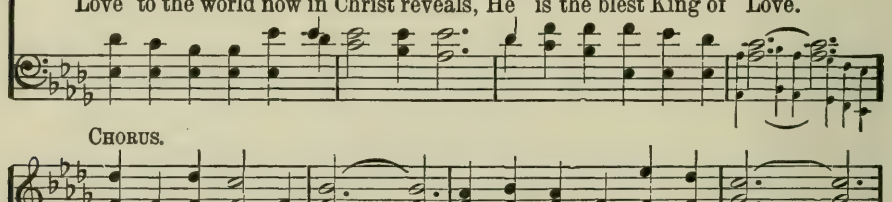
Mer - cy He bro't to the cap-tive soul, Hope for the vil-est of men, . . .
the vil - est of men,
God of the u-ni-verse, King for aye, Nothing His great throne shall move,
His great throne shall move,



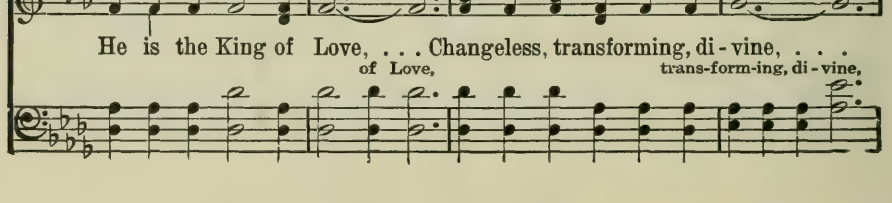
Love that endures when all oth-ers fail, Sing it a-gain and a - gain,
Love to the world now in Christ reveals, He is the blest King of Love.



CHORUS.



He is the King of Love, . . . Changeless, transforming, di - vine, . . .
of Love, trans-form-ing, di - vine,



He is the King of Love.

He is the King of my life, What a won-der-ful joy is mine! . .

Of His great love I'll sing, . . Sent from the Fa-ther a - bove, . . .

I'll sing, the Fa-ther a-bove,

rit.

To Him for-ev - er my soul will cling, He is the King of Love. . . . .

the King of Love.

459 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;

CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;*

D. C.

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

460 Tenting By the Cross.

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Rev. Campbell Coyle. Robert Harkness.

1. Be-side the Cross I'm tent-ing, and I feel a presence there That touches me with
2. No gold have I of goodness stored e - ter-nal life to buy; To purchase at such
3. Be-side the Cross I'm tent-ing, and I'll by the Cross a - bide, And sheltered in my
4. On mountain top He's with me, He whose blessed name is Christ, And with Him, till He

rap-ture and heals all my pain and care; The crimson stream flows o-ver me, it
empty price I've long since ceased to try; My hope is built on bet-ter ground, all
Savior's love for ev - er-more shall hide; No present storm can harm me there, nor
calls me, I will ev - er-more keep tryst; The times may have their nostrums, but I

cov-ers all my sin; My soul is filled with glory that my soul and Christ are kin.
hu-man worth is dross; I've traveled back to Calv'ry, and I'm tenting by the Cross.
storm of time to come; His presence will protect me, and will bring me safely home.
count them all but dross; I've traveled back to Calv'ry, and I'm tenting by the Cross.

Tenting By the Cross.

CHORUS. DUET.

Tent - ing by the Cross, yes, I'm tent - ing by the Cross; I've

trav - eled back to Cal - v'ry, and I'm tent-ing by the Cross.

461 Keep On Praying.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

B. B McK. B. B. McKinney.

Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro';

God's great prom-is-es are al-ways true, Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro'.

462 I Can See the Lights of Home.

Miss Calia Altstaetter. COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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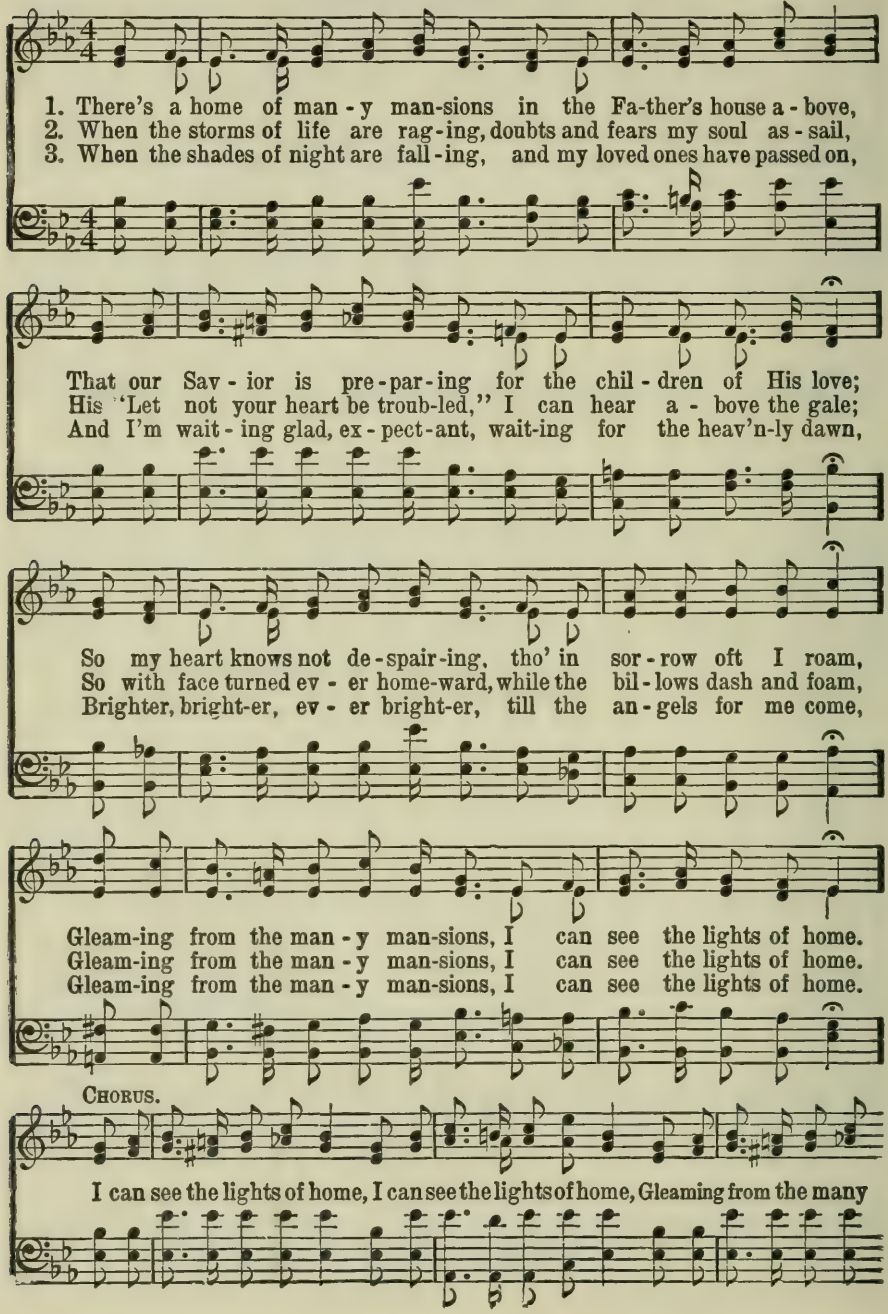
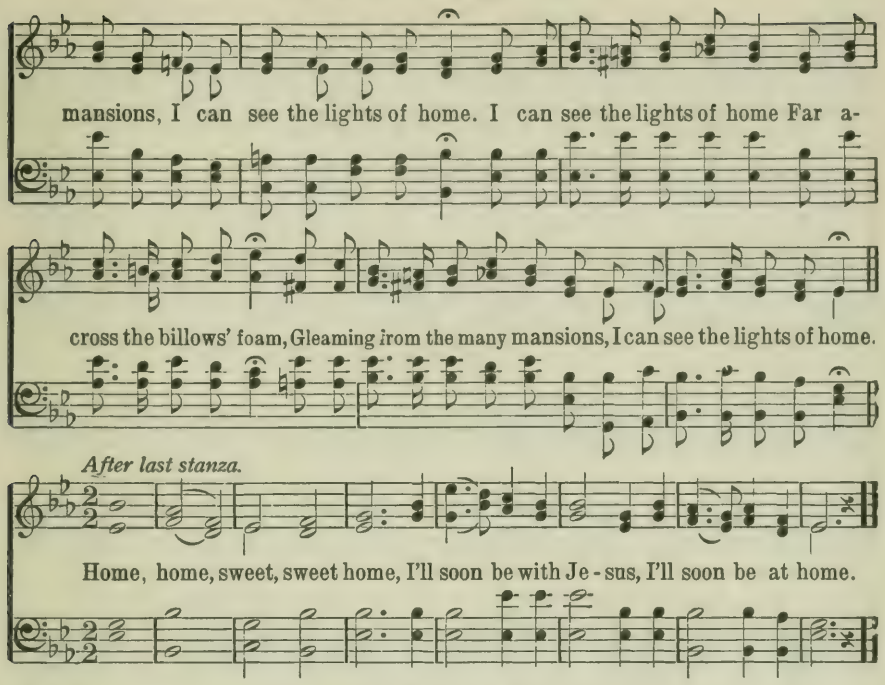
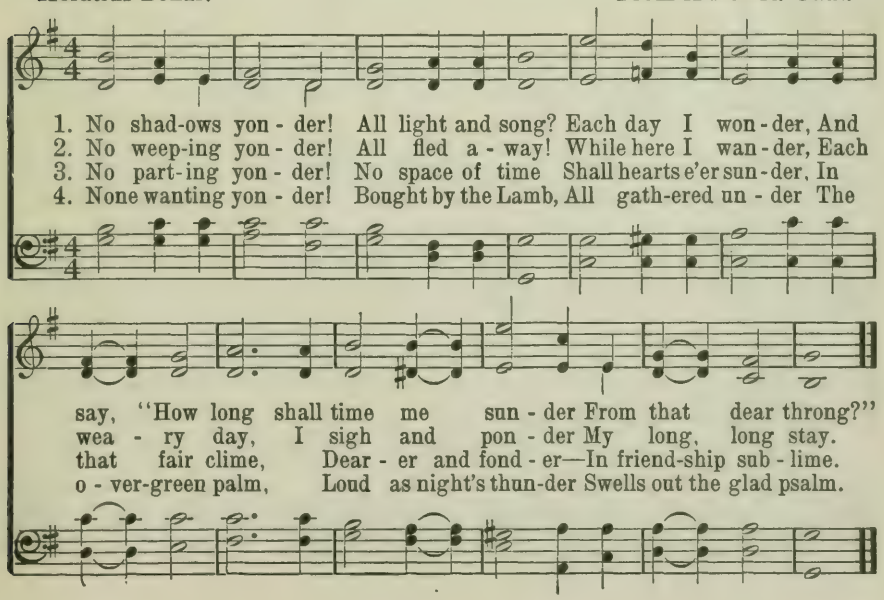


I Can See the Lights of Home.



463 No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar. From Alfred R. Gaul.



464 The Pearly White City.

A. F. I. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. F. INGLER. Arthur F. Ingler.

Moderato.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti - ful cit-y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-lowed in that cit-y, And nothing de - fil - ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit-y, No tears ev - er moist-en the eye;
4. My loved ones are gath-er - ing yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a-way;

John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Pat-mos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter-ni-ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgot - ten, No tempt-er is there to an-noy;
The saints are all sanc - ti - fied whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo - ny there;
They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

rit. ad lib.

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be-hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spo-ken, There's nothing to hurt or de-stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its bless-ings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.

The Pearly White City.

REFRAIN. *Slow.*

In that bright cit - y, . . pearl - y white cit - y, . . I have a man-sion, an harp, and a crown; Now I am watch-ing, wait-ing, and long-ing, For the white cit - y that's soon com-ing down. A-MEN.

rit.

465 Softly Now the Light of Day.

Geo. W. Doane. *Seymour. 7s.* Carl M. von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with-out, with - in,
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee!
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin!
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

466 Wonderful Grace of Jesus.

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H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Greater than all my sin; How shall my tongue de-
2. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Reaching to all the lost, By it I have been
3. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Reaching the most defiled, By its transforming

scribe it, Where shall its praise be-gin? . . Tak - ing a-way my bur - den,
pardoned, Saved to the ut - ter - most; . . Chains have been torn a-sun-der,
pow - er, Mak - ing him God's dear child, . . Pur-chas-ing peace and heav-en,

Setting my spir-it free; For the wonderful grace of Je - sus reach-es me.
Giving me lib-er - ty; For the wonderful grace of Je - sus reach-es me.
For all e - ter-ni - ty; And the wonderful grace of Je - sus reach-es me.

CHORUS.

the match-less grace of Je - sus,
Won-der-ful the matchless grace of Je - - - sus, Deep-er than the

the roll - ing sea; Won - - der - ful
might - y roll - ing sea; . . . . High - er than the moun-tain,

Wonderful Grace of Jesus.

grace all-suf-fi-cient for me, for e-ven me,
sparkling like a fountain, All suf-fi-cient grace for e-ven me, ...

Broad-er than the scope of my trans-gres-sions, Great-er far than all my sin and
transgressions, sing it,

shame, . . . O mag-ni-fy the precious name of Je-sus, Praise His name!
my sin and shame,

467 New Every Morning Is the Love.

John Keble. *Canonbury. L. M.* Robert Schumann.

1. New ev-'ry morn-ing is the love, Our wak'ning and up-ris-ing prove,—
2. New mer-cies each re-turn-ing day, Hov-er a-round us while we pray,—
3. On-ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fit us for per-fect rest a-bove,

Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly bro't, Re-stored to life, and pow'r, and tho't.
New per-ils past, new sins for-giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
And help us, this and ev-'ry day, To live more near-ly as we pray.

468 That Beautiful Golden Gate.

C. E. L.
B. B. McK.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

C. E. Leslie.
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. There is a cit - y made by God, Whose streets are paved with gold;
2. There is a man - sion bright and fair, In that ce - les - tial place,

The glo - ry of that heav'n-ly place By proph - ets has been told.
For those who turn from all their sin And trust His par-d'ning grace.

Then be pre - pared (to meet thy God), To pass through the gold - en gate,
Then turn to Christ (with-out de - lay), Oh, come, for the hour is late,

The King of kings (is rul - er there), He guards the gold - en gate.
The King of kings (is call - ing you), In - side the gold - en gate.

SOLO. ALTO.

Is there an - y one here who is not pre-pared to en - ter the gold - en

That Beautiful Golden Gate.

gate? Be read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.

DUET. TENOR and ALTO.

Don't let it be said, too late, too late, to en - ter that gold - en gate; Be

read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.

ALL PARTS.

That beau - ti - ful gold - en gate, That beau - ti - ful gold - en gate, Be

read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.

469 Hallelujah for the Cross.

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Horatius Bonar. James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on

cres.

ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone, Thro'
Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing, Of

ff

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

cres. *ff*

* Solo. Sop. or Tenor, or Duet.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

Soprano and Alto.

Chorus. *mp.* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le

Tenor and Bass.

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah For the Cross.

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal-le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.

f FULL CHORUS.

*Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

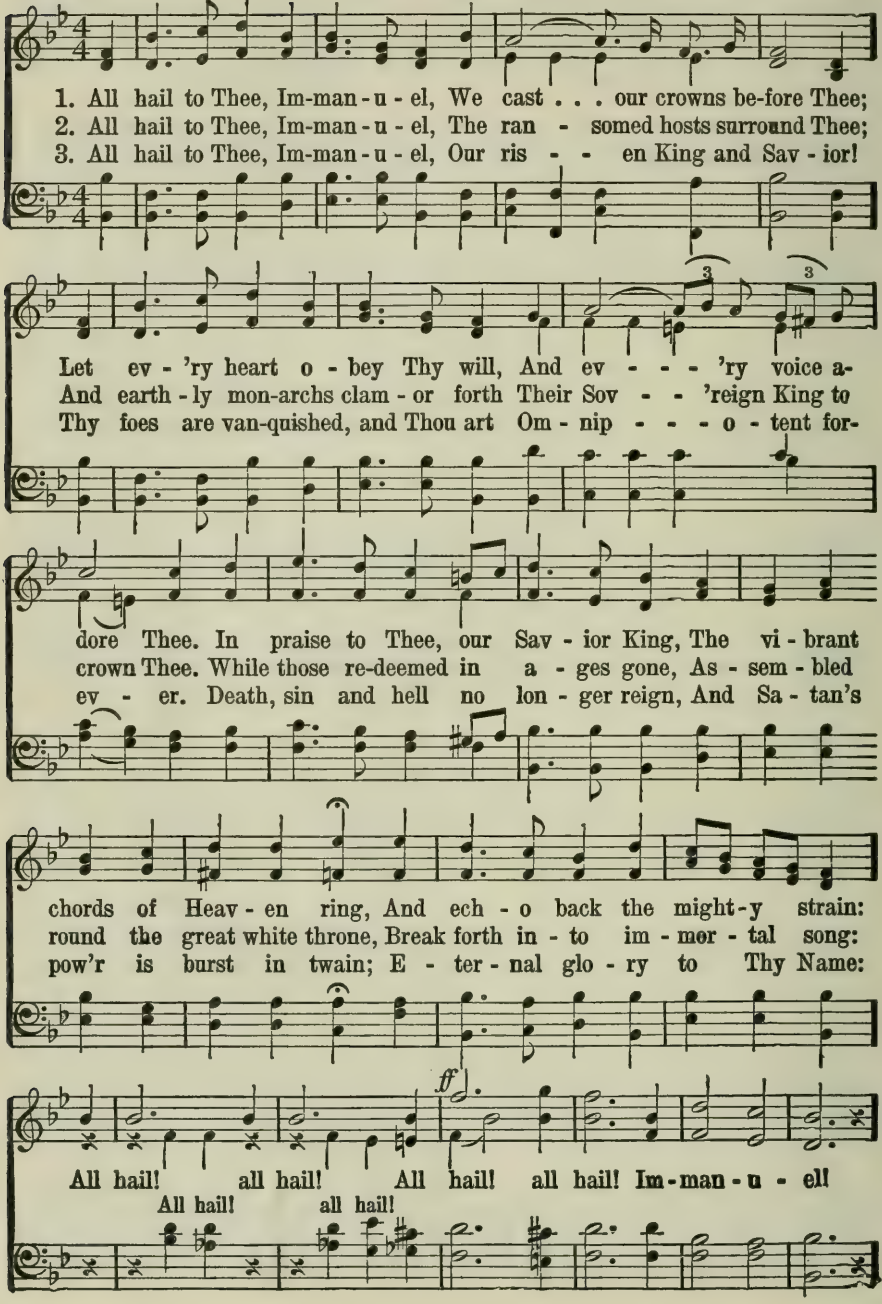
cres. *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures the instrument playing the harmony.

470 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . .

Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit. . . . . . Hail! . . . . . Im-

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!

man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . Hail! . . . . . .

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im - man - u - el! A-MEN.

471 Thy Brother Calls to Thee.

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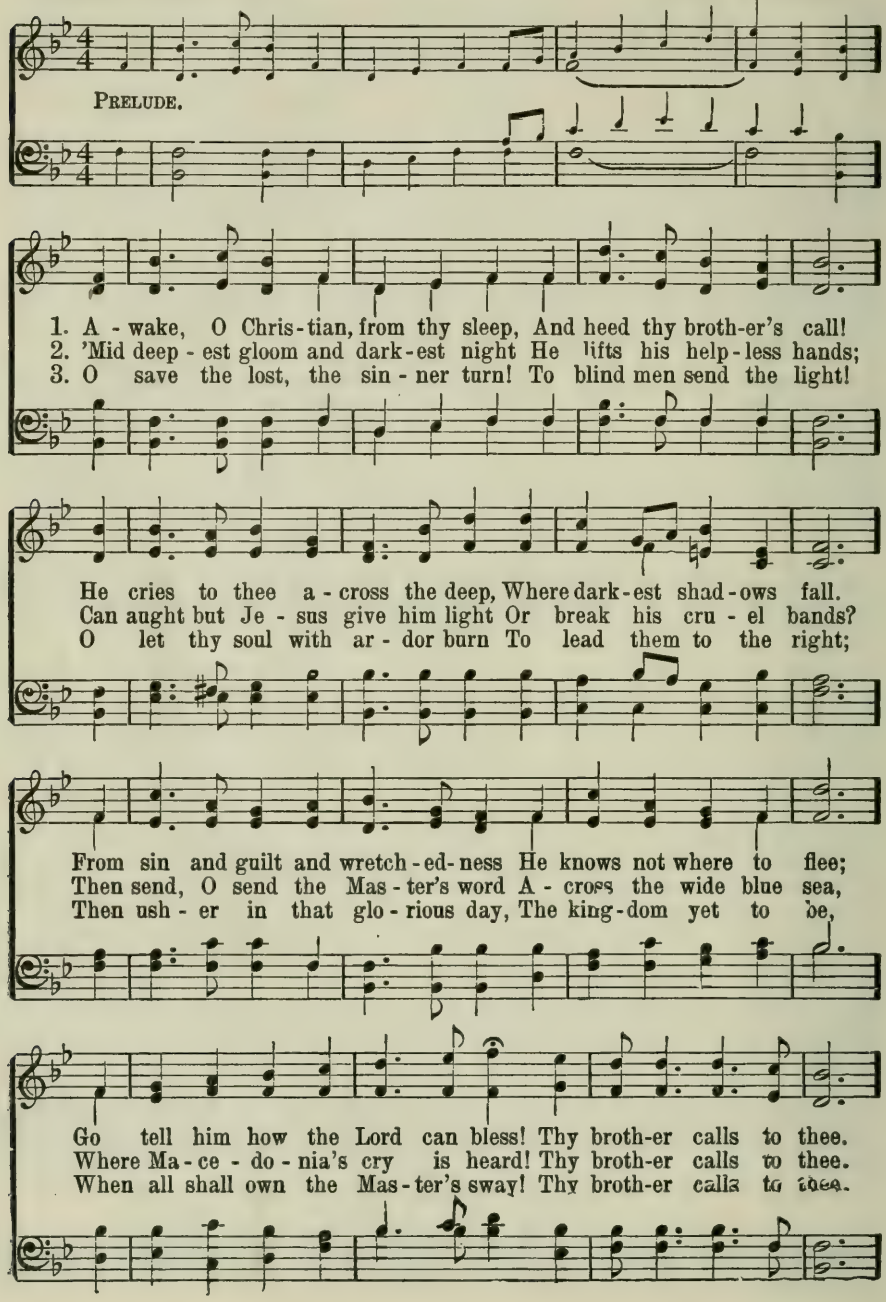
Bishop Joseph F. Berry. Dr. S. B. Jackson.



Thy Brother Calls to Thee.

CHORUS.

Thy broth-er calls to thee, Thy brother calls to thee; From lands a-far a-
calls..... to thee, he calls to thee;

rit.

cross the sea He's calling, call-ing thee; Thy brother calls to thee, Thy
He's call - ing, calling thee; Thy broth-er calls..... to thee,

brother calls to thee; O send the news, the joyful news, Thy brother calls to thee.
He calls to thee;

CODA. *After last verse only.*

He calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee;
He calls, he calls,..... Thy broth-er..... calls to thee;

Chorus may be repeated pp.

He calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee.
He calls, he calls,.....

Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
the earth, And shout a - new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.

Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His

glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

473 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.

Daniel C. Roberts. *National Hymn.* 10, 10, 10, 10. George W. Warren.

Trumpets, before each verse.

1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,

Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense;
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;

Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor thro' the skies,
Be Thou our rul-er, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy true re-lig-ion in our hearts in-crease,
Fill all our lives with love and grace di-vine,

Our grate-ful songs before Thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er Thine. AMEN.

474 I Would Be True.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. YATES PEEK.

Howard Arnold Walter. *Peek.* Joseph Yates Peek.

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be

I Would Be True.

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,

there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to
for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and

dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. A-MEN.

475 Fight the Good Fight.

John S. B. Monsell. *Pentecost. L. M.* William Boyd.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pro-vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be-fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A-MEN.

476 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

1. O bean - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O bean - ti - ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O bean - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O bean - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years

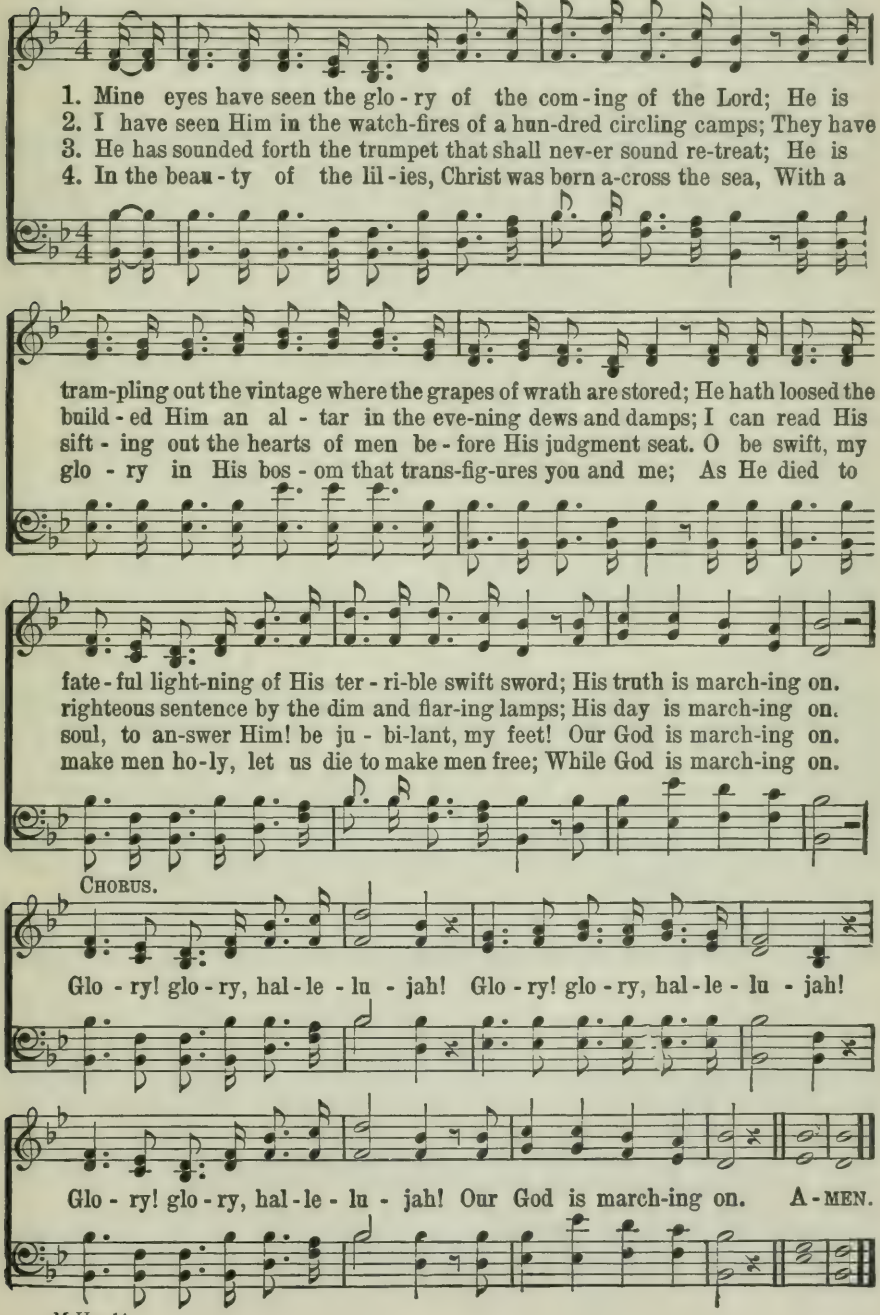
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A-MEN.

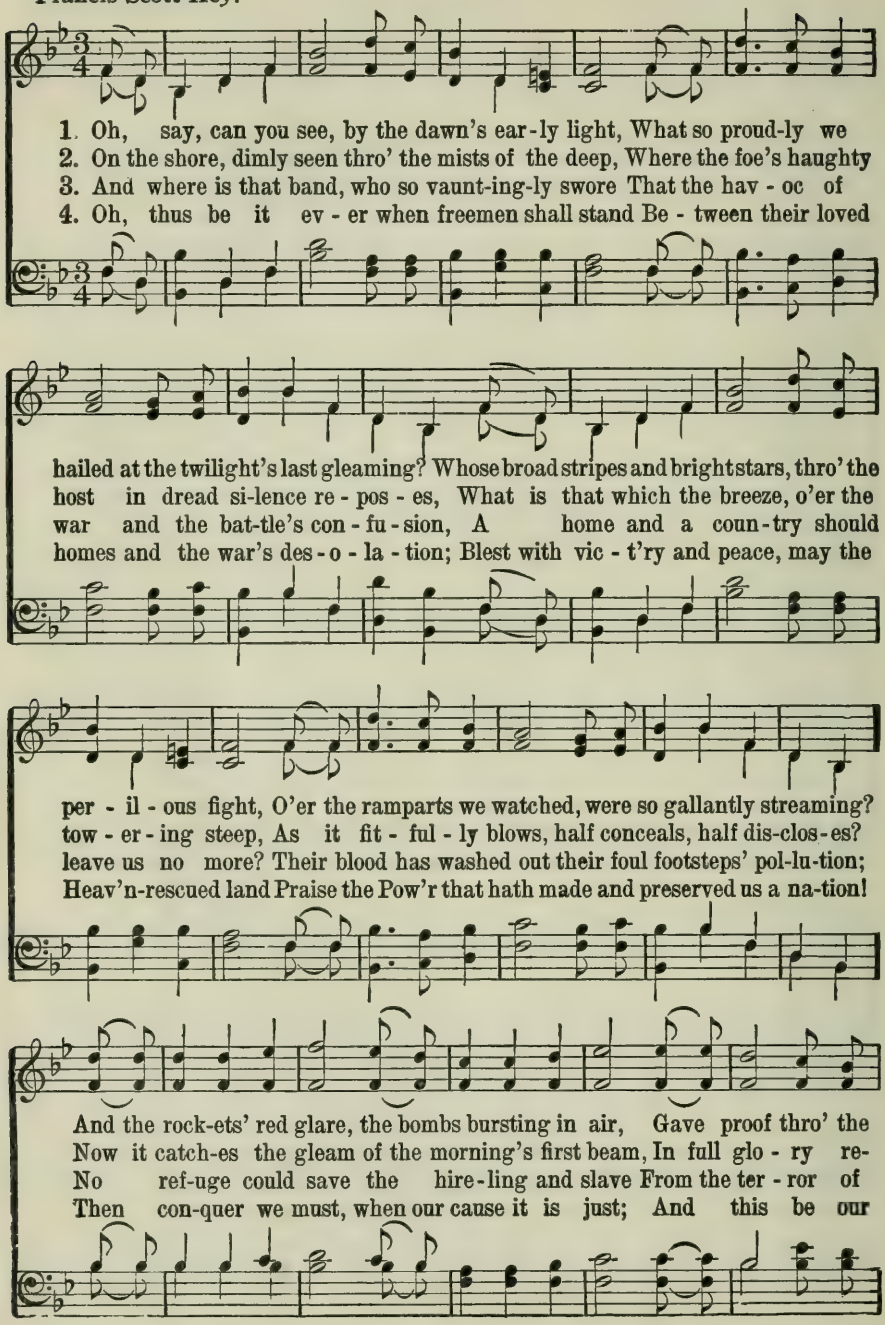
477 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.



478 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.



The Star-Spangled Banner.

ff CHORUS.

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall

wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

479 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. *Selena. L. M. 6l.* Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o - ver palm and pine:
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
3. Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-MEN.

480 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. *America.* English.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - MEN.

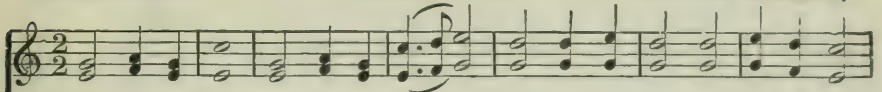
481 Response.

Sir George J. Elvey.

Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us, And incline our hearts to keep this law. A - MEN.

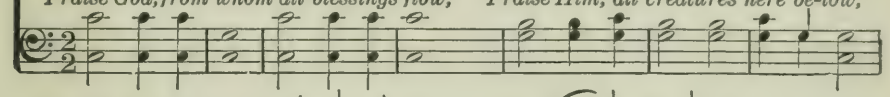
482 Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine.

Samuel Davies. *Sessions. L. M.* Luther O. Emerson.



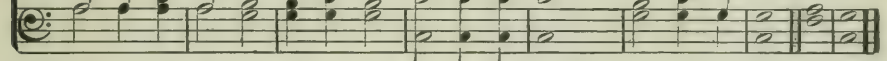
1. Lord, I am Thine, en - tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;
2. Grant one poor sin - ner more a place A-mong the chil-dren of Thy grace;
3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty;
4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilt - y soul for God,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;



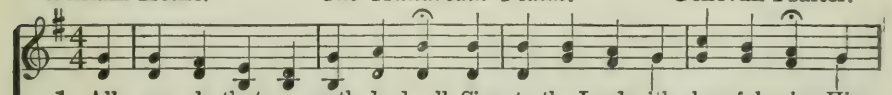
With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov - 'reign right in me.
A wretch-ed sin - ner, lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-uel's blood.
The vow is past be-yond re-peal, And now I set the sol-emn seal.
Thee, my new Mas-ter, now I call, And con-se - crate to Thee my all. A-MEN.

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



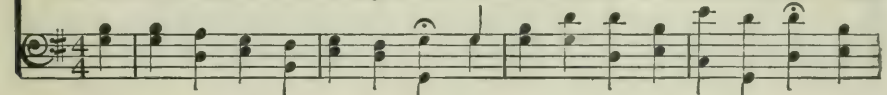
483 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

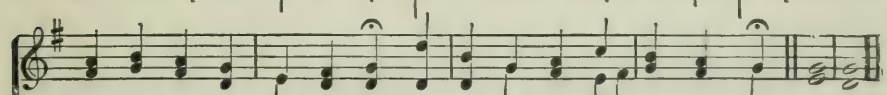
William Kethe. *The Hundredth Psalm.* Genevan Psalter.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for - ev - er sure; His

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise



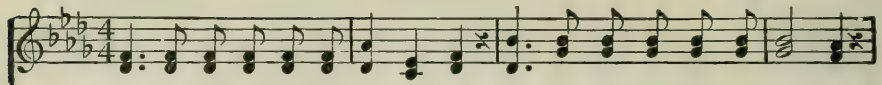


serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure. A-MEN.

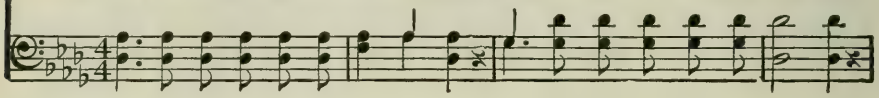
Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

484 God Be With You.

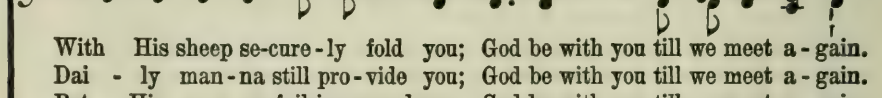
J. E. Rankin. *Endeavor. P. M.* W. G. Tomer.



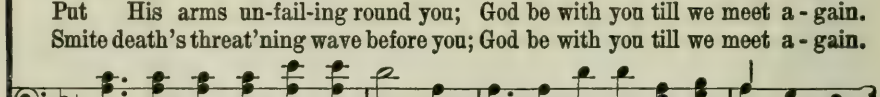
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



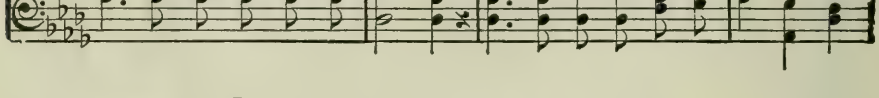
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.

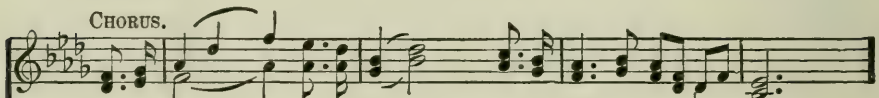


CHORUS.

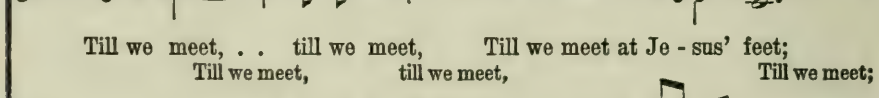


Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet;





Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-MEN.
Till we meet, till we meet,



Responsive Readings

485 Matthew 5

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you,* and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

---

486 John 1

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

4 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

6 There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

7 The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

8 He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

9 That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

11 He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

12 But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name;

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

---

487 John 3

1 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

---

488 John 10

1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have *it* more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

11 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

12 And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

13 My Father, which gave *them* me, is greater than all; and no *man* is able to pluck *them* out of my Father's hand.

14 I and my Father are one.

---

489 John 14

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou *then,* Shew us the Father?

10 Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I *am* in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I shall do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

---

490 Romans 6

1 What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?

2 God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?

3 Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?

4 Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

5 For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also *in the likeness* of *his* resurrection:

6 Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.

7 For the wages of sin *is* death; but the gift of God *is* eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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491 Romans 8

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be

compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

---

492 Romans 10

1 The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

9 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

10 So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

---

493 Romans 12

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.

13 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

---

494 1 Corinthians 11

1 For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the *same* night in which he was betrayed took bread:

2 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

3 After the same manner also *he took* the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink *it,* in remembrance of me.

4 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

---

495 1 Corinthians 13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the *poor,* and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

---

496 Galatians 6

1 Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

2 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

3 For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4 But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

5 For every man shall bear his own burden.

6 Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8 For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

9 And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

10 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

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497 Ephesians 6

1 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

2 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

3 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

4 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

5 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

6 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:

7 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

8 And take the helmet of salva tion, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

9 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

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498 Philippians 2

1 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

7 And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

8 Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

9 For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of *his* good pleasure.

10 Do all things without murmurings and disputings:

11 That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world:

12 Holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the way of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.

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499 Philippians 4

1 Rejoice in the Lord, alway: *and* again I say, Rejoice.

2 Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

3 Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

4 And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

5 Finally, brethren, whatsoever things *are* true, whatsoever things *are* honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things *are* lovely, whatsoever things *are* of good report; if *there* be any virtue, and if *there be* any praise, think on these things.

6 Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.

7 But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.

8 Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

9 I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

10 I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

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500 Revelation 7

1 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

2 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

4 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

5 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

6 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

7 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

---

501 Isaiah 53

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

---

502 Psalm 1

1 Blessed *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

503 Psalm 23

1 The Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

---

504 Psalm 24

1 The earth *is* the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

---

505 Psalm 37

1 Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

---

506 Psalm 46

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

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507 Psalm 91

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall be no evil befall thee.

---

508 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

---

509 Psalm 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He wil lnot always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

510 Nativity

(Luke 2:8-20)

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

3 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

4 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

5 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

6 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

7 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

8 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

9 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

10 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

11 And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

12 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

13 And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

511 Resurrection

(Matthew 28:1-10; 16-20)

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

4 And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

9 And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

10 Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

11 Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

12 And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

13 And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

14 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

15 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

---

512 Service

(Matthew 25:34-46)

1 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

2 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

3 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

4 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

5 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

6 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

7 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

8 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

9 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

10 I was a stranger, and ye took

me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

11 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

12 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.

13 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

---

513 Giving

1 Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

---

514 The Word

(Psalm 119:9-16; 18; 32; 44-48; 54-56)

1 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

2 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

3 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

4 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

5 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

6 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

7 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

8 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

9 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

10 I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

11 So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

12 And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

13 I will speak of thy testimonies also before Kings, and will not be ashamed.

14 And I will delight myself in

thy commandments, which I have loved.

15 My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

16 Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

17 I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept thy law.

18 This I had, because I kept thy precepts.

---

515 The Ten Commandments

(Exodus 20:3-17)

I Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.

V Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI Thou shalt not kill.

VII Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbors.

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FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

PSALM XCVI. 9.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

O sing unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

PSALM XCVI. 1.

Benedictions.

And now may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, and may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, rest upon you and remain with you now and for evermore. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.